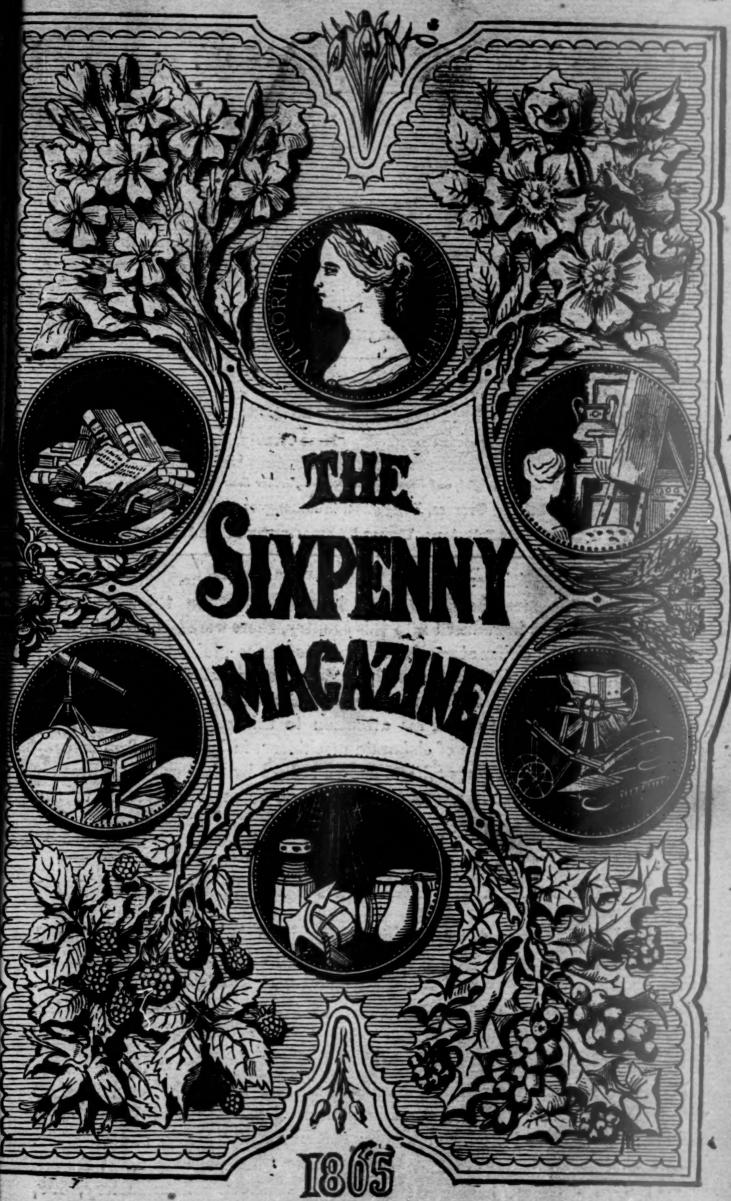
XLVII.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

MAY.



ONDON: WARD, LOCK AND TYLER, 158, FLEET STREET.

All rights of reproduction and translation are reserved.

THE LONDON SEASON.

To all who court the gay and festive scenes the following are indispensable :-



ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL is a delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation for the HAIR, and as an invigorator and BEAUTIFIER beyond all precedent.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, for the Skin and Complexion, is unequalled for the radiant bloom it imparts to the cheek; the softness and delicacy which it induces to the hands and arms; and for removing cutaneous defects.

FRICE, for preserving and imparting a Pearl-like Whiteness to the Teeth, strengthening the Gums, and for giving Fragrance to the Breath. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.

Ask for "ROWLANDS" Articles.



USED IN THE PALACES OF THE

More Cleanly, Polishes More Quickly, and Cheaper,

Because it is Less Wasteful, and because a little goes further than any other kind.

RECKITT & SONS, Suffolk-lane, Upper Thames-street, London, E.C., & Hull.

Homeopathic Practitioners, and the Medical Profession generally, recommend cocoa as being the most healthful of all beverages. When the doctrine of homeopathy was first introduced into this country, there were to be obtained no preparations of cocoa either attractive to the taste or acceptable to the stomach; the nut was either supplied in the crude state, or so unskilfully manufactured as to obtain little notice. J. Epps, of London, homeopathic chemist, was induced in the year 1839 to turn his attention to this subject, and at length succeeded, with the assistance of elaborate machinery, in being the first to produce an article pure in its composition, and so refined by the perfect trituration it receives in the process it passes through, as to be most acceptable to the delicate stomach. As a

BREAKFAST BEVERAGE

for general use, Epps's cocoa is distinguished as being invigorating and grateful, with a delicious aroma. Dr. Hassall, in his work "Food and its Adulterations," says:—"Cocoa contains a great variety of important nutritive principles; every ingredient necessary to the growth and sustenance of the body." Again, "As a nutritive, cocoa stands very much higher than either coffee or tea."

Directions:—Two teaspoonfuls of the powder in a breakfast cup, filled up with boiling water or milk. Secured in tin-lined \(\frac{1}{4}\) lb., \(\frac{1}{2}\) lb., and 1 lb. labelled packets, and sold at 1s. 6d. per lb., by grocers, confectioners, and chemists. Each packet is labelled "J. Epps, Homœopathic Chemist, 112, Great Russell Street; 170, Piccadilly; and 48, Threadneedle Street. Manufactory, 398, Euston Road.

SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

MAY 1, 1865.

CONTENTS.

	-
I.—THE FATE OF THORSGHYLL—By M. A. BIRD CHAPTER XXX.—SYBIL'S RING.	1
CHAPTER XXXI.—PREPARATIONS FOR COMPANY—TOM PAYS A VISIT TO THORSGHYLL.	
CHAPTER XXXII.—A PROSTY NIGHT BESIDE THE LAKE. CHAPTER XXXIII.—" HAPPY'S THE WOOING, THAT'S NOT LONG A-DOING." CHAPTER XXXIV.—MISS WOTHERSPOON IS FRIGHTENED INTO FITS.	
II.—SHADOWS	18
III.—IRISH SOCIETY. By A LOOKER-ON	
	25
V.—ON PAPER	-
	31
	39
No. 1.—Crane Buildings.	23
VIII.—THE VILLAGE AT EVENING	56
IX.—ANCIENT AND MODERN PHILOSOPHY	59
X FOUND DEAD. By the Author of " Who was to Blame?"	60
XI.—THE RIGHT THING IN THE RIGHT WAY	66
XII.—AN EASTERN JUGGLER	69
XIII.—PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS	71
XIV.—THE DOCTOR'S SECRET	77
XV.—A MODERN GHOST	83
XVI.—TREASURE TROVE—A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN	87
XVII.—THE MYSTERIES OF HAWLEY	93
CHAPTER VII.—HELEN'S BIRTHDAY.	
CHAPTER VIII.—SIR MORDAUNT PHILPOT.	
CHAPTER IX.—A TRIP TO HAWLEY.	
CHAPTER N A STRANGER AT THE HALL-HUBERT'S TOWER AGAIN.	
CHAPTER XI.—THE ABSENT PORTRAIT.	
CHAPTER XII.—ON THE COACH-TOP.	
XVIII.—MAY 1	03

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

On May 10th, at all Libraries, in 3 vols.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "SIR JASPER'S TENANT," &c.

London: John Maxwell and Co., 122, Fleet-street.

REST. DAY THE

CONTENTS:—MAY, 1865.

THE HIDDEN SIN. A NOVEL:—
Chapter I. A Meeting in the City.
II. The Mysterious Narrative continued.
III. Morton's Grammar School. IV. An Adventure in Baltimore. V. Somebody's Sister.

VI. Melrose Morton's Advice.

VII. The Banker Lady.

VIII. Lucien and Mr. Esthers, IX. Mr. Wilson offers a little Explanation,

X. Miss Forbes and her Father.

Word Lore. My First Patient. A "Sensation" Story. The Waste and the Plough. A Poem.

To the Public.

No. 1. - Monsieur and Madame D'Englade.

Amongst Old Books.

University Education. A Dialogue.

THE WHI PERING GALLERY :-

The Duke de Morny-Colonies of England-The Queen-Public Executions.

Houses on Fire.

In the Reporters' Gallery.

Meddahs, or Eastern Story-tellers. Rest at Last. A Poem.

Last Rites.

OVER THE STONES :-

No. 1 .- Wayside Fancies.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY :-

The Emperor and his Critics-Dr. Colenso-Mineral Oil Springs-The Prince of Wales-

Railway Communication between Guard and Passengers,

Alchemy.

SHADOWS :-

No. I.—Marie Antoinette. No. II.—Cagliostro.

A Working Man on the Day of Rest,

The Americans at Home.
The Snow Shower. A Poem.
The Shepherd Lord Clifford.

The Generous Slave. A Poem. THE WHISPERING GALLERY:-

Royal Geographical Society-Odd Ways of Living

-Intemperance-Volunteer Review.

Locks-out and Strikes.

The Bible on the Continent.

Education Blue Books.

Faith. A Poem.

Atlantic Telegraph Cable.

Spring, according to Shakspeare. Etiquette with the Turks.

Light in the Dwelling. THE WHISPRRING GALLERY :-

Death of Richard Cobden-Plague in Russia-

Charities,

Parliamentary Committees.

II. A Sudden Call.

III. Horace in London.

Gaol Birds in their Cages.

A Day of Rest. A Poem.

What we Learn at Brighton.

Habit.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY:-North Polar Exploration-The Royal Academy-

The Rural Poor.

WITH FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER, 158, FLEET STREET.

CHEAP EDITION OF HENRY DUNBAR.

This day, in 1 vol., crown 8vo, with Frontispiece and Vignette Title-page, handsomely bound in cloth, price 6s.

HENRY DUNBAR.

By the Author of "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHEAP EDITION OF BROKEN TO HARNESS.

This day, in 1 vol., crown 8vo, with Frontispiece and Vignette Title-page, handsomely bound in cloth, price 6s.

BROKEN ΤО HARNESS.

By EDMUND YATES.

CHEAP EDITION OF SACKVILLE CHASE.

This day, in 1 vol., crown 8vo, with Frontispiece and Vignette Title-page, handsomely bound in cloth, price 6s.

SACKVILLE CHASE.

By C. J. COLLINS.

CHEAP EDITION OF SIR VICTOR'S CHOICE.

This day, in 1 vol., crown 8vo, with Frontispiece and Vignette Title-page, handsomely bound in cloth, price 6s.

SIR VICTOR'S CHOICE.

By Annie Thomas, Author of "Denis Donne," &c.

JOHN MAXWELL AND CO., PUBLISHERS, 122, FLEET STREET.

THE FATE OF THORSGHYLL.

By M. A. Bird, Author of "Spell-Bound," "The Hawkshawes," &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

SYBIL'S RING.

MRS. THORBURN looked excessively handsome in her widow's weeds.

She knew it well, and was comforted. The year of mourning was observed with the most punctilious decorum. No assistant in the "mitigated grief department" of a London mourning establishment could have decided more accurately the gradually diminishing amount of crape which, like the water-marks upon the beach, showed how the tide of sorrow had ebbed away.

A few months after the sad event which left her an orphan, Mabel opened and read the packet of Italian letters. She much regretted not having informed her father of their existence, which she had been on the point of doing on the day when she first heard of Roderick's loss; but the entrance of Mr. Sedgwick had stopped her, and she had never since referred to the subject, because her father

carefully avoided it.

iving

sia-

The perusal of those letters, to which she had so long looked forward to solve the mystery of Roderick's birth, threw no light upon the subject. They did not even bear a postmark, but appeared to have been written by two people residing under the same roof, though debarred from free intercourse. The epistles of both the lover and his mistress breathed the most ardent attachment. They complained of restrictions, of surveillance, of tale-bearers, of tyrannous interference, but no name was mentioned, and the signatures were only initials—a single H. for his, and for hers the letter G. Those of the latest date showed, however, that the lover was going abroad. He was apparently in the army. He addressed her in these letters as "Mia Sposa," and alluded rapturously to their marriage, accomplished under such risks and difficulties. There was a sketch of a plan for her to escape and accompany him; there was a joyful acknowledgment of the news that in a few months she would be a mother—and that was all. Mabel also noticed that her portion of the later correspondence was wanting, from which, as well as from the contents, and with the eye of memory she

of his letters, she inferred that they were then at some distance from each other, as it had been their custom for the lady to keep the letters of both while they lived in the same house, because she had better means of concealing them. All this showed a tale of faithful love, while the poor girl's untimely and miserable death proved that it had ended sadly; but who these fond sufferers were remained as great a mystery as ever. Poor Roderick, too! He seemed to have inherited nothing from his parents but their beauty, their fond hearts, and their misfortunes.

Sorrowfully Mabel rose from the perusal of this record of heartaches, hopes, and disappointments, and reverently she replaced them in the little box where they had lain since they came into her possession. She stood at the window, watching the first snow-flakes, as they came gently whirling down and settling upon the evergreens, and she felt that

her life was lonely.

Her father had indeed been a recluse from society, almost as long as she could remember; but his cell was never closed against her, and whenever she went dancing into it, she was welcomed with a smile. And he was gone from her now for ever. Her kind friend, Mrs. Ayton, too, had left her to join her only daughter in opening a school some hundreds of miles away, in one of the western counties. Felicia, whom she loved so well, had become almost as wild as ever since she had looked at the marble face of her uncle, as he lay in his coffin, and had fled away like a mad creature, and lived among the ruins till she saw the funeral procession wind up the hill-side to the little church which she had such good cause to remember. Those who watched by the body, however, said that she came in every night, and after looking a while upon the corpse, hurried away, whispering to herself. Yes-even Felicia seemed estranged from Mabel now, in her loneliness and grief, though she had promised always to be faithful to her in sorrow. As Mabel thought this, her eyes wandered towards that glimpse of the avenue which was disclosed by the opening among the

64

saw a figure there. It was certainly not that of poor Morelli, shrinking and cowering at every bush. It was a tall, erect figure, that walked on without once looking round; and sometimes it was a face turned eagerly towards her window, from that of a postchaise. An arm thrown fondly about her, while the corresponding hand placed under her chin turned her face round for inspection, roused her from her reverie. It was Felicia. She gazed steadfastly down into Mabel's eyes, then she looked in the direction in which they had been fixed, then sighed, and kissed her forehead lovingly.

"Mabel," she said, solemnly, "what

is love?"

"What is love?" repeated Mabel. "Love is—oh! how should I know?

Why do you ask me?"

"Because I think you know more about it than I do. I hope I shall never know from experience. Wherever I read of love I read of sorrow. Sorrow follows love as the night follows the day—as the shadows lie deepest in the brightest sunshine. Love always seems to me the most terrible thing that this world contains; and death, which every one dreads so much, is the only cure and solace for the cruel tortures it inflicts. I promised you, a long time ago, to tell you the story of those two poor lovers, whose bones lie mouldering in the cave. I am ready to tell you now, but you must take the ring first."

"I seem destined to hear nothing but tales of unhappy lovers," said Mabel, while a tear trembled on her eyelash.

"I hope their fate will be a warning to you not to fall in love, my sweet cousin," said Felicia, looking at her sorrowfully.

"Why should you wish that?" asked Mabel, rather hastily. "I think it must be very pleasant to have somebody to think about, and to feel sure that he is

always thinking about you."

"It may be so—but what follows?" said Felicia, gloomily. "Nothing but sorrow and regret. Don't fall in love, sweet Mabel. I should so grieve to see you unhappy."

"You disagreeable, croaking thing!" cried Mabel, shaking off the feeling of dejection that was creeping over her. "I shall see you in love some day, and singing to a very different tune!"

"Never—never," replied Felicia, derisively. "That girl must be a fool indeed who could fall into a pit with her

eyes wide open and looking at it. But come, put on a warm shawl and thick boots. There is snow on the ground, and the air is very cold."

"Shall I lend you a shawl?"

"No, I'll go as I am; I am used to it,

and I always wear thick boots."

They descended to that small door among the ruins by which they had quitted the dungeons on the occasion of their former visit. Mabel could not help reflecting sadly on the changes that had taken place since then. Roderick not her brother! Her father dead! Roderick dead! Even the absence of Mrs. Ayton, though from such a pleasant cause, occasioned a complete change in her daily habits, and her loss was hourly felt. And besides all this, her own being seemed to have undergone some alteration, she knew not how nor why.

Felicia had placed a lamp in readiness inside the door, and aided by its light,

they went rapidly on their way.

The skeletons lay undisturbed, as they had lain for two hundred years, and the fiery spark in the opal shot as bright a ray as though it had been nourished by the sunbeams all those dreary years that it had been shut up in a tomb.

"Take it!" said Felicia, holding the lamp so as to throw a strong light upon the ring. Mabel shuddered slightly, but controlled the feeling, and removed the jewel from the dry bone on which it hung. As she did so, many of the bones of both skeletons came rattling down together.

Mabel started back with a suppressed scream; but Felicia calmly remarked that it was wonderful how they had so long retained their original position, which she ascribed to the equable temperature and dry air of the cave, as well as the absence of rats, or strong gusts of wind, either of which must have shaken the skeletons to pieces long ago.

"Now," she continued, "we have done what we had to do here. Let us

go."

They returned to the upper world, and Felicia having borrowed from Barton various articles which she used in cleaning Mabel's jewellery, began to polish the accumulated tarnish of ages from the opal ring. The chasing and workmanship were most exquisite, and Mabel was pleased at possessing so unique an ornament, independent of its historical interest.

"Now come to the picture gallery," said the indefatigable Felicia, "and there

you shall see a portrait of poor Sybil with this identical ring on her finger."

It was a fine picture by Vandyke, but so obscured by age, and hung in so dark a corner, that it was scarcely discernible.

"When you are mistress of Thorsghyll, I hope you will have this picture carefully cleaned," said Felicia, as she placed a chair for her cousin to stand upon, in order to get a view of the painting.

"When I am mistress of Thorsghyll!" repeated Mabel. "When will that be?

And how is it to happen?"

ıd

of

p d

> "I cannot answer either question," said her cousin. "I only know that it will be so. Now stand up here, and look closely

at your prototype's portrait."

It was a sweet sad face, and resembled Mabel so exactly, that Felicia might well call it her prototype. Even the colour of the hair was the same. She was dressed in the picturesque costume of Charles I.'s time, and conspicuous on her left hand was the gemmal ring which, according to Felicia's wild fancies, linked her fate so closely with that of the young girl who now gazed on her portrait with marvelling eyes.

"I hope I shall never look so sorrowful as she does," said Mabel; "for though I am sad enough now, I know that time will cure it. But she looks as if she had

been always unhappy."

"She was so. Her father was that Sir Ralph Thorburn who devoted himself so gallantly to the cause of Charles I. He had many sons, but she was his only daughter, and he loved her tenderly, and thought, no doubt, that he proved his love by betrothing her, when she was too young to have any choice in the matter, to Lord Wentworth, of Castleton, who was nearly as old as himself. But he was very rich, of a very noble family, and a staunch Royalist, so that made up for his age."

"I would not have married him!" said

Mabel-"did she?"

"No doubt she would, for it was the custom then for daughters to obey their parents very strictly in such things, unless they were roused to rebellion by love for some one else. And so it happened with poor Sybil. While her father was in Scotland, fighting for his weak, vacillating, double-dealing king, a band of parliamentary soldiers, headed by a London goldsmith, named Thomas Seymour, attacked and captured Thorsghyll. The old steward, or seneschal, who had been left in command, was slain in the

attack, and Sybil came out to make terms with the conquerors. The goldsmith was a very handsome man, of five or six and twenty, and Sybil was a very lovely girl of nineteen. They saw each other, and they fell in love. He sent away the greater part of the men under his command, and stayed with only a dozen or so, pretending to negotiate about ransom, and in the meantime allowing no injury to be done to anything in the house. He spent all his time in Sybil's company, and at last they were married in the old church on the hill. They had but a short honey. moon, poor souls, for Sir Ralph, hearing that his house had been attacked, came home in hot haste, and Seymour was obliged to fly for his life. I wonder he had not gone before and taken Sybil with him; but I suppose he was too happy to think of danger. Sir Ralph knew nothing about the marriage, but wished his daughter to become Lady Wentworth without delay, that she might have some one to protect her when he and her brothers were away. It was some time after that, I think, that her portrait was painted, for there is some mention of her father having taken her to London, and it is not likely that a great painter like Vandyke would come down here to do it. Besides, there is no maiden happiness in that face, and there is all the sad anxiety of the wife and expectant mother. Neither could it have been after her child's birth that her portrait was taken, as you will see. Poor creature! She had no leisure to sit for her portrait then! Besides, the ring being on her hand in the picture, proves that it must have been painted after her husband's second visit to Thorsghyll. I do not know what had prevented his coming to fetch her away sooner, but I think he must have been severely wounded when making his escape the first time; but he came at last, and brought her that ring, the symbol of their united loves. It was his own work, and you can understand now why the design and execution are both so exquisite, because both were inspired by love. He gained access to the house by stealth; but by some means his presence was betrayed to Sir Ralph, who ordered him to be seized and thrown into the dungeons. That same night poor Sybil was taken ill, and for some days her faithful attendants concealed the nature of her illness from her father. At last the crying of her infant betrayed it. He

went into her chamber and found Sybil asleep, with a beautiful child which the nurse had just placed at her breast to keep it quiet. He looked at this sight, which might have softened the heart of a tiger, and then stooping over the sleeping mother and her innocent boy, deliberately strangled the baby where it lay."

"Oh, don't! Don't go on!" cried Mabel, springing from the chair, with her arms locked over her bosom to protect an imaginary nursling; "I can't bear to hear any more. What! Was it that baby whose skeleton we saw in the

cave?"

"Must I answer your question, or obey your injunction to tell you no more?" demanded Felicia.

"Oh yes, tell me the rest! I must hear it now; but I wish you had never begun. Poor baby! Poor Sybil!"

"There is not much more to tell. Sybil, awakened by the nurse's cries, saw her stern father quitting the room, and her murdered infant by her side. She called him back, and a kind of prophetic frenzy possessed her. She told him that he should die childless, and have to seek far and near for a successor to his house and name. She told him, besides, that the time would come when such a boy as then lay dead upon her arm should be prayed for in the house of Thorsghyll; and that the proud old family would tremble on the brink of extinction, but should owe its restoration to a poor weak girl like herself. Then snatching up her dead baby in her arms, she rushed from the room, uttering shriek upon shriek, so that every one in the house ran after her, and all saw her spring into the flooded beck from the top of the rock, that is still called the Lady's Leap. Her exact words are not preserved, for the account of the whole transaction was written down by the clergyman at the Hill Church, from the verbal narration of the nurse, who, you may easily imagine, was too much agitated to remember them very accurately. I think when Sybil spoke of a girl like herself, she meant resembling herself. And if you look among these portraits you will see that there is not one of them with the same golden hair excepting your mother, and she, though a Thorburn, was not one of the direct line."

"And what is the mystery connected

with the ring?" asked Mabel.

"That, too, must have been omitted in the nurse's report; but it is preserved

in a rude rhyme current among the peasantry-

'When Sybil Thorburn's ring is found, Thorsghyll stands on quaking ground.'

I had often heard this rhyme, as well as the popular version of her story, and was always told that it referred to the extreme improbability of her ring ever being recovered, as no trace of her body had been found. Then in my ramblings about the odd corners of the house I discovered a private way into that large closet adjoining the library, where a number of old manuscripts and black-letter volumes are kept, and amongst them I found that story of poor Sybil which I have related to you. After that I searched for her portrait; and then I used to sit for hours upon the Lady's Leap, and think, and think, till I seemed to know more about her than I had read or heard. And one day as I was watching the stream as it rushed violently along after a thunderstorm, I saw some boughs of trees and a dead lamb carried along by the water; and the idea struck me that if I threw a log of wood from the top of the rock, just as Sybil must have fallen, and then traced its course, I should see where her body had floated, and might perhaps find the ring. It was such a foolish notion that it did not deserve to succeed so well, for I had not calculated upon the difference of weight between a dead body and a log of wood. However, I got one and threw it in, and saw it, after tumbling over the falls, twist round a rock to the left. Immediately I ran down to the lake and pulled my boat as near the spot as I could, but I had to wait till the water was lower before I got into that little cove where I took you, and there found the mouth of the cave. Even then I could not go very far for want of light, so I made another visit the next day with a lamp, and then I found the skeletons. Day after day I went and sat by them, and puzzled my brains to know how they both came there. I got a book on anatomy from the library, and studied the structure of the human skeleton till I could tell that one was a male and the other a female. I knew who they must be, for the ring on her finger showed who she was, and as she must have been dead before her body reached the cove, I knew that no one but her husband would fold her in his arms, and so die. That was when, as I told you, I used to talk to them and question them; and at last the answer

A heavy rain had swollen the stream while I was in the cave, and it was impossible to get out. I knew I might be kept there for days and starved to death, so while my lamp served me, I resolved to explore the cave in the opposite direction. I then discovered the other entrance through the dungeons, and knew at once how poor Seymour must have been trying to escape from his captivity, when finding the bodies of his wife and child in the water, he drew them out and lay down there, clasping them in his strong, loving arms, to die with them rather than escape and live alone. you wonder now that I have learnt to love them, and that I could never feel afraid of them? And oh, Mabel! can you wonder that I have resolved never to harbour a passion which always causes so much misery to its victims?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

PREPARATIONS FOR COMPANY.—TOM PAYS
A VISIT TO THORSGHYLL.

Three years have passed away, and Mrs. Thorburn is in the full excitement of making arrangements for the reception of a crowd of visitors coming to share the Christmas festivities of Thorsghyll, which are to commence with a grand ball, given on the occasion of Edward's attaining his eighteenth birthday. She is as handsome as ever, and, if possible, pays even more attention to her attire.

Is that to lend a fictitious aid to charms a *little* on the wane? Not so; she cannot consider herself, even yet, as anything short of perfection; for as she sits there, making her calculations, she casts many an approving glance on the numerous mirrors around her, and sees nothing that she could wish to alter.

Happy woman!

She is in consultation with her house-keeper—not Mrs. Newton, who retired on her savings and legacy shortly after Mr. Thorburn's death—but a more fashionable and obsequious dame, with much better style and ideas than poor Mrs. Newton ever had, notwithstanding her gentility and her husband's sermons.

Mrs. Millington was in a dilemma. She had a list of the expected guests, and orders to prepare rooms for them; but numerous as were the chambers at Thorsghyll, many of them had been so long disused that they would require papering and painting before they could be ren-

dered habitable, and she feared the smell of the paint could not be got rid of in time. Some of them, indeed, with the help of a little management and the resources of upholstery, she had arranged into very comfortable bachelor's rooms, but she wanted another first-rate bedroom, with a dressing-room adjoining, for Sir John and Lady Bulkeley, and, of course, it would not do to put them on a higher floor than the Honourable Charles and Lady Arabella Toplady, or General and Mrs. Bouncer, &c. &c.

"Dat woman is a treasure!" soliloquized Mrs. Thorburn; "how well she understand de etiquette! I know what will do, Millington," she added, aloud; "dere is de school-room, and Miss What'sher-name, Miss Woodenspoon's bedroom, dat will make a beautiful suite. Tell de upholsterer to furnish dem superbly."

"Which room shall I take for the

school-room, then, ma'am?"

"What do it matter? Any room will do, for dere will be no lesson going on during dis gay time."

"But Miss Wotherspoon will want a

sitting-room all the same, ma'am."

"Can you not have her sit wid you in

your parlour?"

"No, ma'am, I beg to be excused. I shall have very arduous duties to perform, as you must be aware, ma'am, with so much company in the house, and Miss Wotherspoon is so nervous, she would fidget me to death. Besides, ma'am, excuse me saying she would be quite out of her place there."

"Ah, well, you are right. What can

be done wid her?"

"There is the little blue morningroom, ma'am."

"No, no, dat must be for de young ladies."

"The library, perhaps, ma'am—"
"Dat must be always supply wid

newspaper for de old gentlemen."

"I know a place that will do exactly, ma'am," exclaimed Millington, in a tone of triumph; "the little octagonal room, looking down the terrace."

"Now, just look here at my list, you silly woman! Here it is mark down for a smoking-room for de young gentle-

men."

"I really don't know what to do with her, then, ma'am—I really do not. As for a bedroom, that is easy enough. She can have the room that used to be the nursery—Miss Mabel's nursery, I mean."

"Well, and are dere not two room

dere dat used to be de day and de night nursery? What's to hinder her having

de two?"

"Why, ma'am, if you'll excuse me, wouldn't it look odd if any of the young lady visitors should ask Miss Angélique or Miss Matilda where their school-room is, to tell them it's turned into a bedroom, or else to take them up into the attics?"

"You are an excellent creature! you tink of everyting! Now I see my way. She shall have de stewar' room."

"What, that room that's been shut up so long, ma'am—the room where Mr.

Felix Thorburn died?"

"And what of dat? It is a very good room, and it is a pity to lose it—and all for what? Because somebody die dere."

"The servants all seem to think it is

haunted, ma'am."

"All nonsense! Put Miss Woodenspoon dere, I tell you. Mr. Felix never liked to look at an ugly woman while he was alive, and I'm sure his ghost will not trouble Miss Woodenspoon. She will fright him away."

"I'll do as you order, ma'am, of course; though I must say I should not like to

occupy that room myself."

"She know noting about Mr. Felix, do she?"

"I believe not, ma'am."

"Den give order dat nobody tell her; for if she know noting she cannot be

fright."

A footman here entered with a card. The gentleman, he said, had asked for Miss Mabel, but, according to orders, he had brought the message first to Mrs. Thorburn. The card bore the name of Mr. Tom Slingsby.

"Show de gentleman up," she said.

"Millington, you may go. But send word to Miss Angélique I wish to see

her before she go out."

When Tom Slingsby entered, she was reclining on a sofa, in an attitude of elegant languor, apparently absorbed in a book.

"Ah! you stranger! How do you do?" she said, extending to him her left hand, without rising. "What a naughty boy you have been to keep away all dese tree long year, when you know you were such a favourite wid me! I have a great mind not to speak to you!"

"I have to apologize for coming at all after absenting myself so long, Mrs. Thorburn; but I have been abroad the greater part of the time since I left

Oxford. I hope I see you in your usual health."

"In my usual healt—yes—but you should wish me someting much better dan dat. I am in my usual healt, tank you—which is very indifferent. I still suffer wid my heart. My poor husband die of it, you know, of course."

"I am aware of the cause of Mr. Thorburn's death," replied Tom, "but I had no idea that you were afflicted with the same malady. I always thought you one of the healthiest women I ever saw."

"Ah, so much for outside show! And so much for young eyes dat can see

noting beyond de surface!"

"You're confoundedly mistaken if you think I can see nothing below the surface of all your blarney," thought Tom to himself. "Is all the family well?" he added aloud. "I should be very glad if I might be permitted to see Miss Thorburn, if she would condescend to give an audience to her brother's old friend."

"Ah, my dear sir, you ask for her when you come, which was not, I tink, de manner you learn in France. Mabel is under my care now, and she is not allow to run so wild as she was in her poor fader time. She do not receive de visit of young gentlemen. Besides, she is out now."

"We're going now, mamma," said a very tall young lady, dressed in a riding-habit, who entered at that moment; "do

you wish to speak to me?"

"Only to comfort my eyes wid de sight of you, my angel!" replied her mother, in a tone of tender melancholy. "I am always so terrify when you go out to ride, you are so daring. Tink of your poor moder, and be careful."

"I promise you, my sweet mamma, to be as careful of myself as possible for

your sake."

"Tank you, my angel. Do you know

dat gentleman, Angélique?"

"Oh, deah, yes! it's Mr. Slingsba," said Angélique, who seemed to entertain a mortal aversion to the sound of the letter r, as well as to all definite articulation in general. "How d'ye do? I dare say you've forgotten me."

Tom took the tips of her riding-glove, which she offered to him, with a very low

bow.

"Oh, no!" he replied; "I think of you very often. Whenever I eat applepie, I remember what a nice apple-pie bed you made for me when I was here."
"It was Mathilde who did that," she

replied, coolly. "I had nothing to do with it. Now, having shown myself to my anxious mamma, I must say good

Tom opened the door and bowed her

al

er ık

ill

ıd

r.

I

h

u

ıd

e

u

"What do you tink of my eldest daughter?" asked the mother, proudly;

"is she a fine girl, eh?"

Now it happened that Miss Angélique by no means suited Tom's taste. She was a fine, bold, dashing girl, uncommonly tall, and with a sort of wriggling litheness in her figure that might pass for grace in the vulgar eye. Her features were tolerably good, with fine eyes and a profusion of dark hair, but she always seemed to be trying to stare some one out of countenance, and that, in Tom's opinion, was fatal to feminine beauty.

"She is very much grown," he observed, in answer to Mrs. Thorburn's

rather embarrassing questions.

"And so graceful, too!" continued the lady; "and she ride—oh, she ride superbly! Look out of de window, you

will see her."

Tom did as he was bid, and in a few minutes had the pleasure of beholding Angélique and her sister, followed by a groom, canter down the avenue. Her horse pranced a little at first, and the man rode up in evident anxiety to pacify

"She looks well on horseback," said Tom, turning from the window, "but I don't wonder at your being nervous about her. She is very unsteady in the saddle."

"Do you tink so?" said Mrs. Thorburn, not very well pleased at his

"I'm sure of it. You should take care that she has a very quiet horse. Now I must wish you good-bye; my time is very short."

"So it seem! What! Cannot you stop and dine wid us? We shall have some company in de house at Christmas, and I should be very proud if you would join us. Dere will be quite a circle of young men of de first rank, friend of my son, from Oxford. We shall have ball, and private théatricale, and every kind of amusement, in-door and out."

"I am greatly honoured by your kind invitation, Mrs. Thorburn; and the temptation to join such a pleasant party is undoubtedly very strong. But I shall be some hundreds of miles off by Christmas. I sail in two days for Australia."

"For Australia!" repeated Mrs. Thor-

burn, opening her eyes very wide. "And, in Heaven name, what take you dere?"

"Partly business, partly pleasure," he replied. "Indeed, if the business succeeds, it will be wholly pleasure; for there is no mere amusement equal to the satisfaction of successful labour."

"Are you not rich enough already,

widout undertaking business?"

"It is not a mercantile speculation," said Tom; "I go, in a great measure, on a friend's account."

"Ah, I see—it is a secret, and I must ask no more question. How long shall you be gone?"

"That is uncertain; but it will be a year at least, and it may be three or four."

"You will come and see us on your return, I hope," she said, with her most winning smile. "Remember, dis house

will be always ope to you."

"I shall certainly avail myself of your kind permission," he replied, frankly, "though I shall probably find many changes here. The young ladies all married, perhaps."

"Not my girls—no, I do not wish to part from dem too early. But Mabel very likely—yes, I tink she will be marrit."

"Indeed," said Tom, with an unmoved countenance. "Is it indiscreet to ask if there is an engagement?"

"Very near it," she replied, confi dentially. "It is Major Hamilton, her

guardian."

"But he is old enough to be her father!" he exclaimed, with a slight shade of indignation in his tones.

"Oh no, he is only tirty-eight. It is far better dan marrying a boy. He is a very fine-looking man, and taught he is not rich, he is prudent, and will take care of her money."

"I shall lose my train if I wait any longer," he said, starting up. "Though you do not like me to compliment you on your appearance of health, I hope I shall see you looking no worse on my return. Pray present my best respects to the young ladies. Adieu, madam!"

He raised her white fingers to his lips,

bowed low, and departed.

A few minutes afterwards Mabel came hastily in.

"Was not Mr. Slingsby here just now, ma'am?" she asked.

"And suppose Mr. Slingby was here, Miss Tawbon; -what can dat concern you?"

"I wished very much to see him."

"Really, Miss Tawbon, your conduct is most remarkable! Why should you want to trow yourself at the head of any gentleman who come to visit me?"

"I want to do nothing of the kind," returned Mabel, in a half-choking voice; "but you know he was my poor brother's dearest friend, and I wished to ask him some questions about him."

"You may rest satisfy; every ting is know about your broder that can be know; and it is all very fine to make dat excuse for flirting wid de butcher boy!—

He!-he!-he!"

"Did he not ask to see me?" asked Mabel, taking no notice whatever of this vulgar sarcasm, which she knew was the

keenest way of retortingit .

"He came to pay his compliment before going to Australia for nine or ten year, or perhaps to settle dere; he was not certain. You see I tell you every ting, taught you seem to doubt my word. He saw Angélique by chance, and was very much struck wid her, and watch her on horseback from de window. He talk about her, and about my healt, and his prospect in Australie; but of you, not dat !" and she filliped an imaginary particle from one of her front teeth, to express how little interest Tom had expressed about her. It was a vulgar and ungraceful trick enough, being in fact a favourite gesture of contempt among " les dames de la Halle," Anglicé, Billingsgate; and what with the contortion of feature it necessitated, and the spiteful look that accompanied it, made her look absolutely ugly.

Mabel felt it, and turned aside.

"I can only say, Mrs. Thorburn," she said, as she went out, "that it would have been kinder of you to let me know that my brother's old friend was here."

Her step-mother's horrid laugh grated on her ears as she calmly closed the door behind her. Then, unable longer to command her feelings, she flew through the long corridors till she reached her own room, when hastily turning the key to keep out intruders, she flung herself on her knees, buried her face in the sofa cushions, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A PROSTY NIGHT WITH THE LAKE.

ABOUT an hour later a ... tap at the door of her room roused . Sel from the

kind of stupor into which she had wep t herself. It was already growing dark, so having no fear that her swollen eyelids would be discovered, she rose and answered the summons.

"I thought I knew your knock, dear," said Mabel, as she discerned her cousin's tall figure at the door. Felicia folded her in her arms, and kissed her forehead. She said nothing, but that action expressed plainly that she knew what had happened, and how deeply she sympathized with her.

"Here is a messenger for you," she

whispered.

"A messenger?" repeated Mabel, breathlessly. "Where? From whom?"

"He is here,—it is Joe Baker; but

he will not say who sent him."

read as follows:-

"Here's a note for you, miss," said Joe, coming forward; "and I'm to wait for an answer."

Felicia lighted one of the wax-candles on the mantelpiece, and Mabel with a trembling hand tore open the note, and

"DEAR MISS THORBURN,—As I am not permitted to see you when I call openly at the house, I am compelled to solicit a private interview, as I have a communication of the utmost importance to make to you which I must not commit to paper. Will you appoint as early a time as possible? In two days I embark for Australia, which must be my excuse

for such importunate haste. "I remain,

"Your obedient servant,
"Tom Slingsby."

"Look here, Felicia!" said Mabel; "read this. What shall I do?"

"Appoint to-night at nine o'clock, under the clump of fir trees by the western end of the lake," replied Felicia, promptly.

"But ought I to go?—Ought I to meet him? Would it be correct?"

"Of course you ought to go," replied Felicia, who was very little troubled with any notions of conventional propriety; "you would be very unhappy if he went away without telling you this important something; and you know him well enough to be sure that he would not ask for this meeting without some good reason. By all means, go."

"Will you go with me, dear?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. I can remain at a distance, so as not to hear what he says."

"But it is not likely he will have anything to say that you must not hear too."

"Well, well, we shall see. Now write your note."

Mabel made several attempts, and tore

them up.

ıt

d

d

"I don't know what to say," she said, with an appealing look towards her cousin.

"Just write this," said Felicia—" Nine o'clock this evening, under the fir trees at the lower end of the lake.' That will be quite sufficient."

This was soon accomplished, and Joe

was dispatched with the missive.

Mabel soon after became anxious about the time. She forgot that she had not dined, and had scarcely time to dress before the bell rang. Fortunately Mrs. Thorburn had company to dinner, which drew her attention from Mabel's distracted manner and numerous mistakes, as well as her loss of appetite.

Another person at the table, however, was more observant. This was Major Hamilton. He had casually heard from Mrs. Thorburn of Tom Slingsby's visit, and not unnaturally coupled the young lady's altered demeanour with that circumstance. As he sat next her he easily found an opportunity of testing the truth

of his conjectures.

"So I understand that poor Roderick's fighting schoolfellow, Tom Slingsby, is going to Australia," he observed, when the conversation was going on so freely around that he could speak to Mabel without being heard by anyone else.

"Yes," faltered Mabel, "I believe he

is."

"He was a fine fellow when I saw him," continued the major, "which is now three years ago. Is he much taller than he was then?"

"I don't know. I think he looked so, but I only saw him at a distance."

"Did you deny yourself to your brother's friend?" said the artful tactician in a reproachful tone; "that was not like you, Mabel."

"Mrs. Thorburn did not let me know that he was here," replied she, betraying her resentment in her voice; "it was by the merest chance that I saw him from my window as he was going down the avenue."

"He cannot be much changed then, if you recognised him at that distance after the lapse of so long a time."

"I think he is taller," murmured Mabel.

After the ladies had retired, Major Hamilton sat but a short time, as he had a ride of twenty miles before him, and it was already past eight o'clock. When he went into the drawing-room to say farewell, and take a cup of coffee before starting, Mabel was no longer visible.

It was a clear frosty night, but the cold was scarcely felt, for not a breath of air was stirring. The moon shone with amazing brilliancy, and a thin covering of snow that lay upon the ground, reflected her rays till the whole scene was as bright

as day.

The major rode down the avenue at a brisk trot, till coming to a point where an opening glade offered a glimpse of the little lake embosomed in stately trees, he was compelled to stop and contemplate in rapt admiration the beauty of the landscape. Gradually he walked his horse forwards to obta a more extended view. Not a sound was rd but the soothing murmur of the at waterfall, or the occasional hoof an an owl; not a movement was visible but the rippling of the water in the moonlight. Impressed by the solemn loveliness of the time and place, he sat in a deep shadow as still and motionless as all around him. His thoughts wandered back into the past to other moonlight nights, and other scenes, on which that same mild orb had shed her lustre; but where now were the actors in those scenes? And mingling with his recollections of his own past life, came somewhat that he had heard not so very long ago, of a woman's body lying unburied in a gravel-pit; and he wondered whether the moon was now gazing down upon it.

What is that rustling among the dead leaves, mixed with a crunching of the frozen snow, that strikes upon his ear?—A hare, perhaps, or a deer. No, for neither hares nor deer can talk in soft sweet young female voices, and such he hears distinctly as they advance.

"Some young lasses from the village going to meet their sweethearts," thought the major; "I'll keep quiet till they pass, lest I should frighten them."

The steps drew nearer.

"No, Mabel darling," said a voice which was quite unknown to him, but which shot an indefinable thrill through every nerve in his body, and made his heart beat wildly; "the more I read or hear about love, the more I am convinced that the wisest thing a woman can do is

to fly from it as she would from the

plague."

"But I tell you again, Felicia," said another voice, which he knew to be Mabel's, "that you have formed your opinion from only one side of the question. When people are happy in their love, they get married and settle down comfortably, and nobody can make a romance out of their future lives. It is only the miserable lovers that interest us, and they are but few compared with the happy humdrum ones."

"I am determined on this," said Felicia, "that if ever I should—which is most improbable, forearmed as I am against it—but if ever I should find myself falling in love, I'll rush away as I would

from a house that was on fire."

Here the major's horse growing impatient of inactivity, stamped and snorted.

"Ah!" screamed Mabel, "what is

that?"

"It is only a horse," replied Felicia; "don't be frightened. Perhaps it is Mr.

Slingsby."

"No, it is not Mr. Slingsby," said the major, alighting, and coming from the dark shadow which had hidden him from their sight. "So I have the pleasure of detecting my two wards in the very act of keeping an assignation with a young gentleman! And it is under these very favourable circumstances that I first obtain a glimpse of my elder ward, who was always too shy to see strangers. Yet here she is out in the park by moonlight, looking for Mr. Slingsby!"

He spoke in a tone of good-natured raillery, while he offered a hand to each of the young ladies. The left hand fell to the share of Felicia, who clasped it appealingly in both hers, while she exclaimed—"Indeed, sir, there is no harm in Mabel's coming here to see Tom. He has something particular—something very important to say to her, probably about her brother; and he called this morning on purpose to see her, and Madame Thorburn would not let him. So if any one is to blame it is she, and not Mabel. Besides," she added, with an air of dignity, "I am come with my cousin."

"And is there no impropriety in your meeting young men in the park at this hour?" said the major; "are not you, too, young and handsome?"

wonder; "I am two years older than

Mabel, and I am very ugly."

"You are not, Felicia," cried Mabel.
"I am sure I am," said her cousin, sadly; "I am half-black, and I can never forget how I frightened Madame Tawbon the first time she saw me,"

"That was all a pretence on her part,"

said Mabel.

"What a singular halo there is round the moon to-night," remarked Major Hamilton; "do you observe it?"

"No, I can't see it," said Mabel, look.

ing earnestly.

"I think I see something," added Felicia, gazing even more intently, and unconsciously allowing her artful guardian to form a very accurate opinion upon her personal appearance. Her features were not regular, but they bore the impress of nobility and intellect; her complexion, though dark, was clear and pale, but her splendid eyes would have redeemed any face from the charge of ugliness. By some mesmeric power she became conscious that Major Hamilton was looking at her, and she turned her eyes slowly, shyly, and reluctantly until they encountered his earnest gaze. Her hand was still clasped in his, -he had forgotten to release it, apparently—and while they thus looked into each other's faces, the grasp tightened, and he drew her gently towards him. Suddenly she was seized with a violent fit of trembling, her eyelids drooped, and she bowed her head till it nearly rested on her bosom.

"There's Tom!—I mean there's Mr. Slingsby!" cried Mabel, who had just discovered a figure moving along beside the water towards the fir trees. "Major Hamilton, will you take care of Felicia

till I come back?"

"Yes, I'll take care of her," replied the major in tones so tremulous that Mabel must have remarked his agitation if she had been less anxious to hear Tom's communication.

A minute's run brought her to the fir trees. Tom bowed very deferentially and ceremoniously, and did not even offer to shake hands with her till she took the initiative in that act of friendliness.

"I hope you will pardon me for asking you to give me this meeting, Miss Thorburn," he said, in a low but firm voice; "and, indeed, I am sure you will when you know the purport of what I have to say to you."

"I think that the fact of my coming here should convince you of that, Mr. Slingsby," replied Mabel; "as dear Roderick's closest friend I could not feel offended at your request; and I am also well aware that Mrs. Thorburn left you no alternative."

"As it is," said Tom, "I fear you are watched. I am almost certain that I saw some one under those trees after you had passed them."

"But no spies. They are my cousin Felicia and Major Hamilton, my guardian."

"Then of course they are trustworthy," said Tom, coldly; "but I must ask you not to repeat what I am about to tell you, even to Major Hamilton."

"There is no difficulty in giving that

promise," said Mabel.

ın,

DO

t,"

nd

or

k.

e.

ın-

an

er

ere

of

n,

er

ny

Ву

n-

ng

ly,

n-

as

to

ey

he

ly

ed

re-

ad

r.

st

de

or

ia

ed

at

n

's

ir

d

0

1e

0

"You of course recollect that Roderick took his passage in the *Endeavour* in the name of Richard Smith. He had told the good farmers with whom I left him that he should take that name, and when he was supposed to be dead they divulged it."

"Supposed!" repeated Mabel, catching at Tom's arm for support; "then if it is only supposed, he may yet be alive!"

"You are quite overcome—lean on my arm," said Tom, in a gentle voice; "yes, it is that which I have come purposely to communicate to you. He may yet be alive."

"Tell me all," said Mabel; "I can bear anything better than suspense. Tell

me all, quickly."

"The name of Richard Smith appeared in the log of the *Endeavour*, and the natural conclusion was that he perished in the wreck, as there could be no doubt that all hands were lost."

"Yes—yes—but he?—he was saved, I am certain! Oh, tell me! tell me,

quickly!"

"Before hearing of the loss of the brig, I had, by my father's suggestion, written him a letter, which would reach Auckland by the mail ship long before the brig could arrive out."

"But what has that to do with his safety? Why do you tantalize me with your letters?" cried Mabel, impatiently.

"Because that letter was of so peculiar a character that you must be made acquainted with its contents. It contained an offer from my father to adopt Roderick as his son, on the grounds that he had no other father."

"What do you say?" said Mabel, in a frightened whisper, and stepping back a pace or two. "How did you know this?"

"You are then aware of it," said Tom;
"and perhaps knowing this," he added,
bitterly, "Roderick is even dearer to you

than a brother, and I ought to be more guarded in my communication."

"Nonsense," said she; "brought up as we were together, how can I love him otherwise than as a dear brother? Such he has been and always will be to me, and it is cruel of you to keep me in suspense about him. Oh! tell me, Mr. Slingsby, is he safe?" and again her clasping hands folded entreatingly upon his arm.

"I can tell you nothing more than you know already until you answer me one question. Should Roderick return here,

how would he be received?"

"By whom? By me, or by the world? By the world he would be received as the rightful lord of Thorsghyll, which he might show himself to be for any proof that exists to the contrary. By me he would be still received as a beloved brother; dear, if he claimed all that the law would give him, and which he was taught to look upon as his right; but far dearer if he voluntarily gave up that to which by birth he is not entitled, and so undid the wrong that my poor father committed in a moment of unpa-

ralleled temptation."

"Now I may speak," said Tom. "He is alive, or was two months ago, but not in England—not here—so you need not peer into those shadows so closely in the hope of seeing him. You are cold—you had better walk about. There is no snow under these trees. There-now I can continue my story comfortably. In the letter that I wrote to Roderick, I explained to him my father's reasons for concluding that he was not Mr. Thorburn's son; which were mainly the evident difference of race, added to his supposed father's utter want of natural affection, if not harshness towards him. Indeed, on no other hypothesis could we account for injustice and want of affection in such a man towards such a son. We suspected that Roderick had some idea of the same kind from his determination to expatriate himself, and leave, if possible, no trace of his existence behind him; and we offered him what we could—that is, a lowly name, instead of the proud one he had hitherto borne; but a place in as fine a heart as ever claimed its descent from Adam, or even from the god Thor, Miss Mabel, besides the gentle affection of my little lady mother, and my own, which was nothing new. We asked him to be our pioneer, to choose some favoured spot where he could buy land for us, and where we would all come out and settle." "Are you going?" said Mabel—" you said you were going to Australia. Are you not coming back again? Mrs. Thorburn said you were going for nine or ten years, or perhaps to settle there."

"She did?" said Tom; "then she told you an in—inf—infamous falsehood! I said I should be gone for a year, perhaps two or three, but not a hint about settling there. I told her I was going partly for pleasure and partly on business. What reason could she have for distorting the truth so much?"

"It was done, no doubt, in the hope of annoying me," said Mabel; "though why she should suppose it would do so, I cannot imagine. Well, what more about Roderick?"

"Like every one else, we concluded that he was dead when we heard of the wreck of the Endeavour; and very sincerely we mourned for him. You may then imagine my amazement and delight when two days ago I received a letter in his well-known hand, telling me that he was still alive; that he had accidentally met with my letter in the post-office at Auckland, and that its contents had softened his stern resolve to take advantage of the accident that had made his death appear a certainty, and to cut himself off not only from what he had considered as his own family, but even from me, and every one who had known him. But when he found there was so much affection left to him, he could not help writing to acknowledge it. He desired me to communicate with you, but not by letter, and if I found that you were, as he had reason to believe, aware of the mystery that hangs about his birth, and, still retaining your love for him, desired him not to assert claims that had no foundation in right, I was to tell you all; but if not, I was to say that he had escaped the first shipwreck only to perish in a second."

"You have not yet told me how he escaped."

"Oh, that was a simple affair enough. Before taking his traps on board he found that the cabin-boy was named Richard Smith. He thought it was a good opportunity of doubling. So he changed into a ship that lay alongside, just starting for California. He remained there at the diggings, till a sudden fancy seized him to go to New Zealand. He found my letter, some time after he had heard of the loss of the Endearour. He had wished it to be sup-

posed that he was dead, but when he found that he was really believed to be so, he did not like it quite so well. He examined a file of English papers, and there saw the whole case stated circumstantially. In a paper of a later date, he read of your father's death; and then he wrote to me. I wish you could have seen his letter, but I dare not leave it with you, and I have no time to wait till to-morrow, for the ship sails the next day. I am going, as you will naturally understand, in search of Roderick, who, I omitted to mention, said that he should proceed to Australia by the earliest op. portunity."

"Will you write to me," she asked, timidly, "and let me know whether you find him? And—and I should like to hear, too, of your safe arrival, if you have time to send."

"I shall be only too happy in being permitted to do so. But will not a letter from Australia excite suspicious inquiries? Mrs. Thorburn hinted that you had not now the same freedom as formerly."

"I am glad you thought of that," she replied; "but if you address me under cover to Major Hamilton, I shall receive your letter safely."

"Might not that create some unpleasantness with him, unless he knew the purport of the letter?" asked Tom, fully convinced now that Mabel was engaged

to the major.
"Not the slightest. He has the greatest

"I think I have now told you all," said Tom, bowing his head in sad acquiescence; "let me restore you to the major's guardianship."

They walked in silence to the little eminence where Mabel had left her companions. The horse stood under the tree, and walking slowly up and down were Felicia and Major Hamilton.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"HAPPY'S THE WOOING, THAT'S NOT LONG A-DOING."

When Mabel ran to meet Tom Slingsby she left her middle-aged, melancholy guardian, to whom, in consequence of an early sorrow, the very name of love or marriage was painful,—and her timid cousin, who, not five minutes before, had been inveighing against the folly and madness of falling in love, as only a

eynonym for plunging into inevitable misery,—she left these two people, I say, trembling and sighing, as though a long, tacit courtship had just come to a crisis, and the moment had arrived when both knew that the irrevocable words must be spoken that would dispel the last delicious film of doubt and mystery which yet hung over their mutual affection. And yet not half-a-dozen sentences had been exchanged between them!

Since her beautiful eyes had sunk beneath the passionate gaze of her guardian, Felicia had been unable to look up again. But she had looked into his eyes, and she had read therein the assurance of a noble soul and an ardent love; and, strange to say, she felt marvellously

happy.

"You are trembling, Felicia; let me support you," whispered the major, encircling her graceful figure with an arm that shook more violently than herself. But in a moment the tremor passed away, and the strong, nervous arm drew the gentle girl close to the breast that was to be her resting place for life.

"Do you love me, Felicia?" he con-

tinued, still in a whisper.

"I think I do," she murmured, with a gentle sob, "I don't know what else it is."

"Tears? tears?" he exclaimed, "Ah! you are but a child! and I—you regret what you have said, because I am too

old for you!"

"No, no!" she replied, impatiently, "it is not that! You are not old, and you are good and kind. I am not crying because I am sorrowful. Don't you know that Miranda cried when Ferdinand told her that he loved her, and she said 'I am a fool to weep at what I'm glad on.' So I suppose it's all right, and I am a fool too. But you did not tell me that you loved me!" she added, in a sudden fright, trying, of course in vain, to start from his embrace.

"Don't belie your own truthful nature, Felicia! You know well that I love you 'beyond all measure of what else i' the world.' My eyes told it to you; my arms told it; and my question told it. Love you! my darling! I loved you before I saw you! I heard your sweet voice assuring Mabel that you would never love—that you would fly from the first indications of such a feeling as from a burning house. At the sound of those musical tones, and those little unnatural speeches, a fountain that I had believed

was dried up in my heart, burst forth as fresh and sparkling as ever. From that moment I loved you, Felicia. Had the night been dark, had the dear lady moon that I shall always love because her tender light first showed me your sweet face, but had she refused to let me see you, I must have clasped you in my arms, just the same, and asked you to be my wife. And you will be my wife, dearest, will you not? No—stop—don't answer yet, look well at me first."

And snatching his military cap from his head, he knelt with one knee on the snowy ground, and turned his handsome

face to the moon.

"An early sorrow has tinged my hair with grey, Felicia, which perhaps you cannot see by moonlight."

Her answer was to press her lips upon

one of his short, silky curls.

"My own!" he exclaimed, starting up, and clasping her again in his arms, "that loving action convinces me that you are contented with me as I am, grey hairs and all. Come! nonsense! If you kiss my hair, why not—Oh! my darling!

mine! my love! my wife!"

The pantomime need not be described. It was thus that Mabel, returning with Tom Slingsby from their consultation by the lake, found the lovers walking up and down in the shadow of the trees. They were talking in low, soft tones. His head was bowed down towards her, and hers was half averted, though listening attentively. For a moment Mabel stared at them in amazement, and was immediately troubled with a fit of coughing.

"Here is Mabel," said Felicia, running towards her, "and Mr. Slingsby too. Are you really going to live in Australia, Mr. Slingsby?" she continued, hurriedly.

"I am going there, but not to remain long," replied Tom. He saluted Major Hamilton stiffly; but that gentleman shook his hand with a fervour that was quite remarkable, while Felicia went a step or two apart, and bending her ear to wards the ground, listened attentively.

"There is some one coming," she said, returning hastily; "what shall we do?"

"Keep quiet till they have passed,"

suggested the major.

"But if it is one of the gamekeepers, he has a dog with him that would find us out," she replied; "if you and Mr. Slingsby go down the avenue together, you will draw off his attention, and I will take Mabel home safely."

"Yes," cried Mabel, eagerly, "that is

2

the best way. Good night, major; good-

bye, Tom,—that is—I mean—"

"No, no, don't mend it," he whispered.
"I may never see you again, and if I do not, let me remember that the last word I heard you utter was my Christian name."

"Then once more—give my love to Roderick, and—Good-bye, Tom!" she repeated, in a voice that was broken by

a sob.

"God bless you," he murmured; pressed her hand, touched it with his trembling lips, and away she darted towards the house.

"This way, a little more to the left," eried Felicia, bounding after her from the major's side; "I will take you by a way that nobody knows but myself."

And, in fact, after quitting the park and entering among the ruins, through the intricacies of which her cousin led her unhesitatingly,—now in utter darkness, now lighted by glimpses of moonshine,— Mabel was astonished to find herself at last in the long old picture gallery, where the portraits of her ancestors seemed to scowl upon her, in the dim light, as she passed along. A little later the two cousins sat in Mabel's dressing room. It was lighted only by the pile of wood and coal that glowed in the ample grate, and flamed brightly up the chimney. Felicia was seated on a low stool beside the sofa. One exquisitely formed arm, from which the wide sleeve of her cloth dress was thrown back, rested upon a cushion, the soft palm pillowing her softer cheek. Her eyes glanced brilliantly in the fire light, and her lips were slightly parted by a happy smile.

Mabel sat further from the light in a large rocking chair, to which one foot imparted a restless, dissatisfied motion. Her face was turned from the light, but every now and then her handkerchief was furtively passed across her eyes.

"Are you crying, Felicia?" she asked, after a long silence.

"No, dear. What should I cry for?" replied Felicia, in a voice so cheerful and happy, that Mabel actually started at the sound of it.

"Are you not sorry that poor Tom is

going to Australia?"

"He will come back again. And did he not say he was going partly for pleasure? Why should we grieve when he is going to please himself?"

"I had indeed forgotten what he is going for, and that I ought to be very

glad of it; and I am very glad he is

going," said Mabel, sobbing.

"Oh! Mabel! Mabel! I see it all!" exclaimed Felicia, starting up and throwing her arms round her cousin. "You are in love with Tom! He has heard something that makes him suppose Roderick is not dead, and he is going to seek him over the world, like a dear, good, brave fellow that he is! It was this that he came to say to you!"

"Oh, Felicia! how can you imagine such a thing?" said Mabel, unable to deny, yet unwilling to acknowledge, the

truth of her cousin's conjecture.

"It is not imagination altogether," said Felicia; "things come into my head with thinking sometimes, and I know they are true, though I could not tell how I know it. I am sure that Tom came to tell you something about Roderick, because he could only have been so anxious for a private interview with you to tell you that, or else to tell you that he loved you, as I know he does. And I know he did not tell you that he loved you, or you would not cry so, though he is going away."

"What, Felicia! Do you know what you are saying? Happy in loving! Happy in being loved! Do you forget your own words, spoken not two hours ago, that love caused all the misery of

this world?"

"I'm afraid," said Felicia, hiding her face in Mabel's lap—"I'm afraid I was talking of what I knew nothing about!"

Need I report the confession that fol-

lowed?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MISS WOTHERSPOON IS FRIGHTENED INTO FITS.

The day appointed for the grand ball in honour of Edward's having completed his eighteenth year soon arrived, and poor Miss Wotherspoon, who, by the friendly connivance of Mrs. Millington, had until then retained possession of the little morning-room, which was henceforward to be devoted to the especial use of the young ladies, was obliged to remove into the gloomy apartment, rendered terrible by the mysterious death of Felix Thorburn. Something had been done to render it comfortable.

Before it was shut up, the bloodstained floor had been hastily washed; but a deep red mark still remained upon the oaken planks. This was now covered by a Turkey carpet; the windows were cleaned from the dust and cobwebs that had accumulated on them during more than fourteen years; the rusty grate was polished, and an old-fashioned but comfortable sofa was added to the antique furniture. With the addition of a huge fire, roaring up the wide chimney, and a bright lamp on the table, the room would have appeared very comfortable to a studious person not troubled with nervousness.

Poor Miss Wotherspoon, however, was highly nervous, excitable, and imaginative, though in a dull, sombre, and subacute kind of fashion. She was very timid, and had an intense fear of ghosts, which she endeavoured to overcome by strenuously denying any belief in the possibility of their existence. Of her own free will she would never remain alone for half an hour; and to crown all these elements of discomfort which she seemed to cherish for her own especial annoyance, she was in constant dread of taking cold. Consequently her situation in that old musty-smelling, ghostly-looking room, with its long, faded, dark-green curtains, that could not shut out the sound of the roaring and rushing stream in the glen below, but only subdued it into a hollow moaning, was anything but Before she had been there enviable. five minutes, she began to cough. She knew the sofa was damp, and placed the cushions before the fire to air them. Then it was the floor, the carpet, the place altogether, and she would have gone to her bedroom instead of remaining where she was, had it not been for the attraction of the cheerful fire.

I must say a word or two about this lady, as, after taking up a book for a few minutes, and laying it aside again, she sits wrapped up in a shawl, with her nose and knees in singular proximity, huddling over the fire. She was not one of those daringly accomplished governesses who, after finishing one family of pupils in half the continental languages, three or four musical instruments, singing, several styles of drawing, science in general (including mathematics), history, geography, fancy needlework, and the use of the globes, insatiably advertise for another situation. She made little pretension of any kind, and Mrs. Thorburn was not the person under whose auspices her self-esteem was

likely to become more developed. The Miss Thorburns had masters for everything, and Miss Wotherspoon was engaged simply to perform the drudgery. She was to be present during every lesson, and to see that the lazy young pupils prepared their exercises and practised their music during the rest of the day. Her office was no sinecure, even during the holidays, for she was expected to watch over them unremittingly, when they were not in their mother's company, and to know, probably by intuition, whenever they were absent from the drawing-room. On the evening in question she would have been glad enough even of their company, rudely as they systematically treated her, rather than be left in such utter solitude. The very servants, when they had occasion to come into the room, were in an unusual hurry to get out again, and had she known the reason of this, she would have gone and begged shelter in the poorest cottage in the village rather than remain another hour in that dreadful place.

But in happy ignorance of the awful object that was hidden beneath the carpet, she wrapped her shawl still closer round her, as a protection against suspected draughts and damp, and cowered over the fire.

Suddenly an idea struck her. Mabel had always been very kind and goodnatured to her when they had met, which was indeed but rarely, it being a part of Mrs. Thorburn's system to keep her daughters' governesses as much away from Mabel as possible, as her singular notions of equality and so on, and her very undignified manners, were enough to untit any young person for her place. Up to Mabel's rooms, however, sped poor nervous Miss Wotherspoon as soon as this idea entered her head. A lovely group presented itself to her view when she entered the dressingroom, invited by the cheerful" Come in," in Mabel's tones, that answered her timorous rap.

Mabel sat before her pretty toilettable, wrapped in a muslin peignoir. A part of her gorgeous hair hung in its natural curls upon her shoulders, while the rest, braided by Felicia's skilful fingers, had taken the form of a coronet, more beautiful, as some not wholly disinterested person might have thought had he seen it, than a royal coronet of gold and diamonds. As for Felicia herself, she looked as though she were just dressed to act in the final scene of La Juive, only that the simple white petticoat in which she appeared had no long hanging sleeves, such as Jewesses are generally supposed to wear when they are going to be burnt; but her rich black hair was freed from its fastenings, and hung round her like a mantle. She had taken off her dress to have her arms more free to plait her cousin's tresses, and she had loosened her own luxuriant locks, at Mabel's request, to exhibit their length and thickness to the admiring eyes of Barton, who stood by, almost jealous of the skill and taste with which Felicia arranged the sunny curls which it had been her pride and pleasure to cultivate for so many years.

"Oh, dear Miss Thorburn," said Miss Wotherspoon, entering, "I am quite ashamed, really, to come and disturb you; but I just came to ask if you would take pity on me sometimes during the evening, and just give me a look in. Do you know where they have put me?"

Do you know where they have put me?"
"No," replied Mabel. "I saw that
your rooms had been appropriated to
company, but I don't know where others

have been provided for you."

"Oh! it's the most awful dreary place in the whole house. You can't hear a soul stirring. Nothing but the wind whistling, and the dreadful noise of that brook just under the windows. Oh! it's a fearful place. And to think of poor me being there all by myself, when I'm so shockingly nervous!"

"I'll run out now and then to see you, if that will be any consolation to you, Miss Wotherspoon," said Mabel; "but you must tell me where to find you, and you must not take me for a ghost, for I shall be dressed in white."

"Oh! how very kind this is of you, Miss Mabel! I thought you would excuse my asking you, for you always seem so kind-hearted. And really this will be a charity; I shall have something to look forward to now, and to listen for, instead of being driven nearly mad with the sound of that dreadful mournful brook. Oh! but I must tell you where it is. It has been shut up for goodness knows how many years; but it used to be the steward's room before the steward had his present rooms at the home farm—"

"I know it, then," said Mabel, interrupting her. "Yes, I'll be sure to come

to you."

"What!" exclaimed Felicia, "is it that mysterious room at the end of the

long passage, past the old oak staircase? How often I have tried to get into that room through the windows! But they were always fastened too securely for my skill in burglary to get them open. I'll come and stay with you, Miss Wotherspoon, as soon as I have seen my cousin arrayed like a water-lily—white all round, and a little golden knob in the middle. I shall be very glad of the opportunity of seeing the inside of that room."

"Thank you—thank you; that is very kind," said Miss Wotherspoon. "Now I think I had better go, for Mrs. Thorburn might not be pleased if she knew

I was here."

"What a shame to put the poor thing in that room!" whispered Barton to her young mistress, while Felicia was at a little distance twisting up her own hair in a negligent but graceful fashion. "And what's to be done to keep Miss Felicia away? If she goes in there it may do her a deal of harm. She was in there you know, Miss, when her poor father died, and no one knows what she saw, but she was changed from that time."

"Can't you stay with Miss Wotherspoon?" said Mabel, in the same tone.

"I'll go in for a minute, Miss, but

I'm sure I dare not stop there."

In the meantime Miss Wotherspoon had returned to her gloomy room, and

resumed her place by the fire. As before, she took up a book for a few minutes, and then laying it aside, looked into the fire, and mused upon the past and future. Perhaps her thoughts wandered back to a time when she did not expect to pass the meridian of life in single blessedness, after seeing every relation she possessed drop off one by one into the grave, until she was left so lonely and friendless that she was glad to accept Mrs. Thorburn's contemptuous offer to stop at Thorsghyll and make herself useful during the Christmas vacation, instead of spending her little savings in some solitary lodging, under the pretence of taking a holiday.

Her thoughts seemed sad enough, whatever might be their theme, and had occupied her for about ten minutes, when they were interrupted by a rustling sound in

the chimney.

It was not a loud or startling noise, but such as might be occasioned by the gradual descent of an accumulation of soot; and as a small quantity fell at the same time, this was precisely what Miss Wotherspoon conceived it to be. But though she was afraid of everything which could be construed into an object of alarm, the governess was especially afraid of fire, and at the sight of the falling soot she became convinced that the chimney was ignited, and her lively imagination instantly pictured Thorsghyll a heap of smouldering ruins, and all the ladies in their ball dresses running wild about the

park.

e?

nat

ley

for

en.

188

en

ob

of

of

ry

W

r-

W

er

r

Before raising an alarm, however, she took the precaution of peering up the chimney to see if the soot really was burning. While she did so, there came a repetition of the sliding sound, accompanied by another fall of soot, but no signs of fire. The noise alarmed her dreadfully, but she also feared Mrs. Thorburn's indignation, which would be sure to burst upon her in no stinted measure if she created a causeless panic in the house; so, one source of terror being nicely balanced by the other, she looked once again to make sure there was something wrong before she raised an alarm. She was somewhat pacified on this second inspection, by seeing an old boot projecting down the chimney.

"It's nothing, after all," she said to herself; "nothing but a bundle of rubbish that has been pushed up to stop the chimney in the summer, and they've for-

gotten to take it down."

She laid hold of the boot with the tongs. It came away easily, but, horrible to say, left behind it a skeleton foot, covered only by the shrivelled integuments and the tattered remnants of a

stocking.

Miss Wotherspoon fell on the floor in strong hysterics, and was found thus by some of the servants, who, hearing her screams, hastened to her assistance. Their cries brought others, until half the domestics of the house were in the room, some administering restoratives to the unfortunate governess, who continued to shriek and point towards the object of her terror, while one of the men pulled down the skeleton foot, and with it the mummified body of a man.

In the midst of this commotion Felicia appeared, arrayed exactly as Miss Wotherspoon had last seen her; for hearing cries, the import of which could not be mistaken, she had flown to render what assistance she could, without thinking of her own

appearance.

She cast a hurried glance round the room, passed Miss Wotherspoon with

scarcely a look, and hastened to the group that surrounded the skeleton.

"Gilbert Davis! Gilbert Davis!" she exclaimed, with a shriek. "Go away, all of you! Leave the room! Take her away," waving her hand towards Miss Wotherspoon, "and fetch Major Hamilton. Fetch him instantly. Don't speak to me! Not one word!"

She retreated to the corner where she had concealed herself on the day of her father's death, and crouching down just as she had crouched then, she pressed her hands over her ears to keep out any sound that might interfere with what was

passing in her mind.

Barton had fortunately followed close behind her, and now, by gestures more than words, enforced compliance with the poor girl's directions. Major Hamilton was sent for, but before he could be found another person appeared upon the scene.

"What is all dis furst?" exclaimed Mrs. Thorburn, bursting into the room, radiant in natural and artificial charms, and with her great fat shoulders even more liberally displayed than they had been eighteen years before; "what is all dis furst about?" (Furst, it must be explained, was her improved mode of pronouncing the word fuss).

"The body of a man, ma'am, has been

found up the chimney."

"De body of a man, do you say? What

"Miss Felicia recognised it as that of Gilbert Davis, her father's servant, ma'am," said Barton; "he disappeared, you may remember, ma'am, at the time that Mr. Felix died."

"Ah! yes; I remember. Dey were a nice pair. What you call like master, like man, was it not? Hein? And what is dat great silly woman about?" turning to the governess; "don't make such a furst, Miss Wotherspoon. You will fright all my visitor wid your noise. Dere, take her away somewhere, where she will not be hear. I cannot bear to look at her, she make such ugly face, and she is always as ugly as a tod. Can you imagine how dat man could get up de chimney? Don't let it be know among my visitor; it would spoil de ball. Hark! dere is a carriage. I must go and receive. Be sure and keep dis quiet. Why, Miss Felicia Tawbon!" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of that young lady; "what can you mean by sitting dere, undress? Have you no sense of decency? Get up, and go and dress yourself. Do you not know dat Major Hamilton is coming? What will he tink to see you in dis state?"

But Felicia's ears and eyes were both

closed.

" Pardon me, Mrs. Thorburn," said the Major, entering, "but this is no time for punctilios. I am told that the body of Gilbert Davis has been found, and that at the sight of it Felicia seems to have suddenly recollected something connected with her father's death. The communication she wishes to make may be a most important one; of much more importance than a few inches of lace more or less," and he lightly touched the gossamer covering that represented a sleeve in Mrs. Thorburn's costume. "Therefore, dear lady, leave her to me, and to Mr. Weston, as soon as he comes. Your company is arriving, and you will be missed. Trust to me to keep this matter quiet till tomorrow."

"Is de company arrive?" she exclaimed; "den I must go. I hope noting will be know of dis; it would quite spoil my dear son's fête. Adieu."

And with a gracious courtesy she sailed out of the room.

The moment she was gone, Felicia, who had watched her through her fingers, sprang up and clung to Major Hamilton's

"Shut the door," she said; "bolt it-

lock it. Don't let any one in!"

"Wait a moment, dear child," said the major, tenderly; "it will be better for Mr. Weston to be present to hear what you have to say."

"No, no; I will tell it to nobody but you," was the reply; "so lock the door."

"Then at least let Barton be present," persisted he, anxious not to lay a young girl's fame open to the animadversions of a tongue so slanderous as Mrs. Thorburn's.

"You will make me forget everything," she exclaimed, impatiently. "I tell you I will have no one here but you."

And she resolutely bolted the door. Then returning to the corner, she crouched down as she was before, and for several minutes remained in silent reflection.

(To be continued.)

SHADOWS.

THE moonlight was flinging shadows Over the dewy grass, As I sat by the window watching For a well-known shadow to pass.

It came by the side of the pathway That led to our cottage door, But paused by the lilac bushes, Where it never had paused before.

And another shadow flitted Out through the lighted hall, And across the branches of roses I saw the shadow fall.

They met by the fragrant lilacs, And I saw the taller bend Over the slender shadow Of the girl I called my friend.

Ah! his love was light as the shadow Of the graceful lilac-tree, And the sun of her royal beauty Had turned it away from me.

Bfore the dawn of the morning All moonlight shadows depart; But the shadow that fell that evening, For ever will rest on my heart.

IRISH SOCIETY.

By A LOOKER-ON.

It was the saying of a great statesman, which has passed almost into a proverb, that Ireland was one of the great "difficulties" of England; and, although many years have passed away since then, the "difficulty" appears hardly to have decreased, so far as English statesmen are concerned; while, on the part of Ireland itself, it would seem that its affairs are as great a difficulty and as decided a puzzle to its own inhabitants as to anybody else. On the one hand, its journalists, poets, orators, and historiographers, insist on it that as an aggregation its people are a lively, talented, imaginative and industrious race, who can do anything in every country but their own, and whose excellent qualities, both of head and heart, are sure to place them foremost in the race of progress from the moment they leave it; on the other hand, we are told, that under the British Constitution, "a fair field and no favour" is open to every man who lives protected by its ample shield, and that there is absolutely no drawback, let or hindrance, which can by any possibility mar the prosperity of an Irishman, or defeat his industry, provided his efforts to attain wealth or distinction are put forth with vigour and determination, and irrespective of the obstacles which are sure to meet every man of enterprise, who only looks upon them as natural hindrances, which, in fact, he is called on to meet and conquer, and which it should be his pride to Thus the account stands: surmount. on one part, a list of interminable grievances, hydra-headed and many-tongued in their terrific expansion; on the other, a demurrage to the accusation, founded on the exhibition of modern efforts to atone for ancient wrongs. Between these great contending parties we do not pretend or intend actively to interpose; nor should we venture even to mix in the mélée, were it not that there are certain articles of agreement, certain modes of concordance, towards which, if a general consent would or could be given, it might wonderfully simplify the matter, and ultimately end by leaving everybody in the right and nobody in the wrong. order to prove, as far as we can, our perfect impartiality, we begin with England

led

ho

1's

he

or

at

ıt

le

herself. In so viewing the question, it is always to be remembered that a respectable portion of the Irish people those who call themselves "true patriots," deny that Ireland is, or ever was, con-This is a quered by England at all. vexed question, into which we are not disposed to enter, and all the more particularly because, if Ireland was not an English conquest, there can be no possible doubt that her concessions and submissions were as great as if the iron hoof had passed over every acre of her fertile soil; and because it is just as indisputable that it is to the effects of these concessions and submissions we must look, if we would adequately trace, in anything like an inductive fashion, the very "difficulty" which now stares us in the face, and which the wisest and most thoughtful of our rulers would go a long—a very long—way to get rid of, if they could. Taking it for granted, therefore, that Ireland never was a conquered kingdom, how does it come to pass that the constitution of England is the constitution of Ireland? that the same code of laws which regulate one country in a very great degree regulate the other? that the same liberty which obtains in one belongs to both? and that as sure as a concession is made to one country, the other clamours if it should not be conceded to it also? Rejoicing, as we do, in much larger conquests and more extensive possessions than Ireland, we can afford to pass by the "conquest of Ireland" as a matter in which our national importance or strength is concerned; but in common justice we cannot, nor are we willing to forget, that in a portion of our empire which has become "integral,"—which we wish to look upon as peculiarly bound up with us in the same bottom,—and whose interests are identical with our own,—we have the memory of ancient harshness to blot out by modern kindness and indulgence, and a feeling of patience and forbearance to maintain, which will show to the men whom we have made our "brethren, that if, in former days, our fathers erred in their respect, we, who know better, are well inclined to correct the faults of our ancestors, so far as we can, seeking

nothing for our conciliatory pains but an honest and impartial disposition on the part of the recipients to place a fair amount of reliance on the reality of our

good-will.

Any disinterested person who looks at the history of the last thirty or forty years, will hardly be disposed to contest our position, or fail to give us credit for having disencumbered ourselves of the mal-odour and offensive inferences which an absurd system of penal and restrictive legislature, indulged in and sanctioned but too long, had subjected us to. Honestly and fairly we may pride ourselves in having, with one or two exceptions to which we shall presently allude, left Ireland in that wholesome condition in which the French proverb (so often repeated by Mr. O'Connell) of aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera is just as applicable to the case of our Irish brethren as it is to our own. We do not deny that some matters of grave importance still lie over and appear to be so difficult of approach, that even the wisest and most experienced heads amongst us are always willing to leave them for other hands or another day; but it is not unnecessary to remind the "nationalists" of Ireland, that in considering the two most important questions which at present agitate their sensibilities and give point to their declamation, a vast deal more must depend on the views which their own representatives and fellow-countrymen take of them than on the so-called "omnipotence" of a Government, whose powers are not quite so unbounded as clamorous claimants for "justice" may always suppose. In truth, "Irish tenant right" and "the Irish Church" are problems which involve far too many responsibilities, and the adequate and peace-bearing solution of which include too many possible and probable consequences, not to evoke in the minds of even the most dispassionate a doubt as to the propriety of any given course, and to create an indisposition to rush into legislation, or meddle, except in the gentlest way, with matters, which, under any aspect or circumstances, must leave a great deal of discontent and heart-burning behind. At the same time, it is evident, from some recent declarations of very able, eminent, and prudent men, that there is a spirit abroad disposed to grapple with them, in order, if possible, to forward and effect a settlement of them in a fair, just, and equitable way. Neither can we wonder at this, since it is abundantly evident that the "missionary Church" of Ireland, with its enormous funds and great prestige, has fairly broken down in its "mission," and is now only looked upon by one party as a badge of conquest, or an extortionate intruder on the pockets of those whose credal feelings and sympathies are altogether adverse to it; while another extreme party look upon its continuance, based as it is, as a respectable relic of the old-world "ascendancy" so dear to their hearts, and to which they cling with a desperate tenacity, since every other memento of it has gradually died out or been driven away. It is to be hoped, however, that when the day of reckoning comes, justice as well as concession may not be lost sight of, and that, should a settlement be arrived at, a fair estimate may be taken of the good it has done as well as of the evils its continuance has caused, and that the spirit of civilization it has helped to awaken and encourage, and the exemplary conduct of its ministers, may be honourably remembered to the advantage of both.

Again, to the question of "Tenant Right," quite as much of good temper, good sense, and mutual forbearance will be required, in order to bring it to anything like a favourable issue. For here, too, there are two extreme parties to be encountered by the daring statesman who will have the courage to take them in hand. And it is always to be remembered that these two parties are almost solely and exclusively Irish—with Irish wants, wishes, feelings, interests, and sympathies -actuated by principles which purely English landlords and tenants can hardly conceive, and influenced by fears and motives, which no Englishman can well Apparently, one should comprehend. imagine that the settlement of such a question in such a country would, from the first, have been insisted and based on a foundation which nothing could misplace That a purely agricultural or shake. country can "go on and prosper" under a problematical arrangement in the setting of land, in which no sort of security is legally given to the manipulator and expender that he shall ever receive a single shilling of the needful outlay, without which his operations could not thrive, is, to say the least of it, one of those incongruities which now and then startle and shock us when they occasionally crop out in the dealings of men with each other; and our feelings naturally deepen when,

as Englishmen, we are taunted with the continuance of an anomaly, with the existence of which we have, in reality, so little personally to do. To say that "tenant's right is landlord's wrong," is simply the lapse of a clever rhetorician captivated with the point of his own antithesis; but as a weapon it gains unwonted prominence from the source from which it was launched, although at best is only to be looked upon as an evidence of how loosely even clever thinkers may deal with subjects which puzzle them to say anything useful or pertinent about. Tenant right, no doubt, would become landlord wrong, were the landlord exposed to the same obstacles and sacrifices from which the tenant finds it so often impossible to guard himself; but the tenant who merely asks for evenhanded justice, which will protect him from his landlord and his landlord from him, so far from being a wrong-doer or an evil-intender, is simply a man of sense and prudence, likely to be obedient to the laws which protect him, loyal to the constitution under which they were framed, and equally likely to respect and regard his landlord, from whom he has everything to hope and nothing to fear. So long, however, as this much-vexed question is regarded as an "Irish difficulty," and not as an "Imperial necessity"—so long as statesmen flirt with rather than discuss it—and so long as the prejudices -whether general, sectarian, political, or a mixture of all—of a particular class, are allowed to interpose baseless fears and impossible requirements, between the rights of many and the fanciful timidity of a comparative few, so long must positive obloquy be borne by those who do not deserve it, and who cannot hope to escape the consequences of having sanctioned by their ill-judged silence the perpetuation of an injustice which is individually cruel and politically and nationally most unwise.

n-

or-

ly

18

a

n-

se

0-

Х-

ry

1-

d

That the settlement of the two important questions to which we have adverted, would have a most decided influence on "Irish society" in general, no one who knows Ireland, or who has been in intimate association with its various classes, can for a single moment doubt. They run through everything, and reign over all. They are looked upon as continuations of the ancient, evil code, which it has been the great object of modern legislation to erase, if possible, from the very minds of men; their existence prepares the way for the inculcations of the

treacherous and the disloyal to take root in the minds and hearts of the weak, the ignorant, and the unwary; and, still more and worse, they set man against man and class against class, until at last the line of demarcation becomes so evident, that it is both ridiculous and painful to witness. It is with no light or irreverent spirit to religion we say it, but, in Ireland, the priest or the parson is by no means unfrequently the motivepower by whose permission hospitality is to be dispensed or association tolerated; and, at all events, that genial admixture of people differing in particular articles of belief, but all rejoicing in a common Christianity, which obtains in England, is a rara avis not often to be Not a single pen-feather of Mrs. O'Reilly's Catholic plumage must be ruffled by social contact with the Protestant down of her next-door neighbour's shawl; for "what would Canon MacMahon say?" while the evil digestion which would be sure to visit Mrs. McManus for assisting at a Popish banquet, could only be accepted as a slight penalty for the extreme nature of the misdeed. Unfortunately, however, it is not in social life only that such inaptitudes occur. Were it confined to that, it would be bad enough, since it is only by a general spirit of concordance that a genuine spirit of nationality can in reality exist, but it extends far and away beyond the hearth and the roof-tree, and influences men, and the measures they deal with, in the most important matters of their daily lives; it creeps into the mart, the exchange, and the market-place; it influences staid and sober men, who should know better, in almost every action of their lives; the Protestant butcher or baker is known by the religion of his customers; and the Catholic apothecary, doctor, or druggist, whose Protestant clients preponderated, would all but blush to acknowledge the somewhat discreditable fact. Men go to the union workhouse, not to overlook the interests of the poor, to see how rates can be kept under and yet properly applied, or to overlook the general government of the house—they have no stomach for such trifles as these; the city analyst may determine the amount of water permissible in the milk, or whether sugar "acari," in variety, are nitrogenized substances which the human organism can digest; but the "guardians" have other work to do; there is a "majority" and a.

"minority"-in other words, a Protestant and a Catholic party, who, as a matter of course, are bitterly opposed to each other. Meat and milk are all very well to speak of when there is nothing " more interesting" to discuss; but the vitality of whether a Protestant pauper is properly registered, or whether a Catholic orphan shall be allowed to sprinkle its innocent forehead with "holy water," is of such paramount importance that discretion, temper, and humanity are but too often lost in the contest, and results (not in a drawn battle, for the quarrel is perennial) but in a scowling determination in the beaten party "to have it out

of them another day."

The municipal corporations of Ireland, like those of England, are deputed to do a certain business in a certain way, and their perfect ability to compass every end for which they are constituted is an undoubted fact, "which nobody can deny." But their ability to act and their competence to perform are very different things. Here, again, it is that we find this fatal "majority" and "minority" so subversive of order, regularity, and common sense; here it is that we meet with polities and polemics vexing the souls of common councilmen, and even inducing them to struggle for the higher grade of "alderman" in order that they may deal their opponents a deadlier blow. It is in vain that moderate members would fain turn their attention to the waters of the Vartry or the sanitary mal-arrangements of "the Poddle;" such subjects find no flavour on their highly-seasoned palates; to leaven their entertainment with the strong man's meat of controversy; to excite themselves by a consideration of the important fact of the genuine Protestantism of a Lord Mayor's gold chain or cocked hat; to discuss the desirability of having a sweeper-out of the chamber of the orthodox faith of her supporters; or whether the "Jesuits" oath is a myth or a verity-these are indeed the matters which are sure to collect a "house," and prevent "a countout," and on these miserable squabbles are time wasted and temper squandered, while the combatants are both displeased and disgusted, should an English journalist venture a little gentle ridicule on their proceedings, or fall into the somewhat pardonable error of painting them in colours, the materials of which they furnish to his plastic hand. Doubtless, it may have happened that the spirit of satirical criticism has, in certain quarters. sometimes run rampant and tinged the stylus of the writer with unnecessary gall; or an exaggerated air of protective warning and admonition taken the place in which a less dignified or pungent article would have had better effect; but, on the whole, we think it is questionable whether such disagreeable medicaments have not been more useful than otherwise, and we are quite sure that the right-thinking portion of the Irish people themselves are more inclined to amuse themselves with the wit of such "attacks" than to resent their virulence, or denounce their tone.

That the influential position which England has so fortunately gained and held in the world's affairs, is somewhat a matter of jealousy and envy to her Irish neighbours, we should imagine to be a fact so patent, that no one will be inclined to gainsay it; neither is this to be wondered at, since far wealthier and more influential portions of the human race are actuated by similar feelings and hold the same views. But whatever it may in other commentators, we have a strong idea that in Ireland it is both unjust and unwise. We have been called "a nation of shopkeepers "by a man whose chivalry we defeated, and whose ambition we circumscribed, and we have always accepted as a compliment what was meant as a taunt. If the Celtic and the Saxon temperaments differ we cannot help that, nor are we to be blamed if Irish tendencies and proclivities do not run in the same grooves as ours. Originally, we commenced on a very small capital and in a very moderate way, and if our capital has increased and our means improved, it was because, from the first, we had no ambition to be called "a nation of gentlemen," and the dignity of labour and self-reliance was never absent from our dreams. At present, we might set up a small nation of "aristocrats," with millions a year at their disposal, and yet have a few to spare for ourselves; in addition to this, our merchants trade in every mart, our mercantile marine floats on every sea, and the small speck of earth called England is recognised as the workshop of the world. But we began at the right endin the right way. Instead of despising trade, we stuck to it and gloried in it; instead of spending the hard earnings of our fathers, we added to them hard earnings of our own; instead of blushing to be seen in a counting-house or behind a

counter, we boldly proclaimed the discreditable fact, and announced to our friends, patrons, and the general public, that, in order to turn a profitable penny, we were disposed to "undersell every other house in the trade." We began by the "aide-toi," and, in good time and by hard effort, came the "Dieu t'aidera," as it always will do when people do their best and are determined to succeed. But we think it will be readily conceded to us that Ireland has not taken a page out of our book. To be the "first of his family that ever was engaged in trade," is one of the recognised misfortunes which is most apt to afflict the souls of young Irish gentlemen whose patrimonial possessions can no longer maintain them in luxurious idleness at home; and no one, not absolutely cognisant of the fact, can possibly imagine how grievous it appears and how heavily it weighs on the oppressed person's heart. The "property" has been eaten up by generation after generation of "gentlemen," but the pride remains in statu quo—that, unhappily, is an "incumbrance" which no court or commissioner can effect a legal clearance of—and the remembrance of greatness passed away, so far from stimulating the victim to fresh effort in order to regain it, rather hangs as a milistone round his neck, and plunges him into the most miserable shifts and quandaries in order, by hook or by crook, to get rid of it. To hang about "the Castle," and borrow a friendly suit to go to "the levee," in the hope of something "turning up" in his favour from that quarter-to beset the doors and plague the hearts of "influential" friends or members of Parliament—to run the gauntlet of solicitation on borrowed funds, and under humiliating auspicesto stave off positive privation by the acceptance of the smallest crumb dealt by "official" fingers untainted by the trademark of even the most respectable house -all these are the blots we speak of, the drawbacks we insist on, which render the tertility and great natural advantage of Ireland of no commensurate avail.

rs,

he

ry

ve

ce

Ir-

ıt,

ole

its

er-

ne

le

se

ce

h

d

it

h

But even this is only a part and not quite the worst part, either. The same failings and feelings appertain to men who have risen from the ranks themselves, and who, by a course of honest industry, have accumulated what an Englishman would call a *small* capital, but which an Irish trader or merchant fancies is quite sufficient to set him up "an estated gentleman" at once. And these

are just the class who insist on the "swamping" nature of English capital, with which they cannot compete, and to which they must necessarily succumb. But do they try? and are their efforts persistent? Now and then, it may be, a few spasmodic efforts are made to "get up a manufacture," or to forward a project which in its very projection bears the warrant of its own death; but the persons who countenance and support such desultory efforts are for the most part "men of straw," and not associated capitalists, who put their hands into their pockets and draw them out again full of the costly pabulum, without which it is utterly idle to hope for even moderate success. It is not that they have not the means to set mills going, jennies spinning, and rivers more industrially employed than rolling idly on to the sea, but that they will not use them; their souls are "above buttons;" money sunk in the purchase of an "estate," gives them status and position at once; but "mercantile enterprise" is quite another thing; that they leave to the Englishman, who trades on their weakness, profits by their absurdities, and makes a capital market of both.

And as the tree grows so will the sapling incline—as the father of the family is, such are his descendants likely to be. In Ireland, as a general rule, there is no class more averse to "trade" than the sons of traders themselves. In the upper ranks of Irish commercial life, there are, no doubt, some pleasant and praiseworthy examples of the heir adhering to the same course as that which made a man of his sire; and, it may be added, that these profitable specimens of the young generation are in much greater number at present than they were of yore; but, in the minor ranks, the obverse is the rule. A thriving trader in Dublin may have four sons, and a flourishing trade to sustain them, if they would only warm to the work. But the thought is degradation! and no prospect of converting thousands into "a plum," by union and industry, can tempt them to meddle with molasses, or soil their palates with the flavour of the very best bohea; anything rather than that; there is the University, of which they may become students, and the Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians, the license of which will render them eligible to "go to the Castle" forthwith; the Temple can assist them to the same end, and, at all events, to become a clerk in "a Government office," a constabulary officer, or an ensign in the militia, is an object far more worthy of squandering time, trouble, talent, and money upon, than to dirty one's hands with tallow, tea, porter, wine, or drugs, which, in a few years, would only enable them to ride in coaches, reside in suburban palaces, but would leave the miserable odour of "shop" hanging about them still. These are the causes that make Irish barristers as plenty as blackberries; Irish clergymen and officials anxious to starve on curates' fare or a miserable quarterly dole from the treasury; Irish doctors scrambling for dispensary appointments, the acceptance of the remuneration for which cannot but be felt as an insult both to their profession and themselves; while, under their very noses, Englishmen take "orders," and Scotsmen establish "marts and monster houses," and manage to live in opulence and retire with fortunes at what is called "the national expense." It is not that the Englishman or the Scotchman is better qualified to do business than the Irishman; but he puts his shoulder to the wheel "and goes in and does it;" he does not shrink from his calling, but enters heartily into it without a particle of shame, pride, or hesitation; he knows and feels that "an honest man's the noblest work of God," and he laughs at "levees," precedency, dignity, position, and status, and goes on his way rejoicing—rejoicing in his sleeve, it may be, at the weakness which leaves him to glean such admirable

pickings from so fertile but unlooked-for a source.

We do not wish to continue this necessarily unpleasant theme, although we might extend it if we would, nor should we have entered upon it at all, were it not that the present period appears to be particularly favourable to its ventilation. There is a manifestly anxious wish on the part of the heads of the Government to probe what are called "Irish grievances" to the quick, and it can hardly be doubted that on the part of the English nation there is at least an equal wish to see fair play; but it will not do to allow it to appear that the administration of one country has been altogether a mistake. for which another will be expected to bear the obloquy and to pay the price. Let the balance be struck, by all means, and the sooner the better for both; but let it not be objected to us that we undertook and profited by the tillage of fields which their owners were inclined to let lie fallow, or that we spread our wings, and made money by so doing, into regions from which a more worldly-wise policy should have debarred us for ever. The fact is not so; we have done a natural thing in a natural way; the more our dealings and objects are exposed, the better will it be for all parties concerned; if we have erred, the humane policy of our nation is to retrace its steps, but in so doing it must be with a perfect understanding that others must retrace or modify theirs as well.

G.

MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING.

"YES. He's fine-looking enough, and talented enough, but such a flirt! I wish some one would surprise and carry off that guarded heart of his, and then laugh at his discomfiture. I would pay him off nicely for his trifling."

"Suppose you try the experiment, Annie. You are practised enough in the art of captivation, if report is right! I wonder at your censure of flirts."

"What reports? You cannot think

me a flirt?"

for

ve uld

ot

ar-

n.

he

to

s"

ed

on

ur

to

ne

ar

et

nd

it

ok

ch

ıl-

nd

ns

cy

ne

al

ur

i;

of

in

0-

"O, I only referred in jest to something I heard to the effect that you had jilted Frank Marvyn, and that it was too

bad for you to flirt so."

"O dear! I suppose because Frank Marvyn chose to force his presence upon me till I got tired of the sight of him, and encouraged Phil Dalande in sheer self-defence, it is something dreadful!"

"But could you not have given him to understand that his case was hopeless at

the first P"

"To be sure; I might have turned to the gentleman and said, My dear Mr. Marvyn, I have a very kind disposition, and as I am a very charming person, and you may fall deeply in love with me, I wish to warn you to avoid my fascinating society, for I consider myself too much your superior to return your regard, if you do!"

"It is not necessary to say anything, Annie," laughed her cousin. "Your manner should have repelled him."

"As if he could understand manner! Ugh! His O-do-have-pity-upon-me-face is before me now."

"And this Phil Dalande—I suppose he is in a state of suspense by this time?"

"O, no; we understand each other perfectly. He has too much sense to care for such a butterfly as I am. I suppose my intimacy with him strengthens the idea that I am a coquette, but what of that? When people are talking about me, they are not indulging their amiability over any one else."

"And how about George Sylvester?"

pursued the other.

"How you do tease me, coz! One might as well be shut up in a cloister till marriageable age, and then brought out into market and sold to the highest bidder, as to live in this enlightened age and feel obliged to accept the first one who

offers. If we have not the privilege of choosing, we certainly ought to have the privilege of knowing, those we accept. I was not to blame there, for I really wanted to like the man, but he showed such a jealous, exacting nature, that I was convinced he could never make me happy. His intellect and person are superior, and I have no doubt he would mate nicely with some gentle, yielding creature; but I could not endure to see him look and act as if every word and glance belonged to him—even before he had asked the right to monopolize me. I'm sure I'm no coquette."

"Perhaps Thorne can find as many

excuses for his conduct."

"O, no; he has the right to choose, you know; and after he has paid attention to one for awhile, off he goes after another, and I'm sure it is not because they refuse him."

"Take care, Annie! There is a lurking admiration in those words, spite of your condemnation. I am afraid if you act on my suggestion that you will lose your

heart instead of gaining his."

"Never fear, coz. Indeed, now I think I shall, if only to show that I am not so easily conquered." And with this reso-

lution away went Annie.

Let us now take a peep at the subject of this discussion. Seated in a comfortable arm-chair, with his dressing-gown falling over a graceful form, and his hair thrown carelessly back from a white, expansive forehead, he seems certainly not a very bad specimen of manhood. He has one habit though which, to say the least, is rather careless, that of thinking aloud. Listen:—

"What a simpleton I was, though, to offer my precious self to her! I might have known, if Cupid and vanity had not blinded me, what her answer would have been. I suppose by this time I have got the reputation of being a flirt, but what is one to do? I'll not marry those I don't like; and if those I do like wont marry me, I'm not to blame. Absurd idea! that I had trifled with Emily Arne's affections! They give her credit for more heart, and me less taste than she or I possess. If they could have seen, when I made a fool of myself by proposing, how she laughed at my 'boyish fancy,' as she called it, 'in thinking myself in love

with a woman quite four years older than myself-time in which to form four more as serious attachments as this,' and heard her assurance—when I became indignant at this intimation of fickleness, 'that did I really care as much for her as I thought, her vanity would prevent her accepting, for she could not bear the idea of people's saying of her, How old Mrs. Thorne looks compared with her husband! wonder if he ever compares his wife with any of the women he ought to have married.' And then when I assured her that time could not mar her loveliness, &c., &c., to hear her still incredulous tones as she said, 'She had not suspected this; and to end an interview that was becoming painful, she would state that she was already engaged.' And then to crown all, to see the ridiculous haste with which I left; I think they would transfer their pity. However, I'll not tell them! It's better to be known as a lady-killer than a rejected suitor. I don't think so, but that others do is evident, though they do moralize to the contrary. Heigh-ho! I must do something to keep off the blues. I have it; I'll go ask that little witch, Annie Clark, to have a drive with me! And it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a little flirtation there. It would keep my mind from Emily, and there'll be no love lost, for Annie is a coquette, if ever there was one."

On that afternoon "coz" entered

Annie's room, crying-

"Annie, there is an opportunity for you; read this," holding up a note.

"Sure enough!" cried Annie, dancing round the room, with mischief sparkling in her eyes, "I wonder what brought this about? I believe the fates are working!"

"No doubt of it, Annie," was the reply, as she assisted in making the appearance of the pretty Annie as attractive as possible, and soon the gay pair were

on their way for a ride.

Their road lay through a delightfully-shaded retreat, and as they talked of its quiet beauties their thoughts unconsciously took a deeper tone, and once the young man sighed, upon which he looked up quickly to see if his mischief-loving companion had observed, and was ready to rally him upon it.

As he looked, they were passing a more open space, and a ray of sunlight just then came shimmering through the trees, and danced fitfully among Annie's golden-brown curls; and his questioning

glance turned into one of admiration. She raised her eyes, and as she saw his expression, blushed, while she said:

"That was, of course, a pitying sigh for the weakness of those who indulge in sentiment, judging from your words a few minutes since."

"Please make allowance for many

things I say, Annie."

"Of course I shall," was the meaning rejoinder. "Everybody knows that Hal Thorne says and does unaccountable things."

He understood her.

"Do they? I am aware of it, and that 'everybody' is prejudiced."

"But they agree that they are done

in a graceful manner."

"Now, Annie, I suppose you think my vanity is quite healed by that timely flattery!"

flattery!"

"To be sure! Like a skilful physician, I understood your case, and applied a medicine, which I hope you have taken, like a dutiful boy."

"Certainly. And in return I shall insist on your not protesting against 'open flattery,' as you set us the example."

"Oh, I'll agree not to protest against it; but bear in mind that that is not receiving it; and if not received, what good will it do to offer it?"

"I shall have the satisfaction of wishing to do a benevolent act, of course!"

"There! You are not so averse to flattery, after all, or you would not intimate that it was agreeable to us. Confess, now. Ah, I can read it in your eyes," raising her beautiful eyes with a roguish glance to his face.

"Never trust the eye, Annie. It can be schooled to disguise thought as well

as words can."

"Can it? How came you to learn this, pray?"

"By practice, of course. Admire my frankness in admitting it."

"Oh, yes. I am ready to admire good

qualities in any one."

"Thank you. We ought to be very good friends—having so many sentiments in common, if we have not the sentimental."

"Or the sensible. But here we are at home."

They parted, with the mutual wish

expressed to meet again.

"I wonder," thought he, as he drove away, "why Annie blushed so? Was the spirit of coquetry working under that seemingly careless exterior? That blush and that glance into my eyes would lead one to think so. What glorious eyes she has, though!" And thus musing, we leave him.

ion.

his

igh

ulge

S a

any

ing

Hal

ble

ind

one

ely

an,

ia

en,

ın-

en

ist

re-

at

h-

it-

te

88,

sh

n

II

"Well," thought Annie, "a favourable beginning, really! I wonder if he has decided upon a conquest of poor me in addition to the rest, that he showed so evident a desire for a more intimate acquaintance. He has commenced sighing rather early, though, I think. However, he will be mated, or I'm not Annie Clark. A splendid flirtation."

He was mated, as will be seen.

As Annie said, they had a "splendid flirtation;" and for once people did not object. The gentlemen said:

"They were a well-matched pair"—wondered which would win in the "Game of Hearts" they were evidently playing, and said—"It was a good thing that Annie Clark was appropriated by Thorne, as there was less danger of their being bewitched by her fascinations." And the ladies decided that Miss Annie was welcome to him. "They did not care to listen to his tender speeches. They were sure that this flirtation of flirts would not end pleasantly to either party," all of which comments, though they do remind us slightly of the fox and grapes, must be set down to poor human nature.

But Annie did not know how hard it was to enjoy this constant interchange of thought and feeling, and still be heart-free. All unconsciously to herself she would blush and sigh in his presence, and if she caught herself wishing he was what he appeared—sincere and noble—she would condemn herself "for wishing to entrap a true heart."

"Rather mortifying, though," she would say, "to think how poorly I succeed. Here have I, with the most commendable self-denial, given up all other admirers for this most worthy object, and am no nearer accomplishing it than at first, for aught I see." Yet, how could I know whether I succeeded or not? Of course look and manner are under perfect control; and how should I know that tender words and manner were not assumed for effect? I have a good will to give up the idea after all, and drop him. But there! good Mrs. They-say would decide wisely as usual that I was not to blame for his non-attendance. wish I had thought of this before!"

She was saved the necessity of dropping him by his appearance on an evening shortly after. "I came to bid you good-bye," he said; "I start in the early train to-morrow for New York. I have offered to take the management of a friend's affairs, and shall be gone some months; and I could not go without seeing you once more."

A sudden flush dyed her face as he spoke, leaving it very pale; but he did not see it, as her face was from the light. Her voice was quite calm, though low, as she asked:

"But is not this a sudden resolution? I shall miss you very much. But," assuming a light tone, "as it can't be avoided, there's no use in being sad about it, is there? We shall see each other again, sometime; meanwhile, you will find some more congenial spirit, and I, I'll coax Mr. Dalande to be my attendant beau till you come back, and then we can renew our little flirtation, can't we? Indeed, it's not so bad, after all, as we are both fond of change," she said, looking up with a witching smile.

His lips were compressed for a moment, and a pale, stern expression rested there; and then, in a light gay tone, he said:

"To be sure—that is, if your changing fancy shall not have selected some one else ere that time."

"Do you think it possible for me to prefer another? You are modest."

"Am I? I was not aware that I possessed that desirable virtue. But I must away. Good-bye, Annie."

"Good-bye."

He held her hand a moment, looked searchingly in her face, and was gone. She did not observe the look, for all her powers were employed in self-control—in trying to seem what she was not; for the sharp pain—a pain that nearly stopped the beating of her heart, at his first words—forced an unhappy truth upon her consciousness; and, as the door closed upon him, she abandoned herself to bitter thought.

"It was well for my pride," said Thorne to himself, as he walked away, "that her manner warned me not to commit myself. It has ended just as I feared. I did hope to prove that there was a little womanly feeling under that light exterior; but they are all equally heartless, and I—I am astonished at my own changeableness! That I did love the other sincerely, my feelings assured me; yet now Annie has entire possession of my senses! O Annie! why have you no heart?"

with a woman quite four years older than myself-time in which to form four more as serious attachments as this,' and heard her assurance—when I became indignant at this intimation of fickleness, 'that did I really care as much for her as I thought, her vanity would prevent her accepting, for she could not bear the idea of people's saying of her, How old Mrs. Thorne looks compared with her husband! wonder if he ever compares his wife with any of the women he ought to have married.' And then when I assured her that time could not mar her loveliness, &c., &c., to hear her still incredulous tones as she said, 'She had not suspected this; and to end an interview that was becoming painful, she would state that she was already engaged.' And then to crown all, to see the ridiculous haste with which I left; I think they would transfer their pity. However, I'll not tell them! It's better to be known as a lady-killer than a rejected suitor. I don't think so, but that others do is evident, though they do moralize to the contrary. Heigh-ho! I must do something to keep off the blues. I have it; I'll go ask that little witch, Annie Clark, to have a drive with me! And it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a little flirtation there. It would keep my mind from Emily, and there'll be no love lost, for Annie is a coquette, if ever there was one."

On that afternoon "coz" entered

Annie's room, crying—

"Annie, there is an opportunity for you; read this," holding up a note.

"Sure enough!" cried Annie, dancing round the room, with mischief sparkling in her eyes, "I wonder what brought this about? I believe the fates are working!"

"No doubt of it, Annie," was the reply, as she assisted in making the appearance of the pretty Annie as attractive as possible, and soon the gay pair were

on their way for a ride.

Their road lay through a delightfully-shaded retreat, and as they talked of its quiet beauties their thoughts unconsciously took a deeper tone, and once the young man sighed, upon which he looked up quickly to see it his mischief-loving companion had observed, and was ready to rally him upon it.

As he looked, they were passing a more open space, and a ray of sunlight just then came shimmering through the trees, and danced fitfully among Annie's golden-brown curls; and his questioning

glance turned into one of admiration. She raised her eyes, and as she saw his expression, blushed, while she said:

"That was, of course, a pitying sigh for the weakness of those who indulge in sentiment, judging from your words a

few minutes since."

"Please make allowance for many

things I say, Annie."

"Of course I shall," was the meaning rejoinder. "Everybody knows that Hal Thorne says and does unaccountable things."

He understood her.

"Do they? I am aware of it, and that 'everybody' is prejudiced."

"But they agree that they are done

in a graceful manner."

"Now, Annie, I suppose you think my vanity is quite healed by that timely

flattery!"

"To be sure! Like a skilful physician, I understood your case, and applied a medicine, which I hope you have taken, like a dutiful boy."

"Certainly. And in return I shall insist on your not protesting against 'open flattery,' as you set us the example."

"Oh, I'll agree not to protest against it; but bear in mind that that is not receiving it; and if not received, what good will it do to offer it?"

"I shall have the satisfaction of wishing to do a benevolent act, of course!"

"There! You are not so averse to flattery, after all, or you would not intimate that it was agreeable to us. Confess, now. Ah, I can read it in your eyes," raising her beautiful eyes with a roguish glance to his face.

"Never trust the eye, Annie. It can be schooled to disguise thought as well

as words can."

"Can it? How came you to learn this, pray?"

"By practice, of course. Admire my frankness in admitting it."

"Oh, yes. I am ready to admire good

qualities in any one."

"Thank you. We ought to be very good friends—having so many sentiments in common, if we have not the sentimental."

"Or the sensible. But here we are at home."

They parted, with the mutual wish

expressed to meet again.

"I wonder," thought he, as he drove away, "why Annie blushed so? Was the spirit of coquetry working under that seemingly careless exterior? That blush and that glance into my eyes would lead one to think so. What glorious eyes she has, though!" And thus musing, we leave him.

10n.

his

sigh

lige

ls a

any

ing

Hal

ble

and

one

 $\mathbf{m}\mathbf{y}$

ely

an,

ia

en,

ın-

en

ist

re-

at

h-

it-

te

88,

sb

an

Ш

d

"Well," thought Annie, "a favourable beginning, really! I wonder if he has decided upon a conquest of poor me in addition to the rest, that he showed so evident a desire for a more intimate acquaintance. He has commenced sighing rather early, though, I think. However, he will be mated, or I'm not Annie Clark. A splendid flirtation."

He was mated, as will be seen.

As Annie said, they had a "splendid flirtation;" and for once people did not

object. The gentlemen said:

"They were a well-matched pair"—wondered which would win in the "Game of Hearts" they were evidently playing, and said—"It was a good thing that Annie Clark was appropriated by Thorne, as there was less danger of their being bewitched by her fascinations." And the ladies decided that Miss Annie was welcome to him. "They did not care to listen to his tender speeches. They were sure that this flirtation of flirts would not end pleasantly to either party," all of which comments, though they do remind us slightly of the fox and grapes, must be set down to poor human nature.

But Annie did not know how hard it was to enjoy this constant interchange of thought and feeling, and still be heart-free. All unconsciously to herself she would blush and sigh in his presence, and if she caught herself wishing he was what he appeared—sincere and noble—she would condemn herself "for wishing to

entrap a true heart."

"Rather mortifying, though," she would say, "to think how poorly I succeed. Here have I, with the most commendable self-denial, given up all other admirers for this most worthy object, and am no nearer accomplishing it than at first, for aught I see." Yet, how could I know whether I succeeded or not? Of course look and manner are under perfect control; and how should I know that tender words and manner were not assumed for effect? I have a good will to give up the idea after all, and drop him. But there! good Mrs. They-say would decide wisely as usual that I was not to blame for his non-attendance. wish I had thought of this before!"

She was saved the necessity of dropping him by his appearance on an evening shortly after. "I came to bid you good-bye," he said; "I start in the early train to-morrow for New York. I have offered to take the management of a friend's affairs, and shall be gone some months; and I could not go without seeing you once more."

A sudden flush dyed her face as he spoke, leaving it very pale; but he did not see it, as her face was from the light. Her voice was quite calm, though low,

as she asked:

"But is not this a sudden resolution? I shall miss you very much. But," assuming a light tone, "as it can't be avoided, there's no use in being sad about it, is there? We shall see each other again, sometime; meanwhile, you will find some more congenial spirit, and I, I'll coax Mr. Dalande to be my attendant beau till you come back, and then we can renew our little flirtation, can't we? Indeed, it's not so bad, after all, as we are both fond of change," she said, looking up with a witching smile.

His lips were compressed for a moment, and a pale, stern expression rested there; and then, in a light gay tone, he said:

"To be sure—that is, if your changing fancy shall not have selected some one else ere that time."

"Do you think it possible for me to prefer another? You are modest."

"Am I? I was not aware that I possessed that desirable virtue. But I must away. Good-bye, Annie."

"Good-bye."

He held her hand a moment, looked searchingly in her face, and was gone. She did not observe the look, for all her powers were employed in self-control—in trying to seem what she was not; for the sharp pain—a pain that nearly stopped the beating of her heart, at his first words—forced an unhappy truth upon her consciousness; and, as the door closed upon him, she abandoned herself to bitter thought.

"It was well for my pride," said Thorne to himself, as he walked away, "that her manner warned me not to commit myself. It has ended just as I feared. I did hope to prove that there was a little womanly feeling under that light exterior; but they are all equally heartless, and I—I am astonished at my own changeableness! That I did love the other sincerely, my feelings assured me; yet now Annie has entire possession of my senses! O Annie! why have you no heart?"

The coldness of the air aroused him to the fact that he was gloveless; and remembering that he had left them at Mrs. Clark's, he retraced his steps.

"I shall see her once more," he murmured; "but can I trust myself? I must. I cannot deny myself this."

He re-entered the house with the freedom of old acquaintanceship, and, as he entered the parlour, heard a low, passion-

ate voice, saying :-

"And it has come to this! But he does not know it! I am sure he could suspect nothing! O Hal! Hal! I love you, spite of all! What shall I do? what shall I do?" And he saw Annie with her head bent upon her hands—tears trickling down through her fingers.

"Come to me, darling, and let me comfort you," replied a tender voice, and Hal Thorne, bending towards her, drew

her bowed form within his arms.

She burst from him, and stood up with flashing eye.

"How dare you," she cried, "come here and steal my secret from me? You learn my weakness, and dare to pity me!"

"Hear me, Annie," he said, gently detaining her, as she would have left him. "I have loved you long; but your manner taught me to guard my feelings. I came here this evening, resolved to risk all, and ask a return. I had not much hope, and your manner chilled me. I went away, resolved never to see you again—and I am thankful for the accident which called me back. I had a wrong impression of you, as you doubtless had of me; but if you will trust your happiness in my keeping, I will strive to undo that impression. Will you, Annie? and am I forgiven?

"Yes."

ON PAPER.

Some interest has lately been excited by the discovery, at the Record Office, of certain documents bearing the date of 1388, written upon what is believed to be linen paper. As the importation of this kind of paper into England, in such abundance as to imply its being in general use, is usually placed at a much later date, a few words on the subject of paper in general may be interesting to the curious in these matters.

Among all nations and in all ages, various ways have been employed to communicate to each other, or hand down to posterity, in writing, men's thoughts and histories. Many different materials were employed for this purpose. Inscriptions were made on stones, bricks, leaves, bark, skins both of animals and fishes, tortoiseshell, and other substances. Palm leaves were much used. There is at Oxford a Brahmin MS. written on this leaf. The xagua palm is especially good for this purpose, the inner skin of the leaf being white and fine like vellum, and as good as any paper. The Chinese have a different kind of paper in each province, and make it from all kinds of materials. One of the best known is rice paper, not made, as its name would imply, from the rice

plant, but from the stem of the æschynomene paludosa, a plant that grows in marshy places in India and China. The stem is composed almost entirely of pith, having a very thin bark. In making the paper this bark is peeled off, and the pithy substance that remains is carefully unrolled in thin laminæ or sheets. The size of the sheet varies according to the length of stem that can be procured free from knots, one of which would of course destroy the perfectness of the sheet. This paper was introduced into England at the beginning of the present century. Besides being used for painting, it is much valued for making artificial flowers, as it will take any tint. A Miss Jack made a bouquet of it for the Princess Charlotte, for which she received seventy pounds. Chinese paper in general is not so white and well made as that used in Europe. The sort used for engravings is made from the bamboo.

But the most famous paper of the ancients, that from which the modern manufacture takes its name, was the papyrus of Egypt. It was made from the reed of that name which is abundant on the river Nile. After cutting off the roots and tops of the stems, they were split in two

equal parts, the skins of which they are composed were carefully peeled off, those nearest the core making the best paper. The peels were placed in two or more layers, at right angles to each other; then they were saturated with water from the Nile, or with a very thin kind of paste, and after the water had been pressed out, they were flattened with mallets, and sometimes further polished with glass. The largest size of a papyrus was thirteen inches. It is a matter of dispute whether the manufactory began at Memphis, or near Alexandria, but the latter town was certainly the place from which Europe received her supplies. The papyrus was in use some time before the conquest of Egypt by Alexander (B.C. 332). Pliny, quoting Cassius Hemina, mentions some books of papyrus which were discovered in the tomb of Numa, when it was opened 535 years after his death, which took place 300 years before the Whether this distime of Alexander. covery was true or not, it proves the great antiquity of the manufacture. Papyrus was in general use in the south of Europe until the end of the fifth century. It continued in Italy until the eleventh, and in France until the twelfth century.

vith

me

ou

oty

tly

eft

our

gs.

to

ot

ne.

ou

CI-

a

ot-

ur

to

e?

y-

he

h,

he

he

lly

he

he

115

ne

e-

ch

it

e,

te

It is not known when cotton paper was first used in Europe. The Chinese have the merit of inventing it. From them it came to Persia, and afterwards to the West. The French have a document on cotton paper bearing the date of 1050. Montfaucon, who mentions this, says that in the same library where it is kept are many other paper manuscripts without date, but which, judging from the writing and other circumstances, he thinks were written in the tenth century. In the twelfth century it was more common than parchment. A diploma of Roger of Sicily, written in 1145, renews two charters—one that had been written on paper in 1100, and another in 1112. Among the English records is a letter on cotton paper, addressed to Henry III., between the dates of 1216—1222. This paper is unusually strong and well made. There are also letters of the time of Edward I., upon cotton paper of a coarser make.

We now come to the linen paper. This improvement of the manufacture was also brought from the East. The oldest European specimens known are in the Escurial Library in Spain. In that collection is an Arabic version of the aphorisms of Hippocrates, dated 1100, upon linen

paper. The Moors seem to have used it some time before it was known to the neighbouring nations. From them it was taken into Italy, the south of France, and Germany. Montfaucon found no linen paper among the French records of an earlier date than 1270. A deed of 1302 on linen paper is said to exist at Besançon. Swandner, the chief librarian of Vienna, discovered a mandate of the Emperor Frederick II., dated 1243, which he believed was on linen paper. Its introduction into England took place about 1342, but some think it was as early as That its use was quickly and 1320.widely spread is proved by the discovery before-mentioned at the Record Office. The documents there referred to are from various parts of England. In a letter to a Birmingham paper on the subject, the discoverer, Mr. Toulmin Smith, says:— "They are instructions issued, by order of parliament, to the sheriffs of every county in England, of which the latter were required to make open proclamation in every market town, and in other places in their shires, touching a matter of the highest general interest. The sheriffs were also required to send back a statement of what had been done in fulfilment of these instructions. I find several of these instructions still existing, written upon paper; and I find that in several cases, where the answer of the sheriff was on a separate sheet, the latter is also paper, though of a different quality sometimes from that on which the instructions received by him were written." To a common observer, the paper on which these documents are written appears like vellum, but a closer examination of the texture shows its true character. As the resemblance between vellum and some of the old linen paper is so great as to require an experienced eye to distinguish between the two, it is very possible that a further search among the old records would discover documents until now regarded as vellum, but which are really linen paper, and thus throw more light on this interesting subject.

For a long while France, Holland, and Genoa possessed the chief manufactories for paper. A German called John Spielman had a paper-mill at Dartford in 1588, which is alluded to in a poem, published at that time, on the benefits brought by paper. The earliest reference made to an English mill is found in the household book of Henry VII., dated 1498, relating to a paper mill at Stevenage, Hertford-

10

shire, the property of a certain John Tate. Throughout the seventeenth century not much was done towards improving the manufacture, little else besides brown paper being made in this country. All the better kinds were imported, chiefly from Holland, but also from other countries. In a volume of letters of eminent literary men, published under the direction of the Camden Society, is a letter which shows how dependent English booksellers were upon foreign paper. Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Gibson, writes to the Rev. Dr. Charlett, touching the publication of a new edition of "Camden's He says :- "The royal Britannia." paper for the printing of 'Camden' is now fixt upon by the booksellers They tell me, the reason why they have deferr'd doing it thus long, is a prospect of a large quantity of paper they expect very shortly from Genoa, and have reason to believe it will fit their business. You know before they can settle that point, they must be sure of soe much of one sort as will do the whole, for fear they find themselves at a loss afterwards." The letter is dated April 5, 1694. In 1690 the manufacture of white paper began in England, and was followed by many improvements in the art. Many and rapid advances were made in the eighteenth century, at the close of which. instead of importing, England exported large quantities of paper and books to all parts of the world.

At present, the paper trade is in a low condition in this country, owing to the unfair position in which it is placed with regard to the Continent. The duty on the export of rags by France, Belgium, Germany, and Russia is very heavy, whilst from England it is entirely free. Thus foreign makers obtain their material at a much cheaper rate than our own. Up to August, 1860, British manufacturers were protected by a duty on foreign produce, but this was taken off in that year, and since then the amount imported has been more than trebled, and this has affected the home produce so much as to bring a loss upon the working of some mills, and oblige others to go on half time.

time. A few words must be said on the watermarks of paper. These are devices introduced into the wire frame on which the sheet is made, and vary according to the fancy of the maker. In old times they were more fantastical than they are now. The mark of John Tate the elder was a star with five points in a double circle. John Tate the younger adopted a wheel. The paper used by Caxton had many marks, as a bull's head, a star, an old English P, and other devices. The bull's head is on the paper used by Faust for some of his early books. It is thought to have originated with the Holbeins, an old family of Ravensburg, and among the earliest paper manufacturers of Germany. The bull's head was a part of their coat of arms. The mark of a clapper or rattle is also ascribed to them, in allusion to the Holbein Hospital for Lepers, which had a share in the business. In old times lepers used to carry a rattle, to let neighbours know of their approach. The hand is another old mark. Of a later date are the jug, giving its name to jug paper, and the cap and bells, the origin of the name E. T. S. foolscap paper.

RICHARD COBDEN.

EARLY in the beginning of the nineteenth century there lived near the little town of Midhurst, in the county of Sussex, a respectable farmer named Cobden, possessed of small means but a large family, which he supported solely by the produce of his agricultural industry. His father had belonged to the class of sturdy yeomen almost peculiar to England in those days, and which, under the altered circumstances of modern civilization, has long since disappeared. He had been a man well known and esteemed, but he was now dead, and Farmer Cobden, who had never succeeded very well in life, was destined soon to follow him, leaving that family of which we have spoken unprovided for, or with at least but slender provision for its maintenance. Through the kindness of a relative, Mr. Rhodes whose name deserves to be preserved to history—the bereaved family did not, however, remain quite destitute of protection; he received them into his own domestic circle, and among other good offices obtained for the son Richard an employment as clerk in a wholesale mercantile house in London; that Richard Cobden was he who afterwards effected the greatest revolution in the commercial and economic policy of his country which the world has ever witnessed, who, by the lustre of his genius and the simple firmness of his character, overthrew the unhallowed traditions of ages; who converted a country and a ministry from folly to wisdom, and who, from tending his father's sheep in an obscure corner of England, rose to sway the destiny of the entire land, and to hold a position absolutely second to none in the greatest Legislature of the world. That was he who has but so lately passed from amongst us, and whose loss has left a gap in our social and political life which will not for long, if ever again, be adequately filled up.

hus at a

p to rers

oro-

ear,

has

has

s to

ome

half

ter-

tro-

the

the

hey

OW.

as a

cle.

eel.

rks,

lish

ead

e of

ave

old

the

any.

coat

ttle

to

nich

mes

igh-

and

are

and

ame

ò.

History contains nothing superior to the story of the life and career of Richard Cobden; in the record of great deeds, that which he mainly assisted to accomplish stands pre-eminently above all. We have had our conquerors and statesmen, we have had our philosophers and poets, but what is left of them now? what comparable to the legacy which Cobden has bequeathed us—the legacy of a free trade and an unrestricted commerce, of an enlightened fiscal policy, and a more equal and just diffusion of wealth? What, for instance, is the conquest of India, achieved in blood and guile, compared to the bloodless victory of which he was the hero? what all the improvements in mechanical art, hampered as they would still be with the absurd fallacies of protection, had he not lived to demolish these? It is not until we recall what we were and what we are, that we can realize all we owe to that great man whose loss we now so deeply deplore—not until we bring to mind what those principles were to the propagation of which he devoted his youth, his talents, and unequalled energy, that we can see him in the light in which futurity will see him, and in which he is justly entitled to appear. The name of Cobden is so intimately connected with that wondrous revolution of thought which brought about, and is still bringing about, the adoption of the doctrines of free trade throughout all the civilized world, that in mentioning the one we find our thoughts involuntarily reverting to the other, and we feel compelled once more to go over the well-trodden ground, if only to be enabled to form a true estimate of the loss we have sustained, and of the gratitude we owc. We think, therefore, nothing could be more appropriate in the present essay than to consider once again what those great principles were for which Richard Cobden sacrificed so much of what the world considers prosperity and ease; how, now after the lapse of twenty years, during which time they have been acted upon in all their integrity, we regard them; and in how far they were in very truth the principles of nature and humanity. We will, then, previous to the brief sketch which we intend to give of the great man's history, glance slightly at this subject, for is it not indeed true that "a man is best known by his works?" and before tracing the gradual steps which led to the final triumph, see upon what grounds that triumph was obtained, and what were the ends it was intended to serve.

The history of the mercantile and commercial policy of Great Britain previous to the present century, is the history of a continual struggle undertaken by man against the laws of nature and the dic-

tates of common sense, through which hundreds of thousands of human beings must have perished, and by means of which irreparable losses were inflicted on mankind. The various artificial systems which, under the names of the Balance of Trade, the Commercial System, Mercantile System, &c., stood in the way of improvement, and hampered progress in each of these particulars, are lasting memorials of the futility and insufficiency of human reason when not backed by competent knowledge or rational grounds of conviction, and only ever served to block up the way against hopeful changes, and still further to complicate what they professed to render plain. Our ancestors, not yet sufficiently advanced in mental culture to understand the action of great general causes, were in the habit of making partial laws for every event which seemed to them partial in its nature, ignorant that such were but links in one vast chain embracing all the universe, and that no cobbling could alter, however it might impede, the action of the whole. The result was a confused mass of legislation continually undergoing alteration and repair—a fertile source of insecurity in trade, and an ever-recurring cause of quarrel, litigation, and loss. About the end of the eighteenth century several great thinkers arose who began to demonstrate the fallacies of the old school of political and commercial teachers, and to point out the road to a new era of human improvement. Chief amongst these were Adam Smith, Bentham, Malthus, Sir J. Steuart, Ricardo, and others in our own country—Say, Storch, Sismondi, and many more upon the continent of Europe. They showed for the first time that nature and not man was the true arbitrator in commercial matters, and that any system of national wealth, to be perfect, must be founded on her laws; they proved that it was only by a careful study of these that the resources of any nation could be developed to the full, and they set themselves down to the study with a zeal and success which has never been surpassed. The discoveries then made form the basis of that science now known as political economy, and which is destined to do so much for mankind; studious men turned to it in wonder as a science stretching far beyond the utmost limits their visions had yet reached, and earnest men recognised in it an instrument wherewith to benefit their fellow-men, and a true expounder of many mysteries in life

hitherto impenetrable. But legislators held aloof; they were "wise in their own conceit," and the tinsel and gauze of antiquated statecraft had more charms for them than the unadorned graces of nature; they found things going on very well as they were—that is, very well for them—and they forgot or ignored the condition of thousands of their countrymen absolutely dying through the ignorance of their rulers. A restricted trade and a rapidly increasing population—two such things cannot exist together: either the drag must be taken off the first by opening all the markets of the world to the multitude, or the drag must be put on the second by starving down its members to the level of a limited supply. With the exception of a very few (such men as Mr. Huskisson, Mr. C. P. Villiers, &c.), our legislators of the earlier years of this century preferred the latter alternative, and the unavoidable result followed; there was an insufficiency of food for the number of mouths craving for it, till at last the mouths could crave no more. It was at such a time that Mr. Cobden stepped forth the able advocate of the rights of the people, and the eloquent teacher of that new policy which the economic writers of Europe had disclosed to the world. To them are due the discovery of that wonderful series of laws by means of which the economical conditions of individuals and states are regulated; but to him is due the fame of having made those discoveries public property, of proving over and over again what they had demonstrated, and of utilizing, for practical purposes, their well-considered theories. Mr. Cobden showed, in the first place, how the bread of the poor was taxed to support the protective duties imposed by the Legislature upon corn; and, in the second place, exposed the utter absurdity of those protective duties themselves, either as a means towards national wealth or for any other object. He showed that to prescribe conditions under which only certain commodities could be exchanged was to place obstacles in the way of the exchange, and therefore to lessen the wealth of the community; and he triumphantly showed how all wealth consisted in labour and in the exchange of one kind of industry for another, and not in the possession of stamped metals, or printed forms of paper. In order to disseminate the knowledge of these truths among the people, Mr. Cobden subjected him-

self to an amount of exertion and fatigue all but incredible, and voluntarily led a life of such restless activity and anxiety as few other men would have had imposed on them for any consideration whatsoever. It was in this he showed the true patriot: all merely personal considerations were cast to the winds, all prudential motives of restraint were laid aside, and aided but by a few noble associates, he gallantly went forth to do battle for the good cause against the universal ignorance of the multitude and the banded opposition of the Legislature. A convert himself to the doctrines of political economy, and a believer in their great importance to the world, he resolved not to rest till he had made that importance recognised, and nobly did he carry out his resolution. It is difficult, perhaps, to realize the full extent of the sacrifices thus made, and the strangely unselfish nature of him who could make them. Other apostles of a cause have gone forth as enthusiasts, with their imaginations excited to the highest degree by spiritual belief or frenzied fancy, but not so the apostle of Free Trade: with him it was all pure and deliberate conviction that he had for his basis, and conscientious love of his kind that urged him on. He saw the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and he felt that it was in his power to serve them: he knew why they suffered, and that alone was sufficient reason for him to set forth upon his mission, that he might enlighten them as he himself had been enlightened. And what has been the consequence?—thousands of those who then lay victims to the curse of a Government swayed by ignorance and prejudice have been relieved, while even the heartiest opponents of his views have been compelled to confess their beneficence. The country has increased ten-fold, twenty-fold in wealth since those foolish laws, nominally framed to promote this very end, have been removed, and has become a model for other nations to copy who would wish not to be backward in the race. England is eminently now the country of free trade as it has long been of free institutions, and has attained a height of prosperity never before even dreamed of in the past.

But it is not only in that he added more material wealth to the community than all the riches from the gold mines of Peru, or than all the jewels and wonders of the East could purchase, that Cobden

must be ever dear to his countrymen: that is but a partial and an imperfect view of the nature of free trade which would make this its only or even its greatest blessing. It is not only in that by means of it he succeeded more completely in relieving the wants of a hungering multitude than any human being had ever done before: these were but the immediate and superficial effects produced, and not those which are still but in their infancy, and which are destined to operate—let us hope—for hundreds of years to come, and to benefit mankind throughout all time. By free trade nations are brought more into contact, and are made to regard each other less as natural rivals and enemies, as of old, than as fellowtraders in the great mart of the universe, exchanging their products by the fairest and most profitable of all valuations, namely, for as much as those of the one are worth calculated in those of the other. By it they are taught that it is not by jealousy and suspicion of a neighbour, by neutralizing his industry and impeding his prosperity, that their own prosperity is to be achieved, but rather by encouraging the one and rejoicing in the other, by meeting him on the great highway of life, and cordially wishing him God-speed. It was the old silly theory, that a country got rich simply by what it produced within itself, and poor by what was produced by all others, and it was consequently the ungenerous policy of nations to oppose the well-being of each other under the erroneous idea that they profited thereby: hence came most of those sanguinary wars between commercial peoples, which from time to time have decimated humanity, and hence the encouragement of that suspicion and ill feeling between nations which has so vastly retarded civilization. It was reserved for the principles of free trade to prove the folly as well as the injustice of this wicked policy, and it was reserved for the apostles of free trade, with Cobden at their head, to explain these principles to an untaught people, and to force them on a reluctant and inert Government. We now know by experience as well as demonstration, that nations were not intended in the great scheme of nature to get rich at the expense of each other, but that all were created to work together for the common good, and that the laws of trade, like all others which are divine, cannot be transgressed with impunity-not the vast resources which

it has developed, not the incalculable riches which it has produced, is the true and lasting glory of free trade, but rather that through its influence the evil passions of selfishness and commercial rivalry have been diminished, true charity increased, the laws of nature better understood, and that it has been its direct object in all things to produce "glory to God in the highest, and on earth

peace, good-will towards men."

These, then, were the principles which young Cobden imbibed from the writings of Adam Smith and other great men, and we may easily suppose that it was during his early residence in London that he first became acquainted with them, and that they made that deep impression on his mind which it was destined ever after What we know of him at this time is, that he was distinguished among his companions for industry and talent, and soon obtained the confidence of his employers: so much so, that after a little while he was raised to the rank of an agent or commercial traveller for the house, and regularly travelled about the country in that capacity. His amiability of character, unswerving honesty, and genial good nature, endeared him to many of his brothers of the road, and there are still living some who remember him in those days already the advocate of commercial reforms, and expounding to them of an evening, in the coffee-room of an inn, his rudimentary ideas on those great economic subjects which he was destined in his life so thoroughly to master. It is curious to reflect upon the course of his life at this period, and upon what it afterwards became. There he was, having apparently reached the summit of his fortunes, the trusted agent of his employers, and engaged in perhaps the most active occupation in which the generality of men, not manual labourers, can be employed, yet withal finding opportunity for study, and revolving in his mind the great truths which had but lately dawned upon him. Perchance his companions regarded those lucubrations with which he was wont to favour them as mere visionary schemes, the dreams of a young and generous mind: with what astonishment must they have gazed upon his after career, and seen him proving, to the satisfaction of an entire nation, those same doctrines which they had despised !

In time, the firm which Mr. Cobden represented split up into three parts, and while yet a young man, we find him at

the head of one; after some further changes he finally established himself in Manchester as a calico-printer, at which trade he prospered to such an extent that his income is said to have been at one time not far from S000l. per annum, while some have placed it even higher. We can easily understand how Mr. Cobden's thorough knowledge of business, combined with his undoubted taste and tact, aided him in this enterprise, and there is no doubt that, had he continued to devote all his energies to it, as at first, he would ere long have been an exceedingly rich man. As it was, his designs attained a certain celebrity, and were widely known and distributed. But he was not born for so inglorious—however useful—a life, nor was yet the man to remain inactive when he knew and understood the errors under which his country languished; his own prosperity but increased his desire to promote that of others, and the extensive travels which during the years 1834-5 he undertook, served to increase his belief in the truth of those theories which he had already learned to esteem, and to impress upon him the necessity for action. Upon his return from abroad he wrote a series of letters upon his favourite topics in the Manchester Times, and also, under the title of "A Manchester Merchant," some pamphlets upon our foreign and domestic policy, which attracted considerable attention; several answers were attempted, a controversy excited, and people began to inquire who the "Manchester Merchant" was whose views were so advanced. It was a time of great political activity; the Reform Bill had at length been carried by a triumphant majority, and a formidable blow thus struck at the exclusiveness and injustices of the Middle Ages which still survived; men had begun to think more of their position as members of a great State, and many to raise their voices loudly in the defence of what they considered their rights; political freedom had been extended by the extinction of rotten boroughs, and the granting a fairer share of the suffrage to the masses; but commercial freedom had not yet been attained, and commerce groaned under a policy at once tyrannical and absurd. It seemed a cruel fallacy to assure starving people that a tax upon imported grain was necessary for their well-being, when that grain was all they wanted to ensure them life, and when the

wages they were able to earn were insufficient to pay for their very bread, thus so largely increased in value; yet this is what the wretched multitude was told, and all trade paralysed by the means professedly adopted to protect it. What wonder, then, that a spirit of resistance was abroad, and that misguided persons sought refuge in Chartism from the almost equally pernicious system by which they were governed? The laws of nature in the matter of trade had been long and persistently slighted, and the result might be seen in haggard faces, scowling looks, and every possible form of destitution. It was with a view of pressing reform in this important department upon ministers and the country that the Anti-Corn Law Association (afterwards the famous Anti-Corn Law League) was first formed in Manchester in the year 1838, and of this Cobden soon became a distinguished member; about the same time also he made the acquaintance of Mr. John Bright, from thenceforth his faithful and attached friend, with whom, upon all important occasions of his life, he consulted ever after, and who stood by his bed-side during those last few hours when the great spirit was ebbing away for ever. As no notice of Mr. Cobden could be anywise complete without some account of this celebrated friendship, we feel bound to say a few words upon that subject before passing on to the more stirring incidents of his career. The names of Cobden and Bright have too long and far too intimately been associated to allow of them even now being disunited, and they will go down together, a legacy to the future, as the names of two of England's most distinguished sons, united in heart and soul by a common love of country, by mutual admiration of each other's talents, and by an esteem and an affection almost without a parallel in the history of political life. It was, we believe, while addressing a meeting somewhere in the North of England, that Mr. Bright first made a deep impression upon Cobden, who, struck by his eloquence and earnestness, forthwith sought his acquaintance. An acquaintance between two such congenial spirits soon ripened into friendship, and Mr. Cobden had sufficient influence over his new friend to engage his services at length almost wholly for the Anti-Corn Law League; Mr. Bright, upon his part, is said to have been the means of retaining Cobden in the service

of the same League at a time when he was on the point of quitting it, with a view to devoting himself once more to his business, which had greatly suffered by his absence. Thus it would seem as if these two men had been specially destined to carry on the great work of freetrade, and each to support the other at the moment of greatest need. During the succeeding twenty years nothing could exceed the intimacy of their relations, or the exact similarity of their views—Cobden and Bright, and Bright and Cobden were always found linked together, and ably advocating, in almost similar words, their own peculiar views; the history of modern times can present no finer sight than that of these two men, bound together by no ties of blood, possessed of no distinction but what they won, joined for no purpose of common interest but their desire for the common good, belonging to no party, whichever was in power, and yet standing aloof and distinct, consistent political allies and warm personal friends for twenty years, and distinguished throughout by the independence of their spirits, the honesty of their intentions, and the greatness of their minds. Many there be who have regarded both the one and the other with unfriendly eyes, who have characterized their policy as visionary, if not worse; it is not for us to judge between them; but through evil or good report, there they have stood, ever the same, never shrinking from the expression of their convictions, never seduced for a moment from their faith, true to each other, true to themselves, and in their inmost hearts true to the country of their birth, and to the principles which they believed in for her prosperity.

We have now arrived at the period of the greatest activity in Mr. Cobden's life, and what may be considered the deciding point of his career. Settled in Manchester a new and unknown man, he had at first great difficulties to contend against; the worthy merchants of Manchester were almost as jealous of a novus homo as the Romans at the time of Cicero, and regarded the stranger from London with anything but very friendly eyes. But this did not last for long; the simplicity of his manners and the unaffected amiability of his nature soon won him friends, and as his talents came to be better known and appreciated, he was allowed to occupy that position in the town to which they undoubtedly entitled

To him Manchester chiefly owes the establishment of her Athenæum, and he was ever foremost in every scheme for popular improvement and education. The clique of merchants who had at first looked coldly upon him, soon learned to be proud of this addition to their ranks, and to regard him as a decided accession to the honour and reputation of their body. Meanwhile, the Anti-Corn Law Association continued its agitation, having now been formed (at the suggestion of Mr. Cobden himself, we believe) into a League, upon the model of those formerly known upon the Continent; renewed life was infused into its councils, and its organization reached a very high state of perfection. Large sums of money were collected by voluntary subscription, with which learned and eloquent men were paid to traverse the country, and to endeavour to waken the nation to a proper sense of its condition. A paper called the Anti-Bread Tax Circular was regularly printed and circulated, and in it the elementary truths of political economy were ably advanced and defended. The movement was conducted with an amount of tact and skill such as the world had never before seen. Nor was it now any longer confined to Manchester and the country districts; London itself became the very head quarters of the agitation, and immense crowds were gathered together at Covent Garden Theatre to hear the great question discussed; it became evident that the balance was turning in favour of truth, and that the triumph was not long distant. The labours of Mr. Cobden at this period were prodigious, and the service he rendered the cause incalculable; his tongue was never silent, his pen was never still, while his imperturbable gravity and good humour warded off many a blow aimed from within, which otherwise might have proved fatal. The country can never forget his exertions at that crisis—exertions which would have killed any ordinary man, but which seemed to him the very breath of his life. Often in after years Mr. Cobden has recalled those days himself with perhaps a shade of sorrow, but yet with how much of honest pride. His was, indeed, a glorious fate; he came into the world with not one circumstance in his favour, and he left it mourned not by one nation alone, but by every civilized Buried in his country under heaven. youth within the apparently impenetrable precincts of a large mercantile houselost, as it were, to science and to active social life for ever—he yet emerged; slighted by his companions, sneered at by his foes, opposed by all the ignorance and prejudice which England could collect and array against him, he rose superior to all, and not by death or defeat, but by pure honest reason and conviction, triumphed in his might, and led the most bitter of his opponents captive behind his car.

It was in the year 1841 that Mr. Cobden entered Parliament as member for Stockport, and commenced to advocate within its walls those principles which he had already rendered popular without. The difficulties against which he had to contend were immense: neither his appearance nor his delivery were those of a great orator, and in the use of ingenious figures of rhetoric he was but little skilled; the aristocratic element in the House of Commons was bitterly opposed to his pretensions, and every means were made use of within the bounds of Parliamentary etiquette to crush "the farmer's son." But he triumphed over all these, even as he had already done over still greater difficulties; not by the grandeur of his eloquence or the brilliancy of his periods—as has sometimes, though rarely, been the fate of others—but by the earnestness of his convictions, the simple appropriateness of his language, the logical sequence of his arguments, and the great truth of his cause. Those who commenced by sneering, ended by giving him their most respectful attention, and not a member, at length, was listened to with greater patience or deference. We need not follow step by step the career of Mr. Cobden in the House of Commons, or particularise all the incidents of that battle of which he was the most distinguished leader; they are both written in the records of that House, and in the hearts of a grateful people, from which neither the hand of time nor the breath of calumny can ever now wholly erase them. For three long years more the contest was maintained with ever-increasing forces to the Free Traders, and ever-diminishing ones to the Protectionists; over and over again was the question discussed, and over and over again were the old truths and the old fallacies repeated in debate. Meanwhile, a constant agitation kept up out of doors showed that the temper of the country was in no wise changed, and could portend but one result. At length, in 1845, the great battle of Free Trade was won, and in the next session Cobden received from the mouth of Sir Robert Peel himself the well-known compliment attributing that fact mainly to his exertions. The antiquated follies of Protection which had so long hung over our commerce like a dark cloud, were scattered to the winds, and the bright dawn of a new era of prosperity and happiness disclosed for

the admiration of after ages.

The other services which Cobden has, rendered to his country are many and various, but it is by this that he will be known in the history of the world; the nineteenth century will contain no name more famous, the history of mankind few which an honest man might more justly envy. That he was the consistent advocate of a scheme of National Education, the consistent opponent of high taxation and legislative extravagance, an ardent supporter of Parliamentary reform and the rights of the people, are noble traits in his character which the present generation knows how to appreciate, but to which future generations will not in all probability attach any marked or distinguishing importance; he will always be remembered as the great apostle of Free Trade, the leader in that select band of reformers who effected the most immediate, the most complete, and the most lasting revolution in thought which the world has ever seen. There were periods of his political life when Cobden had not so much of the confidence of the country as throughout the greater part of it he enjoyed; notably at the time of the Crimean war the attitude which he assumed excited a great deal of unfavourable comment: next to the freedom of trade, or rather in connexion with it, the great object of his desires was the promotion of international peace, and his voice was loudly raised against a war undertaken, as he considered, upon insufficient grounds of necessity. It is not within the scope of the present paper to discuss the possibilities which, in the existing state of society and civilization, may or may not be, of retaining universal peace upon earth, or the amount or kind of provocation which ought alone to be considered a just incentive to war: certain it is that Cooden, by propounding somewhat extreme views upon these subjects, incurred much odium among certain classes, and lost some share of that great popularity which he had formerly possessed. He was reviled as a member of what was

called the "Peace-at-any-price party," and along with his friend Mr. Bright falsely accused of an attempt to sacrifice the honour of his country to her material prosperity. Some subtle logicians went even so far as to insinuate doubts of the manliness of his spirit, forgetful, or more probably ignorant of how much more courage is required to face the hostility of opinions than of swords, and of the very, very few men who would have dared to have done what he did. It is not he who opposes himself to the popular frenzy of his countrymen in the hour of their greatest anger that is the coward, but rather he that yields to it, and who, safe himself, sends forth those thousands to the fight who shall never more return. The great courage of Cobden's character was indeed one of its most remarkable traits, and only paralleled by his wonderful determination and perseverance; his was a courage bordering almost upon chivalry, and few will forget a very remarkable instance of it not long since, which brought him into conflict with a leading public journal on behalf of an old and trusted Those who know anything of the friend. organization of such a journal as that which he attacked, and of the power for good or evil which it possesses over public men, can appreciate the difficulties of the struggle which he thus voluntarily undertook; and those who knew anything of the man can appreciate the motives by which he was swayed. As for the result, it was but one more added to the long list of his triumphs.

The last great service which Mr. Cobden rendered to his country was that of negotiating the Commercial Treaty with France, an office entrusted to him by the present Government as the man above all others most fitted for the task. Nothing could possibly be more gratifying to a public man than his selection under such circumstances for such a duty. It was now fourteen years since freedom of trade had mainly by his instrumentality become an established fact, and during that long period he had not found himself able conscientiously to act with any party, and in many instances had been the consistent opponent of the Whigs; he had held aloof from power, and many times refused most tempting offers to gain him over; he had held firmly to his own principles, and more than once reproved those who had vainly endeavoured to seduce him from his faith. Yet now, in the hour of their need, the Government and the country

were willing once again to place their dearest interests at his sole disposal, and in the hour of their need he was willing once again to take them upon himself; that he had been slighted, assailed, condemned, all these were forgotten-he knew only that the country which he loved turned to him as an old and trusted guide, and, as no other guide could do, he led them safely on their way. At the request of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone, he proceeded to Paris, and having conducted the business upon which he was despatched to a triumphant conclusion, returned again to his simple station of life, refusing all rewards, whether of rank or riches. It was thus he ever was throughout the whole course of his eminently useful life: simple in his desires, unpretending in his manners, and gentle in his thoughts and his deeds; the only distinction which was dear to him was the distinction of having served his country honestly and well; the only reward, the approbation of his own true heart.

The private character of Richard Cobden, and the virtues which endeared him to a large and intimate circle of friends. are scarcely fit matter for a short memoir, nor should be touched upon without due reverence and reserve; suffice it to say, that in all the domestic relations of husband, father, brother, and son, he was never surpassed by any man who ever lived; that as an employer of labour he was kind, thoughtful, and beneficent; as a companion and friend, entertaining, generous, and true. His conversational powers were of the highest class, and his amount of knowledge extensive and diversified. It has been the habit of certain organs of the press to sneer from time to time at his attainments, to twit him with his want of a university education, and supposed ignorance of classical literature. Nothing could be more absurd or false; Mr. Cobden was in every respect an exceedingly well-educated man, of which his published works and speeches alone are sufficient proof; his sympathies were large and profound, and the frankness and honesty of his nature proverbial. It is scarcely too much to say, that of the

numerous individuals of all ages and climes who at different times have had the pleasure of his acquaintance, there is not one who will not cherish the remembrance of it, and certainly not one who will not regard it as an honour that he was known to so great a man. In the whole course of his active life he was never known to make an enemy, while the number of his friends was legion. In his private life, as in his public career, self was ever the very last of his considerations. Richard Cobden was a great man, if pure, disinterested patriotism, nobleness of nature, and great amiability of character is the stuff of which great men are made; but if success should be the criterion, then was he a doubly great man, for never was there a success more complete and final than that achieved by him. He might have been loaded with decorations, distinguished with titles, deriving a large income from the public resources, occupying one of the loftiest positions in the land, and dispensing patronage upon all sides, living, and fairly too, upon those whom he had so greatly benefited; but he disdained to do so: as plain Richard Cobden he had lived and commanded the honour and admiration of the civilized world, as plain Richard Cobden he would die, faithful to the last to the principles he had so well maintained, and the name he had made so widely known. And Richard Cobden is dead, and an entire world mourns its There in the little distant churchyard—the very spot of his choice—is laid all that the earth can claim of that great name, all that is perishable of that bright spirit; and the nation pauses a moment to give a tear to him who has benefited it so much, and then once more pursues its headlong course. But deep in the hearts of those who knew and loved him most his image is still present; it is there as a model for the young, as an example for the old, as a fond, fond remembrance to those nearest and dearest, to whom he was all that love can claim, and who shall never see him more on earth. Let it be some satisfaction to them to know that they are not alone in their great grief. R. W. C. T.

TEMPLE TALES.

BY A BACHELOR IN CHAMBERS.

No. 1.—CRANE BUILDINGS AND BIGGINS'S GHOST.

It was a dark and dismal evening in December, the air was full of misty vapour, the flags were wet and muddy underfoot, and Crane Buildings were as grim and dark and dismal as it was in the power of Crane Buildings possibly to be; and that is saying a good deal, for the grimness and darkness and dismalness which those tenements could at times assume is well known to everyone

acquainted with their locality.

In summer the Temple always presents a deserted appearance, but in winter this is ten times increased: whether it be the cold, or the wet, or the darkness of the foggy weather which we usually have in London at that interesting season of the year, I know not. It may be the three combined, or any individual one of those atmospherical phenomena which tends to enhance the gloom that hangs about the different rows of buildings in the Temple like a funeral pall. At all events the gloom is there, none can deny, for it is an indisputable fact; and I suppose, until the end of time this favoured abode of the Templars will continue to exhibit its sombreness in summer, ten times increased in the winter season as aforesaid.

On the evening in question, although the rain was falling in a drivelling, straggling manner, the air was still cold, and everyone walked along as fast as they possibly could—as much to keep themselves warm, as to escape the inclemency of the pluvial elements; and, as the clock struck five, an observant looker-on might have noticed several persons hurry into the doors of Number Six, Crane Buildings, as if something was evidently on the qui vive in that dwelling on this parti-

cular occasion.

Crane Buildings are, as I said before, gaunt and dismal in the extreme, and on this evening they freely supported their character in that respect. Of all the gaunt and grim quadrangular or longitudinal buildings in the Temple, Crane Buildings are the gauntest and grimmest; they seem to have taken out a patent for sombreity, and to have issued no royalties for other mansions to partake of

their patent right. Dingy they are, and yet erect, six stories high at the least, and possessed of cellarage of depths unknown. Stark and stiff they stare up into the clouds higher than any of their surroundings, and present a face of dingy red brick, bound by a strong stone coping at the top, to the quadrangle in their front. Their staircases are as dirty as their stories are high also, and the oaken doors which break off the various subsidiary tenements into which they are subdivided, are blacker with age than with colour; while the white paint with which the names of the occupants were originally inscribed on their surface is now of a slaty hue a sort of agreeable set off to the general tint of the whole portal, which is of a greyish, dusky, dirty black, without tone or varnish.

The persons who were hurrying into Number Six were of various descriptions. First might have been seen some five or six gentlemen clad in wigs and gowns (as if relieved from attending the courts), or else in every-day dress; next one or two hobble-de-hoy clerks in a fearful hurry, with papers under their arms in bags, or in their pockets, in fact stowed away in every conceivable part of their bodies; and, lastly, one or two more habited like cooks, with white aprons, and heavily loaded trays on head. The first and the last parties mentioned proceeded up the stairs to the top of the building, and entered a door on which was painted, in characters somewhat fresher than those below, the names of

Mr. Charles Marterel, Mr. Robert Burke.

For some time the cooks passed and repassed with full and empty trays, and at last there was a lull. The clock at length struck six; and now, reader, I will introduce you within the chambers I have just pointed out to you. A dinner party has taken place at Number Six, and six aspirants for forensic honours are celebrating the close of the year with a feast, to conclude with a parting cup.

The clock struck six, as I have just

observed, and by that time we had managed to finish our dinner. The obsequious waiter from the Rainbow had but just departed with his last trayful, containing the débris of our repast, and we had all settled ourselves down comfortably over our wine and walnuts, with chairs drawn close around a blazing fire and a round table in our midst, on which was placed the dessert, with which we were trifling in the manner usual to men who have dined in the true sense of that important word.

The room in which we were assembled exhibited the most striking characteristics of Bohemian life, while at the same time it was arranged with the studied neatness, ease, and delicacy of a lady's boudoir.

Boxing-gloves reclined in an amicable and homely manner beneath one of Broadwood's cottage pianofortes; single-sticks, foils, a double-barrel, and a couple of rifles disputed supremacy with some of the finest engravings of Graves' and Colnaghi's handiwork, and to add to the finish of the picture, pipes were seen in any and every conceivable position against the walls, on the floor, and heaped up in the corners; while the mask of a fox's head peered maliciously at us and at everything else in the room from its peg over the mantelpiece, where it had conveniently taken up a post of observation.

Round the table then, drawn near the fire, were seated the six individuals I have just introduced to your notice. All were smoking either the plebeian pipe or the aristocratic cigar, while beverages qualified to soothe the spirit were being "put down" with a vengeance—indeed in a manner which would have given that great putter down, Sir Peter Laurie, the

greatest of delights.

On the festal board could be seen bottles of every size, hue, and shape, from the delicate Italian flask to the portly English quart; all were there represented fully, fairly, and satisfactorily. Longnecked bottles were there, and short ones likewise; corpulent bottles, and bottles of slender form; thin bottles, and thick bottles; dark-coloured bottles, and light-coloured ones: in fact, there were bottles of every description known to the genuine connoisseur of foreign or native wines.

Amongst the number, however, none could fail to observe the far greater proportion of those which contained the exhilarating Hock, and the gently soothing Seltzer. Surely none, for the mixture of

the two was much liked by us, and thought equal to, if not surpassing, the fabled

nectar of the gods.

On the right-hand side of the chimney. piece, reclining in an old well-worn and comfortable Derby chair, was our host, Charley Marterel, a young barrister of some eight-and-twenty years of age, who had been "called" about four years at the time of which I write. He is a good-looking fellow, standing some five feet ten in his slippers, with a well-made form—the pride of Poole—and a round, Saxon face, ornamented with a gorgeous pair of straw-coloured whiskers, the rest of his physiognomy being clean-shaven as befits a hunter after briefs, and exhibiting the tender red-and-white complexion of his race. Charley is a good fellow—the best-natured in the world, and as he gave us a particularly good dinner on this special occasion, of course we felt tenderly attached to him. Be that as it may, however, he is generally liked, and although not a brilliant genius, he is certain to get on in the profession by dint of assiduously frequenting Westminster Hall, and cultivating the good graces of the attorneys.

Opposite to Charley, and indeed opposite to him in every particular, in the other chimney-corner, is seated his chum, Bob Burke, who shares the chambers in Crane-buildings along with the rising barrister. Bob Burke is six feet in height. His hair is as black as jet, and all the lower part of his face is covered with a moustache, beard, and whiskers of the same Bob Burke has not been jetty hue. always attentive to the law, although he is now reading his terms. He has been in Algeria along with the French army—been in Italy with Garibaldi, and is even now hesitating whether he shall not give up Themis, and start once more in a race for military laurels in Mexico, under the new emperor, Maximilian, who he hears is about getting up a cavalry cohort of foreign adventurers. He is a sparkling fellow, is Bob. Full of fun, anecdote and adventure, once he gets on his travels, by Jove! he keeps you in a state of excitement and laughter, until you hardly know how the time goes. He can sing a good song, hammer out an accompaniment at the piano, dance a hornpipe or the fandango, and is as great a favourite with the fair sex as he is with men. He is, therefore, quite a contrast to Charley Marterel; but nevertheless, and perhaps more so on that account, pulls along with him capitally, and they are the most attached chums I have ever known, and well suited to carry on housekeeping together in their bachelor habitat.

Sitting near Bob was Tom Higgins, who has just been called to the bar. He used to be an awfully slow fellow at one time, but now he is a changed individual and a most agreeable companion. He is a little man, of about five feet nothing to spare, and has a fine head of curly brown hair, from whence he gets often the sobriquet of "Curly." None of us have known him long, but he is very taking on acquaintance, and improves every day. Dandy Lee, the "swell" of our party, sat near him, and he needs a little description.

Dandy Lee, as he is universally called throughout the Inns, and indeed wherever he is known, is the beau ideal of a lady's man; spare in figure, but beautifully symmetrical, with little hands and feet, like a girl of fifteen. His face is as fair as it is possible to conceive, although he is a crack athlete on the river; and his features combine the grace of the Grecian cast with the delicate finesse of the Anglo-Saxon. Of course he is a dandy—a dandy indeed of the first water-one who has graduated, in fact, in the school of fashion and received the degree and diploma therein. In dress he is our acknowledged leader, and to wear a coat or pair of trousers that he had disapproved of would be to subject oneself to endless exile from our circle. He is a goodhearted little fellow, however, with all his dandy airs, and has a spirit and talent which you would never imagine his carefully-dressed little form to conceal.

Bob Strong, the prince of the river and the gloves, comes next in our order of catalogue. He is built like a drayman, with a torso which Hercules would have envied, and a head that might stand for Jupiter's any day. He is the great muscular Christian of our community, and his word is law in all matters pertaining to the ring, the river, or the turf. He knows who has ever held the belt from the first inauguration of the fistic ring, how many rounds were fought in every fight for the championship, the time each battle lasted, and the places where the different contests took place. On the river he is known by every man who has the smallest connexion with boats, with barges, or with the water itself. Harry Kelly hails him as "one of the right sort," and Drewitt and other celebrities recognise him as one who can be put upon a par

with themselves. Strong by name and strong by nature, affable as he is capable, openhanded as he is skilled, it is no wonder that he has attained such a reputation, and from Westminster up to Richmond no gentleman amateur is more highly thought of than Bob Strong. Then, on the turf, he can even correct the immortal "Bell" itself, and that celebrated account of sporting existence in Babylon (as confined to the select initiated), has been known to bow ere now to his superior intelligence in horseflesh and equine knowledge in connexion with some of the races which annually occur in this favoured land of ours. However, there is a per contra to every picture, and like a faithful historian, it behoves me to state that he is not much given to study, is Bob Strong, but more to exercise. Why he ever entered at the Bar no one knows, and I am sure none less than himself. He will never practise, as he has not the faintest idea of even the opening chapters in Coke or Blackstone, and he candidly confesses that it is a hopeless matter for him ever to attempt reading, and consequently he leaves those valuable and intricate law worthies alone.

He knows as well as we all do that he has mistaken his vocation; but, as he truly moralizes, it does not matter in the least to him, and why to us? He certainly need not exert himself in the pursuit of bread and butter, for he already enjoys a comfortable income of some eight hundred a year, and has the prospect of as many thousands on the death of an aged relative of the female sex, who is reported monthly to be on the verge of the path semel calcanda according to

Horace.

Your humble servant, Frank Fane, concludes this Bacchanalian party, and as he is too modest to draw his own portrait, being generally renowned for his native diffidence, the reader must be kind enough to fill up the canvas, which is left vacant by the blushing author, in the most flat-

tering manner that he can.

After we had trifled with the dessert for some little time; had tapped a goodly number of the long Hock and diminutive, squat Seltzer bottles, and had smoked innumerable pipes and cigars; and had, in fact, exhausted all subjects of conversation, for we had now been together for some time,—our host, Charley Marterel, made a bright suggestion, which was received with acclamation by us all.

"I say, you fellows," he suddenly cried

out, "we have talked a long time about nothing, and are tolerably well exhausted thereby. Suppose we each tell a story of something that has occurred to ourselves, or of which we are personally aware. It is the right thing, you all know, to improvise stories at this gay and festive season of the year. Let us uphold the good old custom. At all events," he reasoned, "it will enable us to get through a few hours more agreeably than we otherwise would do."

"All right, Charley," we all responded in chorus. "Suppose you begin?"

"No, no," answered Charley; "we will draw lots for the venture. Here's an old pack of cards—we will cut for deal, or lead, or whatever you please to term it."

The pack was shuffled, and Marterel slid it along the table, and each selected a card at random. We then turned up our hands, and it was found that Tom Higgins had cut the lowest card. He was, therefore, desired to begin first in the story-telling arrangement, and he bowed to the decree of the fates.

We each lighted a fresh pipe, and the improvisatore commenced the following burlesque narrative, which I may as well

denominate

"BIGGINS'S GHOST.

"A FRIEND of mine lives at UPPER TOOTING. I am proud of my friend, and I flatter myself my friend is proud of me; his name is Biggins, and I am his

ghost!

"Now when I deliberately allege, most sapient hearers, that I am Biggins's ghost, I do not mean for a moment to declare that I am his spiritual self, his shadow and mental adviser, apart from his existent fleshdom. Decidedly not! On the contrary, Biggins knows far better. and so do I, his ghost, and so I hope will you, old fellows, ere I reach the end of my veracious history. In order to avoid any complication of matters, however, and to clip the matter short, I will briefly state, at the outset, that I am his ghost merely in name, having been christened so by some facetious personage, may hap a wag, in consequence of a circumstance which will be presently unfolded to you, should you condescend to follow the tale, which I am about to relate. events, for the nonce, believe my friend to be Biggins, and I, his ghost.

"This important point being now settled and established on a firm basis,

no doubt at all being left, in my mind at least, on the subject, nothing remains but to describe Biggins and our mutual relationship.

"The individual in question is astounding, and is marvellous, a rara avis in terris, although unlike a black swan. In a word, Biggins is emphatically Biggins.

"Strange and fearful incidents are there connected with the life and exploits of this estimable inhabitant of Upper Tooting. Wondrous tales, the recital whereof would plunge the too-credulous listener into an abyss of astonishment and gulf of consternation. What Biggins has done, does, is doing, and is about to do, is sufficient and more than sufficient, to cause the eye of the British public to yawn—yes, positively yawn—with amazement.

"Such a specimen of the genus homo is he, that Biggins is alarming to contemplate, and we must not observe him all at once, but take him in, like a sherry cobbler through a straw, by degrees. In fact, we must look on him through a tempered medium, having no connexion, however, with Mr. Home's satellites, or the Brothers Davenport; for the things and facts and observations connected with my other self, are astounding and prodigious in the extreme.

"A year ago, as the clock of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields struck twelve, at the witching hour of midnight, I met Big-

gins for the first time.

"The night was a wild one indeed, and well suited such an imposing rencontre. The wind howled, the rain fell, and in the distance the thunder growled through the vault of heaven, while ever and anon came fitful flashes of lightning from the pall-like clouds above, seemingly just for that purpose of enhancing the gloomy vista of the weather to the belated way-farer.

"That belated wayfarer was I!

"The night before I had had a dream of great import to myself, and the realization of that dream was the result of my being belated on such a stormy night. I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, that I had serfs and vassals at my kind command, but above all, need I add, alas! that I had no one to love me still the same, or share my griefs and sorrows. And then I dreamt that I was comforted with a hope held out to me.

"A genius appeared to me in my dream. A venerable sage was he, and one who seemed of a calm and kindly exterior; interior he had none, for I

could gaze through him as through a window, and see one of my marble walls on his other side. He spoke, and his first words immediately satisfied my mind as to his kindly intention.

"'Sir, I sees you,' he said.

"'Sir, you do,' was my response.

"'You are particularly fond of muffins,' he continued.

"'Sir, I am.'

"'I knows it,' said he, 'and that is the reason of my present visitation. I likes mussins at my tea, you likes mussins at your tea, all on us likes mussins at our teas; and, consequently, we are interested in your behalf, and I am sent here to warn you.'

"'Sir,' responded I, 'I am inexpressibly honoured by the kindness of your-

self and friends.'

"'Pray don't mention it,' answered the Genius; 'you are quite welcome, my boy. Tip us your fin.'

"I tipped him my fin, and we shook

hands cordially.

"'And now,' said he, 'to business. Half-an-hour ago me and my friends (other genii like myself) were a sitting around a cosy fire we have down below, in Hades. We were having our tea; and muffins were on the table, which we were engaged in walking into, at a precious rate, I can tell you! when, suddenly, we all felt a shock, as if our digestions were made away with. The thought instantly occurred to us all by magic, that some one else was likewise eating muffins at the same time, but that that somebody was one, however, who possessed a regular mortal digestive apparatus, and we pitied him. To pity him (that's you) was to determine to save him; and so we thereupon held a cabinet council, wherein it was resolved, that I—Pawkins is the name 1 goes by—should immediately proceed to the upper regions where mortals dwell, and warn you. Beware, then, and it is I, Pawkins, as says it, and eat em no longer, for they aint fit for such as you, and as sure as you continue to indulge in muffins, as is fit only for us who have digestions that work by steam, you will grievously repent it, and call to mind my words!'

"'My dear Pawkins,' responded I, 'your intention is good, and kind in the extreme, but what can I do? Muffins are the only pleasure I have in existence, and without them life would be to me a burden, and the tomb a refuge.'

"'Gammon,' replied Pawkins. 'If I

was disposed to be vulgar, I should say, that's all my eye, but I was once respectably brought up, and I never forgets my edication.'

"O, it is all very well for you, Pawkins,' I rejoined; 'you have more pleasures than I, who am desolate. I come home to my lonely rooms, and never see a soul to whom I can pour out my heart, but you are surrounded by men of mind like yourself, who enjoy all the blessings of a mortal and ethereal state. I am therefore obliged to cheer my body, as I cannot cheer my heart with friendship, and thus do I find a solace in—must I say it?—muffins.'

"Gammon, repeated Pawkins.

"Av'nt you got a friend?"

"'No,' said I.

"Then mark my words. It is now twelve o'clock—leastways a minute or two past. To-morrow night, as the clock of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields strikes twelve, be you underneath the portico of the church, and your wishes shall be gratified, for you shall meet a friend.'

"'Pawkins, said I, 'you are an

angel.'

"'No, I aint. Cos why—cos I ham a genius. I aint good enough for a hangel, but leastways, I 'ope 'umbly, as 'ow I aint far off it.'

"'Well, Pawkins,' I continued, 'if you are not one of these heavenly beings, you are quite as good as one to me, and I shall never forget it. Can I offer you

anything?"

"'Thank you kindly, but I intend to ave a drop of something of down below, so I must say ta-ta. I am glad to help

you, for you seems a good sort.'

. "With these words Pawkins, the marble halls, walls, and vassals disappeared, and I found myself reclining in my easy-chair, in the sitting-room of my chambers, with my fire gone out, and feeling fearfully cold. My first thought was one of wonder, and I pondered. 'Can it be real?' thought I. 'Pawkins strikes me as being a very peculiar spirit, and one of a decidedly low origin; but still he cannot help that; what's bred in the bone must come out, you know, in the flesh, or spirit rather, as in this instance. I believe it is real,' I continued to moralize, 'and I have received a warning. It is true I eat muffins, which might have brought on indigestion, and thus occasioned my dream—but yet I am confident of having been warned by A BEING FROM THE OTHER WORLD,' (to borrow a well-known example of literary style), 'and, consequently, I will abide by it. It must be meant for my good. Thank heaven, I will yet have a

friend !'

"After my resolve I smoked several pipes and imbibed a modicum of water slightly diluted with alcohol of an Hibernian origin — commonly called Irish whiskey—and then I betook myself to my weary couch. Why I call it weary I know not, as it never saw too much of me, but it is 'the thing' in poetical language to style it thus. I slept comfortably, and awoke refreshed in the morning, not having been disturbed by further dreams. My spirits were light, my heart was gay, and cheerfully I passed the hours away!

"I dined at a late hour at the Babylon Junior, where I knew I could manage to get through the time until the hour fixed for my happiness—and it soon arrived. The night, however, was, as I observed before, inclement in the extreme, so I borrowed an umbrella at a place I wot of in the Strand, and proceeded at half-past eleven towards the scene of my expected interview. At last I reached the spot, and looked at my watch. In another quarter of an hour—in fifteen minutes, or nine hundred seconds—he would be

here! my fate!! my all!!!

"How the moments hung, as if a clog were fastened to the feet, nay, to every toe of old Father Time! No one was in sight, save a solitary policeman, who struck me as being one of the finest specimens of a scarecrow I had ever beheld: one who, if he were adopted as a pattern by agriculturists, would put a stop to all the talk of 'bird-murder' which recently served to fill several columns daily of the Jupiter during the off season. And then he too disappeared, and I was left alone.

"It wanted one minute to twelve! Now I knew what criminals feel when the moments of their life are fleeting, and the hour for their execution draws nigh: for my heart was palpitating with mingled feelings of awe and expecta-

tion.

"At last the clock began to strike, and the first sound struck my ear like the knell betokening my doom, while it seemed an age between every beat of the impetuous hammer against the resounding sides of the clanging bells. How they re-echoed through my heart!

"One!

"Two!

"Three!

"Four!

"Five!

"Six!" Seven!

"Eight!

"Nine!

"Ten!

"Eleven! and just as the twelfth stroke was spreading out in the thin air, as Virgil describes the disappearance of Æolus, I was accosted by a cheery voice exclaiming in tones which thrilled me to the heart—'Well! how are you, old fellow?'

"It was Biggins, for so he told me, and I fell on his neck and embraced him, weeping—'Be my friend,' I said, 'for I am friendless.' 'Sir,' said he, in Johnsonian phraseology, 'I will.' And so he

was.

"How the first few moments passed I know not, for I was in a delirium of ecstasy, and was busily engaged in extolling Pawkins in my own mind, and blessing my happy fates. Biggins, however, recalled me to myself. 'Take my arm,' he gently whispered, 'for you seem rather shaky, and let us adjourn to some place where we can have a quiet chat, for I've got a lot to say to you, and suppose you will have to do likewise towards me.' Having placed my left arm through the right of his paletot we stepped out and walked into the adjacent Strand. And oh! how changed even seemed to me the weather now, as it had cleared up and appeared quite fine, the rain had stopped falling, and the heaven, to quote a vernacular expression, was 'all serene,' while the moon shone out, and little twinkling stars were dancing in the ethereal expanse as if to participate in my joy. I soon grew composed under such soothing auspices, and became myself again, though what a different self

"'Where shall we go?' I observed.

"'Anywhere, anywhere out of the world,' quoted Biggins; 'suppose we drop in at Evans's and have a devil, after which we can go to your chambers and

have our contemplated chat.'

"'Agreed,' I replied, although I wondered at his choosing so readily one of my favourite haunts, his proposing such a satanical repast, and likewise at his knowledge that I carried on existence in one of those bachelor habitats known by the expressive term 'chambers,' for the

word has a bare unfurnished look, and admirably suits the object to which it is applied. My assent being thus given, Biggins was prompted into immediate action, and hailed a Hansom instanter, into which we jumped, and, giving the cabby our monosyllabical destination, we were in a few moments set down at the imposing entrance to the Cave of Harmony. My friend, in lieu of money, gave a nod to the doorkeeper, who had his hand outstretched for the customary entrance fee, and to my astonishment we passed through without payment. What a man, thought I, is this—why, he is omnipotent. Clearing our way through the rows of chairs and miniature marble tables which thronged the 'picture gallery' of this hostelry, we advanced towards one of the long tables placed at the side of the hall near the stage, and we took our seats. As we sat down we were greeted with the imposing strains of 'All among the Barley,' which suggested malt to my wounded ears, and I gave Biggins the

"'Waiter,' he exclaimed. "' Yezzur, goming, zur.'

"'Devilled kidneys and stout for two."

"'Yezzur, goming, zur,' responded once more our adjacent Ganymede, as he darted off to execute our orders. And here I may make a remark which has been hanging on my mind for some time, and that is, why should my ears always be greeted by these lovely strains of 'All among the Barley' when I go to Mr. Green's establishment. I don't know how it is, but if I go into that celebrated building from ten o'clock in the evening to the hour of closing, or at any time between those two limits, as sure as possible do I hear that well-known glee. I wonder if it suggests malt to others as well as myself: perhaps that is the reason it is so often sung. But really I can't say-and neither can Biggins-although he shares my opinion. Shortly the expected viands made their appearance, and I was about to hazard an observation, when Biggins interrupted me.

"'Please,' said he, 'let us eat food before we talk, for I am uncommon peckish, I must confess. Eat first and talk afterwards, that's my motto, at least presuming I have got anything I care to eat and anything to say worth listening

"Being thus checked at the outset, as I had nothing else to do, I took up my knife and fork, after a copious drink from

the noble glass of the English liquor before me, and we both set to work in real, sober earnest. I must say I eat my supper with uncommon gusto, while judging from the appearance of Biggins's plate, and the denuded jackets of the roast potatoes which he had consumed, I think he trumped my trick in that respect. Ganymede cleared away the debris of our repast, and upon a slight hint from me brought us afterwards two jorums of punch, 'hot, strong, and sweet," according to the refrain of Rochester's drinking song, in the 'Puritan's Daughter.' Herr von Joel, the affable gentleman who for his meritorious services is always retained on the establishment for the purpose of retailing cigars, varied with occasional vocal renderings, in a falsetto voice, of the 'Swiss Boy,' or the warblings of the feathered tribe (which latter he excels in), just at this moment, having advanced near our table, supplied us with a couple of specimens of the weed Virginian. These we quickly lit, and taking a slight sip out of the cup that cheers, which was before us, we settled ourselves in comfortable attitudes with the aid of two extra chairs which were unoccupied near us. Biggins then addressed me-'I suppose you must be tolerably well lost in wonder as to who I am; at my meeting you as I did, and at my acquaintance with all your affairs?

"'I confess,' I said, 'I am so pleased to have a friend by me that I would

cheerfully remain in ignorance." "'No,' said Biggins, 'that shall not

be; I will now satisfy your curiosity.' "My expectation glowed on my face; he saw it and smiled.

"' Higgins!' he resumed—(I forgot to mention that that is my name; but it is quite immaterial, I think)—' last night I had a dream—

"'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, 'why so had I.'

"'And I saw a genius named Pawkins, who appeared to me.'

"God bless my soul! I interposed, 'why so he did to me.'

"'And he warned me.'

"By Jove, it's wonderful! he warned

"'Higgins!' said my friend, 'I never can get on if you thus interrupt me; and to say the least, it shows a breach of good taste.

"'I beg your pardon, Biggins,' I replied, 'but it is astounding!—pray go on-I wont interrupt you further, I

promise.'

"'Well,' continued Biggins, smiling forgiveness on me, 'Pawkins warned me that my life was a blank; and told me that I wanted a consoler, and suggested a friend to me. "Not a woman," says he, "for they are a bad lot, and not to be depended on: you want a man on whom you can rely, and to whom you can unfold the great mysteries of the philosopher's stone, and other works of magic, known only to yourself." I agreed with him in the fact that my life was a blank, for so it has been, but told him that consolers in any shape were rather shy birds, and a friend a rather rare being to discover. However, he had an answer ready for me, and told me that was his affair. "Go to St. Martin's church to-morrow night, as the clock strikes twelve, and there you will meet with a card I knows on, his name is Higgins, and he likewise wants a friend; so the pair on ye will be sooted." I reflected on these words when Pawkins left me—for we had several other different matters to talk over—and determined to comply with his directions. The rest is told. I went and kept the appointment; there I met you, and here we

"Biggins concluded with another and more portentous sip at the goblet before

him.

"'Pawkins must be an uncommon good fellow,' I suggested, 'to interest himself so much in our mutual welfare. Did you ever see him before?'

"'Lord bless you, yes; I see him every night; he is an old friend of mine, and always does as he says he will do; and so

he ought, for that matter.'

"'You don't mean it, Biggins?' I responded.

"'But I do,' said he.

"Biggins!' said I, solemnly, 'do you really mean to say that you keep up an intercourse with beings of another world?'

"'I do,' he answered. 'Look at me steadfastly, and I will soon convince you

of the truth of what I say.'

"I looked at him steadily, and he appeared to me gradually to extend larger and larger, while his eyes pierced through me like flashes of that self-same lightning I had witnessed shortly before. Soon he became colossal in size, and filled the room. He then stretched out his hand and waved it to and fro several times; and as many times as he waved it a fresh

ghost came up from somewhere, I don't know where, but they all brought a horrid smell of brimstone along with them; and—and each ghost ranged himself in a circle round us, while all the people around us sank on the floor as if Biggins then gave another in sleep. wave, and this time with his left hand. and immediately all the ghosts danced a solemn ghostly dance, like that which gentlemen of an Ethiopian origin usually indulge in, clapping their transparent hands together in an invisible manner, for there was nothing to see; and without a word, for there was nothing to hear. In the centre of the roof of the building. seated on the ghost of what had been in this world a whiskey barrel, was Pawkins, playing in a noiseless manner on the ghost of a banjo.

"'Now,' said Biggins, 'do you believe

in my power?'

"'I' do,' I answered, shuddering inwardly at the exhibition I beheld before my eyes. Who could doubt when convinced by such means?

"'Then vanish!' exclaimed my friend; and the whole picture or vision, or whatever it was, disappeared in as sudden a manner as it had been conjured up.

"That will do,' continued Biggins, for a first lesson; we must go elsewhere to gain further knowledge, however, before this night is out. Have you sufficient courage to bear you through the ordeal?"

"'I have,' I replied; 'I am determined

to learn all you can teach me.'

"Well and good,' replied my mentor.

But first you must never, as you hope for salvation, and by every dearest thing you have on earth, and by every hope you cherish above, that you obey me in every single step we have to take in the mysteries through which we are about to go.'

"'I will,' I responded.

"'Swear that not a step will you falter, not a step will you go back, not a word will you utter.'

"'I swear.'

"'Swear,' he continued, 'above all, that not to a single being will you mention a word that has passed this night—nor breathe a syllable of that you will presently hear.'

"'I swear,' I responded to this last appeal, as I had done to his other injunctions; and he stretched forth his hand, which he bade me grasp in a peculiar manner with my left hand, turning it back-

wards, as it were, first, and then locking it fast in his own.

"'Now,' he exclaimed, 'are you ready?'

"I am,' I answered.

"'Then trust in me-lean on me and

fear nothing.'

if

"He then bent forwards over me, and repeated some lines in an unknown tongue, in a sort of musical chant, and bade me with the monosyllabical word—
"Come!"

"In a second I found myself outside the door of Evans's, out in the street, in front of Covent Garden. I still held hold of Biggins's hand, and in obedience to a settled order of his—'Trust and follow'—we both floated into the air together. I leaning on him, we passed above London, high in the air, above the houses and streets, and lights, which presented a peculiar appearance, shining out below us like a flood of light—a sea of coruscated flame.

"After we had floated along in this manner for some seconds, Biggins said Descend!' and we touched the earth again in a second, in some street close by the river at Rotherhithe, at one of the entrances to the Thames Tunnel.

"We passed through the portals of that building, and began the descent, and I heard the distant clocks of the metropolis chiming One as we put our feet on the

first stair.

"Down—down—down we descended, into the yawning abyss below; and every step I descended seemed to me a minute—an hour—a year—of my life. My feet being spell-bound as it were on the threshold of the infinite into which I

seemed about to plunge.

"Down—down—still deeper and deeper we went, and when we got to the bottom we traversed the tunnel. I observed Biggins counting his steps from the entrance of the passage, and as he got to a certain distance he stopped. He halted in front of a large brass knob, which came out of the niche of the wall, and which I had never noticed before in all my journeyings through that well-known tunnel.

"'Here we are,' he exclaimed, 'courage!' he added, 'do not fear—trust,

and follow me.'

"He pressed the knob with his hand, turning it round in the same peculiar manner in which he had grasped my hand. Slowly the pavement below us sank through the earth, and down we

went along with it. I clutched hold of Biggins, and nearly screamed with fright. The rapidity with which we were descending was something awful, so much so as to take away my breath. Down we went, faster and faster. I nearly shrieked out, but Biggins placed his hand on my mouth, and prevented my giving vent to the cry which was on my lips.

"'Silence!' he exclaimed, 'silence for

your life, or you are lost for ever.'

"I shivered with dread, but kept quiet, clinging the closer to Biggins, who seemed animated with an increasing enthusiasm the deeper we descended.

"'Courage,' he told me; 'we will soon

be there.'

"And still we went down, faster and faster—deeper and deeper—until I thought we had reached the bottomest receptacle of the deepest Hell—down, down we went into inky darkness—without a sound—without a movement.

"It was horrible! descending deep into the bowels of the earth, without a single apparent motion, and yet with the dread fear that one was sinking, sinking into some infernal shade! In darkness, pitchy, inky darkness—so perceptible that it could be felt without being seen—encircling one as it were in its pall-like folds—and yet unknown, undreamt of. It was horrible! maddening!

"Soon the darkness grew as it were into light: at first a sort of light which enabled you to perceive the darkness and

our mode of descent plainly.

"It appeared as if we were descending an hexagonal well, composed of different strata of coal and iron of inky hue, arranged in a perfectly regular and methodical manner. The walls of this well then began to change their hue, and now it seemed as if they were built of agate, of jasper, and of steel, ranged along in different lines of varied light and size. Then I heard faint sounds of gentle music in the distance deep below. I could not gaze down, for the platform, or whatever it was on which we were standing, quite filled up the whole space, as if it were grooved into the walls.

"The music soon became more apparent. It was like what would have been created by several Æolian harps, having their chords swept in unison. The walls became lighter in tint, too, and now they seemed as if composed of sapphires and emeralds, emitting a beautiful halo of light around, on themselves, on us, while above appeared a fine blue canopy,

4-2

studded with various scintillations of dia-

mond light.

"Then suddenly, without a pause, without the slightest preparatory movement, we were in the centre of a noble hall, whose area, whose length, whose dimensions were immense, immeasurable, seemingly without limit, and imposing in the extreme, from their very immensity.

"I gazed around me with awe. The hall glittered like burnished silver, and from above light was diffused throughout its space from a single immense diamond, which formed the firmament, I cannot say roof, of the dome above us. Biggins recalled me to myself—he grasped my arm strongly, to attract my attention, as I was absorbed in wonder, and thus

addressed me :-

"'You are now in the Halls of the Infinite,' he said; 'you have passed the intervening medium which separates the world of spirits from the world of flesh—that mortal world of which you were so recently a member. This hall is your first experience of the change you have undergone—it is intended to impress you with the idea of the infinite, in order to bring your thoughts to bear on what you have to go through. You are now on the threshold of the Spirit World. Ponder awhile, and follow me.'

"'But-' I interposed.

"'Not a word, on your life—silence now, or you are lost for ever.'

"He waved his left hand backwards and forwards slowly, and a great change

became apparent.

"Above, around, on every side of us, below, and creeping upwards and downwards, the whole area in which we were appeared filled with ghosts—ghosts from the inner world we know not of—forms impalpable, imperceptible; but still forms that were felt—spirits that you could not but believe in were around us, crowding and surging along in the airy expanse, whose presence was felt, although not seen.

"Biggins waved his arm again, and this time with a quicker motion, and instantly my eyes were opened as it were, and I received the power of discerning the spirit world in which I was present. I saw the forms, the hideous spectres around—the genii and ghosts of the air. Some were hideous monsters, with distorted forms and faces, and wings. Others were fair to see, and of pleasant physiognomies, and some were skeletons without a vestige of any animated ap-

pearance, save in the glassy eyes which stared at me from their sunken sockets—eyes which presented the appearance of life along with the glazed hue of death, fixed in one dull, immobile stare! As I stood horror-struck at the fearful scene, suddenly the genius Pawkins appeared in the midst of the phantoms, marshalling them in array on each side of him, advancing at their head like a general in the midst of an army—a phantom general commanding a phantom army.

"Pawkins came towards me, and slowly raised his right hand, pointing towards me with the index finger of the same.

"'Mortal!' he exclaimed, 'wouldst

thou know thy fate?'

"I answered not—I dreaded to say a word.

"'Mortal!' he addressed me again, 'speak!'

"I spoke not a word.

"'Speak!' he urged—and yet I held my peace. 'It is well,' he said, 'you are fit to be inducted into our mysteries —silence is a pearl beyond price; without it you would be unworthy.'

"The music that I had heard before during my descent, again began to sound, and the waves of those spirit tones rolled around me, every instant increasing in force, and getting louder and louder.

"Pawkins advanced nearer between Biggins and myself, and took a hand of

each of us.

"'Now,' he said, 'come with me. Seat yourselves on this,' throwing a toga-like mantle, composed apparently of ermine and gold, around us; and yet the mantle was translucent and transparent. We seated ourselves, and then all three of us began to float softly through the expanse. The building appeared to narrow in its proportions as we advanced, until we seemed to be in a long passage, in the distance of which we could perceive a star-like ray of light, which grew gradually more brilliant as we approached Passing under an archway composed of blocks of gold studded with pearls and rubies, we entered a room which had the appearance of being a theatre, with this difference, that there were no tiers of boxes or galleries, although there was an apparent stage, an orchestra, and a pro-

"'Here we are,' said Pawkins, as we sailed over the space where the pit ought to have been, and alighted on the front of the stage, where three crowns of state, built up of filigree gold, Utrecht velvet,

and morocco leather, were placed fronting the curtain, which was down. This curtain was composed of black velvet of the most inky hue, and contrasted strongly with the other generally light effect of the 'house.' In obedience to a wave of the genius's hand, we seated ourselves—Pawkins still in the midst—and the phantom music began to sound softly again through the building.

"'Listen,' said Pawkins. 'Do you

believe in what you have seen?'

"'I do,' I answered.

"' Have you no thoughts of doubt with regard to what you have gone through?' he continued.

"'I have none,' I responded.

"'Are you ready to be conducted through the ordeal?"

"'I am.'

"'Do you wish to learn your fate?"

"'I do,' I answered, but this time with a shudder which I strove in vain to repress.

"I know the Past, the Present, and the Future—I know all. Which will you select?' continued the genius.

" 'Tell me all,' I said.

"'Have on, then!' shouted Pawkins, in a loud voice, addressing some personage or form I could not see. I heard the tinkle of a hand-bell, and the curtain drew up, disclosing the distant scenes of my early life.

"And thus the Past was unfolded to my gaze. Then came the Present.

"I saw a lonely man, in his lonely room, reading by himself from the dusty pages of Coke and Chitty. I hear him sigh as he turns over the weary pages, and I echo the sigh. It was for myself—that was my life—always doomed to be lonely. How I prayed for a friend—was it real that I had one now?

"And now for the Future.

"The black velvet curtain again descended, the call-bell again sounded, and a thick darkness grew upon us and around, and while the darkness grew thicker and thicker, a shape grew out of it imperceptibly, and yet distinctly; and the shape was awful and horrible to look upon.

"The shape was not light, but of a deeper darkness than that with which it was surrounded. It came towards me, and an earthy, smoky, mephitic smell or perfume seemed to form part of it, and to distil itself into me, as it approached. I could hardly bear it, still I kept silent,

for fright bore upon me so that I could not have spoken a word to save my life.

"The shape advanced!

"'What would you, mortal?' it said, addressing me, I perceived; 'what would you with the Future? I have got the key of that closed volume. Here's the book, and here's the key. Open and read.'

"'Read!' repeated Pawkins; 'the Shade who addresses you is the ghost of

What is to Come.'

"The volume presented to me was bound in black, and cased in iron. It was of tremendous size, and yet when I held it in my hand, it was as light as air. It was secured by four large padlocks, and I opened these one after the other with the key which I had taken into my hand; and as I turned each lock, the padlock unclasped with a sound like thunder, repeated on the four separate occasions after each clasp was unlocked.

" 'Open the volume,' said the Shade,

'and read what is to come.'

"I turned over the cover, and a wonderful sight was presented to my eyes. Each page of the book was composed of a living picture—a sort of dissolving view of men and things. I heard words which expressed the meaning of each picture, from the figures of which it was composed, and the words and pictures together presented to my mind what was to be. According to Dante's 'Inferno'—

"' D'anime nude vidi molte gregge,
Che piangean tutte assai miseramente;
E parea posta lor diversa legge.
Supin giaceva in terra alcuna gente,
Alcuna si sedea tutta raccolta,
Ed altra andava continovamente.
Quella che gira intorno era piu molta,
E quella men, che giaceva al tormento.'

"Of naked spirits many flocks I saw, all weeping piteously, to different laws subjected; for on the earth some lay supine, some crouching close were seated, others paced incessantly around; the latter tribe were numerous, those fewer who beneath the torment lay, but louder in their grief. I saw men of all classes, of all shapes, of all sorts. Business men, and city men, and idle men, and men of fashion. Men from the east and west, men from the north and south. All were engaged in the commerce of life, a pursuit of Mammon. Amongst the figures I found myself, and I looked careworn and ill, evi-

dently produced by the restless activity I was displaying in the pursuit of life.

"I was lonely still I saw—what had become of Biggins I knew not, for he did not accompany me through all the panorama of my life that I beheld. The thought was in my mind, and Pawkins by some trait in his genius character perceived it, and aroused me.

"'You want to know why you are alone after I promised you a friend, eh?'

"'That's my wish,' I said; 'how you know it I cannot find out, save that you

seem to know everything.'

"The things you now behold,' answered Pawkins, replying to my implied question, 'are what might have happened, what would have happened, if certain circumstances had not turned up. They are consequently set forth for your guidance, in order to make you accept all that is held out to you by me, Pawkins, as I promised you.'

"'Oh, Genius Pawkins! Help me, I entreat,' I cried, throwing myself on my knees before him, while the Shade of What was to Come grew clearer, more

palpable, and more terrific.

"'Do you accept these terms?' he answered.

"'I do, I do,' I sobbed.

"Then rise up: there's only one

course open to you.'

"'What is it?' I cried. 'Anything, anything will I do to escape the dread future which I have seen unfolded to me.'

"'There's only one course,' repeated Pawkins, 'and that is a peculiar one, and queer in the extreme.'

"'Anything, anything,' I groaned,

' than that dreadful fate!

"Biggins is your only hope,' replied Pawkins. Biggins is your friend. Biggins has determined to save you, and, to do so, will sacrifice himself for you.'

" . Thanks! thanks, noble Biggins!' I

interposed.

"My friend,' cried Biggius, 'for I am your friend, as I told you when we first met—although our meeting was determined on long beforehand, and our fates united. I can save you—I can help you—and I will. Henceforth, you will be me, and I you. You will take my name as yours, and I yours, and by that means the future will be dispelled, and we will live to benefit one another.'

"'What do you mean?' I inquired;
'I do not understand you. How can I be you, and you assume my nature—that

is, myself—and bear my burdens and sorrows?'

"'Oh, that's easy enough,' said Big. gins. 'It can be easily done where we now are. Pawkins here will do the job for us, and we will exchange ourselves for

each other.'

"I stared in astonishment at Biggins, at Pawkins, and at the Shade, which every moment grew more intense, more terrific; and I thought I could perceive the glazed eyes of the skeleton spirits staring at me still with their dull, immobile, glassy stare.

"'Oh yes,' said Pawkins, in answer, I suppose, to my mental inquiries, 'that can be easily done by us. Ugolino, ad-

vance!

"Ugolino, or the Shade, for they were both one, advanced, and seemed to wrap me up in his attendant darkness, as if it were a cloak for all comers, which he possessed the faculty of enveloping them

" Do you accept?' said Pawkins.

"'I do,' I replied, for there seemed no alternative open to me. If you had known that Future that was opened to me, you would not have blamed me.

"Kneel down,' said Pawkins to me.
"I knelt down before him, under the shadow of the Shade, and the shadow was, if possible, more sombre and dense than the Shade itself, or himself, as the case might be.

"'And do you kneel too,' said Pawkins, turning round to Biggins, who stood

on his other side.

"Biggins likewise knelt beside me, and Pawkins uprose himself in our midst from his throne, and began weaving a spell in a slow chant. At each word he spoke I heard groans and yells as from the dead rising around us, and these grew in sound more and more, until the discord they produced was fearful to listen to. Screams, piercing and wild—groans, monotonous and dismal—curses, loud and deep; and above all rang out the bell-like tones of Pawkins's chant, waxing more fervid each second.

"'Join hands,' said Pawkins to us both, breaking off his incantation, and Biggins and I joined hands, while the genius placed his two inside of ours.

"Now repeat after me,' he continued, 'these words—"I take upon myself the form, the nature, the habits, the associations, the connexions, the life, and the spirit of this my friend."

"We each repeated the words after

Pawkins, while the infernal noise around us increased tenfold; and above all rose a hissing sibilated sound like to the anger of a million serpents.

"'It's complete,' said Pawkins.
'Henceforth you are Biggins, and Biggins is you. You have escaped the Fu-

ture, and have done the Shade.'

ig-

We

100

for

ns,

ery ic;

zed

me

Say

nat

id-

ere

ap

to

"He had no sooner said these words than I heard the muttered growl of distant thunder, which every minute became more distinct, and the noise soon fashioned itself into the well-known sound of the street traffic of London. The Shade melted away, Pawkins disappeared, Biggins, or myself, whichever it were, too vanished, and I found myself a criminal before the bar of the Old Bailey, in the charge of two police constables, X 2089, and Y 6054. I remember their numbers well—they are imprinted on my memory.

"From what I could gather of the affair, in the barrister's address and the judge's invocation to the twelve of my enlightened countrymen who sat upon my case, I was charged with murder: the foul and detestable killing and slaying of a certain inoffensive gentleman whom I had robbed and murdered! The judge made an impressive summing up of the case for the benefit of the jury, and left the matter in their hands. The case was clear enough, and in less than ten minutes the foreman gave in a verdict of wilful murder—Guilty.

"I was then condemned to die, and I fainted away, on the impressive address being administered to me which is usually given to criminals in my case. I was condemned to be hung in three days' time, for an offence I had never committed—for the murder of a man I had

never even seen.

"It was useless for me to argue the point. I called for a looking glass on being removed to my cell, and with fear and trembling I gazed on the surface of the mirror. I gave forth a groan—it was true enough—I was Biggins, and a

murderer! It was horrible!

"When I was left alone in my cell I thought over all that was past, and bitterly regretted how I had cast off my identity, and engrafted myself on to a nature and a life of which I was ignorant. I saw it all clearly now. I had been tricked and beguiled by demons, and had fallen a victim to their machinations. How I got through the time before my execution, I know not. I counted each minute, each second, I had to live; and

the love of life grew stronger in me as the clock ticked away my existence. I said before, at the commencement of my story, that I well knew what criminals had to undergo, in their waiting anxiety. It was false. I knew not till now how dear life seems, how much the value of each second of existence is enhanced when its days have been told, and its space hinted at. At last the day was past—the hour come—it struck seven! At eight I was to die!

"One after another the moments passed away, and my heart, somehow or other, grew lighter as the decisive minute

arrived.

"It came!

"Eight struck from all the clock towers around; some near, some far away in the distance; and at the same time the clanging bell of the prison gave warning of my approaching doom.

"I heard a noise of the drawing of bolts and raising of bars from the outside of my cell, and the door was flung open suddenly, with a clash and a clang from its creaking hinges, and my gaoler entered accompanied by a man whose countenance was hidden by a black mask of hideous sombreness; in him I recognised the hangman—he who was to accomplish my destiny, if destiny it were, and plunge me from time present into eternity!

"At a sign I raised myself off the pallet on which I was seated, and the mask approaching me, pinioned my arms behind me and motioned me to follow

him.

"I walked on, and at the other side of the door I found a procession of civic functionaries who came to celebrate my In single file we walked to the outskirts of the prison, where I saw a fearful erection of black crossed beams and scaffolding, while the prison bell tolled away more solemnly, as it were, my last moments! I mounted the scaffold—I suffered the horrible rope to be placed round my neck—and 1 gave a shriek! It was over-I felt a sensation as if I were drowning; a tightening sense of suffocation, which gradually wore off, leaving me calm and happy -and I awoke!

"Thank God,—it was only a dream! I was seated in my own chambers, in my very own favourite chair—and Biggins, my friend, whom I had thought my demon, was sitting opposite to me, smoking

complacently.

"Why, are you awake at last?' he said, as I opened my eyes. 'You have been asleep more than an hour, and have been snoring like a grampus.'

"'How did I come here?' I exclaimed, passing over his remark. 'Why I thought

we were at Evans's.'

"'Come here? Why we walked from St. Martin's Church, where I met you.'
"'And haven't we been to Evans's?"

"'Evans's! No, of course not. What put that in your head? You must have

dreamt it.'

"'Well, I suppose I did,' I answered,
although I by no means believed so, for
I am perfectly convinced of all having
passed that evening as I have written it

down.

"'The fact is, my boy,' continued he, 'you seem to have a screw loose somewhere, as I will tell you, and you can judge for yourself. I called at your chambers several times to-day—or rather yesterday-to see you; and late in the evening I again called, about half-past eleven, when I was told you had only that instant gone out. I started into the Strand, hoping to meet you, and by chance took the way towards St. Martin's Church, where I fortunately saw you. Although I had not the pleasure of knowing you personally, I was well acquainted with you by sight, and I clapped you on the back unceremoniously, and said, "Hollo! How are you, old fellow?" introducing myself. You seemed thunderstruck at my appearance, and, in the queerest manner in the world, embraced me à la Français, calling me your angel, and heaven knows what beside. Seeing you looked rather as if you were going to faint, I recommended your returning to your chambers, and offered my arm, which you took, and we quickly got here. You opened the door with the latch-key, and ushered me into your rooms, offering me, at the same time, this chair, in which I sat; and I may mention that I have found it uncommonly comfortable. You then produced, from a capacious cupboard which is facing me, a bottle of capital Irish whiskey, with the accompaniments of a selection of pipes and a tobacco jar, and set the articles before me; after which, you sat down in the chair which you now occupy, and went fast asleep.

"I thought it was by far the best thing for you to do, so did not interrupt you; besides I never like to interfere with any of the rites of Morpheus. Al-

though rather dull with you sleeping opposite me, I have made myself as jolly as circumstances would permit, and have managed to get through more than an hour, while you were in a state of somnolency. While you worshipped Morpheus, I paid my adorations to Bacchus, as well as to the Nicotine god; so you must not swear at the appearance of the contents of your whiskey bottle, which have been getting small by degrees and beautifully less, while your tobacco is also rather low. Apart from these facts, the only things I have observed in particular are that you have been gesticulating frightfully in your sleep, and have been snoring loud enough to drive a whole herd of swine to market; or, at the least, take the roof off your rooms; while occasionally you have shouted out the romantic name of "Pawkins" in connexion with mine.

"'Well! I can't make it out at all,' I said; 'pray enlighten me further. I know that your name is Biggins, and how I arrived at that amount of knowledge I know not; but apart from your connexion with my dream, which certainly was about you, I have not the faintest idea who or

what you are.'

"'Well, my dear fellow, that is not to be very much wondered at, considering you have never seen me before to-night, and that as yet we have had no explanation together; but I will soon clear up matters.'

"'Proceed,' I answered, 'for I am really anxious to know, and I will then

tell you what I dreamt.

"'Did you dream about me?' said Biggins.

"'Yes, I did,' was my reply; 'and a

very queer dream too.'

"'Pray tell me,' said he, 'before I begin my tale, which I have been running after you all day for the purpose of unfolding.'

"Upon which hint I spoke, and narrated all that occurred, or that I thought had occurred to me, from Pawkins's first appearance to his final disappearance,

and my trial.

"'Well! that is odd,' Biggins exclaimed, when I finished. 'An uncommonly curious dream indeed! I believe you are a medium between kindred souls, and that we are en rapport;—perhaps I can explain something of the matter—you have a sister, Mr. Higgins, have you not?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I have; and a dear

good girl she is too. She lives down in the country with some cousins of ours; but I am unfortunately obliged, on account of the res angusta domi to reside in town, and as I am very hard worked I am unable to see her more than once or twice a year. By-and-by, however, I hope to have her to live with me, and keep my house, when I have one, which does not seem very likely at present.'

"To the last observation of yours, my dear Higgins, I beg to put my veto. But to tell my story properly from the beginning, as is rarely done, I must go back to some six months hence. About that time I went down into Devonshire upon some business connected with a maiden aunt of mine, who dwelt in the picturesque little village of Mowbraycum-Taunton, which you are no doubt by this time well acquainted with. I stopped at my aunt's house, and from being her nephew, I got introduced into the 'good society' of the neighbourhood. In the month of September, after I had been there some time, I got invited out to a large party, which was to take place at the house of the squire of the parish—a regular old English gentleman, one of the olden school. I accepted the invitation and went, I am happy to state, for it was the turning point in my existence. During the first part of the evening I found it rather dull; for, to tell the truth, the maidens of the neighbourhood were long past their teens, and the gentlemen talked too much of farming and poaching to interest me.

"When I had been there an hour, however, things began to alter; for, to my intense surprise and delight, there glided into the ball-room—as it was called—the sylph-like form of the prettiest girl I had ever seen in my life; she was accompanied by two odious frights, however, who must have been verging on sixty, but who were yet too much allured by the 'pomps and vanities of this wickedworld' to discard very low dresses and crinoline à l'outrance. From the manner in which these aged virgins were scowling on their protégée, I easily saw the game I had to play, so made my way to the squire-old Bolter-you know him -and begged him to introduce me. The squire was delighted to be able to confer a favour, so taking my arm, he led me. up to the trio, and introduced me to the elders-'Mr. Biggins-The Misses Tauuton: I bowed-they bowed-the introduction was complete. They then

likewise called my attention to the 'little cousin' they had with them—your charming sister—who they said was a little girl, come out for the first time. Pardon me, Higgins, but I could have wrung their old necks. I engaged in conversation with the old-young ladies, and requested the pleasure of the eldest's company in a waltz. She simpered, however, and said she never waltzed with gentlemen, she considered it rather an indelicate dance. The second of the fairies likewise gave a similar answer. Agnes, however, you see I know your sister's name,—acquiesced, with a timid glance at the elderly parties; they frowned denial, but I took her off before they could say anything; and what pleasure I had! I never knew what dancing was till I met with Agnes; she waltzed like a fairy, and was lightness She seemed rather shy, but I itself. drew her out, and got her to talk of the old people, whom she described as her cousins—they might have done indeed for her grandmother!

"After spending a delicious quarter of an hour, I returned her to the gorgons, whom I had to appease by trotting them out in quadrilles, respectively; and I crammed them into believing that I preferred that graceful performance to the hair-brained waltz, as I termed it, for their edification. I subsequently told them the name of my aunt, with whom I was stopping, and the gorgons immediately declared that they were old friends of hers; and they gave me permission to call the next day to inquire how they were: both of them thinking they had achieved a conquest of my unsuspecting heart. Poor old creatures!—how they were afterwards surprised! I got one more dance with Agnes that evening, and the warm-hearted little thing told me all about you, and your lonely life in townyou used to dine opposite me, in the Temple-hall, so I recognised you from her portrait, though you are not a bit like her, old fellow, so don't stroke your moustache.

"I called the next day, however, and managed to speak a few words to Agnes, but the old cousins were so bent on monopolising me that they would not let me have many; but I manœuvred to cement a firm friendship with them, and in a short time had the run of the house—thanks to my sweet persuasive manners with the ancient couple.

"It would be impossible to tell you, as it would be also useless so to do, how love first sprang up between Agnes and myself; as for me, I loved her from the first moment I had seen her at the squire's. As we were together every day we managed to find ample means to cultivate the acquaintance of the little winged god. We studied music together-sketched together (I judiciously instructing her in the blending of colours)—walked together —in fact, managed to see a good deal of each other, in spite of the endless machinations of the Miss Tauntons—who were indefatigable in thrusting themselves on my notice; so it ended in my telling Agnes, one day, that I could not live without her, and that she must then love me and help me to support existence. At last she consented—the little darling. The old cousins did flare up, I can tell you, when the news was told them, and declared I was an impostor, and had gained their affections; at the same time abusing poor little Agnes! I however told them a bit of my mind, and so they at length calmed down, and now take the thing as a matter of course, although I am not allowed to see Agnes more than once a week; I hear from her, however, every day, and she conceals all their petty grievances from me; but I believe they are making her life miserable. This was all settled last week, so I have come up to town at Agnes's express desire, and at my own inclination, to make all known to you. I have heard all about you from Agnes, so we are old friends alreadyshake hands, old boy, for we will be firm friends, I know."

"'Dear Biggins, I am overjoyed to hear the news! And little Agnes, too—going to be married indeed! Why I must be getting grey! Poor little girl,' I said, 'I am very glad to hear it; for, from your statement, she must have suffered enough from those old harpies; I know them well enough, but she would never complain about them to me; she did not wish to increase my troubles with the knowledge of her own. Well, Biggins, we are old friends, as you say—surely from our new relationship, for we are to be brothers. So let us drink Agnes's

health.'

"No delay was there, I can assure you. It was done at once; and we grasped hands at the termination of the cere-

mony.

"'Now,' said Biggins, 'I am going to devote myself to you in town for the next fortnight, and then we will go down together to Devonshire to spend the

last week which witnesses my being a unit.'

"Willingly,' I said; but you must take me about, for I am quite a novice in town."

"'Agreed,' said Biggins, and he kept his word. I believe we went to every place known; and he enlightened my ideas considerably concerning this great capital. He took me to every fellow's rooms that he knew; and many and varied were the acquaintances I made. They all, somehow or other, from the close companionship I kept with my friend, and my narration of our meeting, termed me thenceforth 'Biggins's Ghost,' and that is the name I am known by now. So hinc illæ lachrymæ, and the title of

this story.

"As to Biggins, he was, as stated at the commencement, a marvellous fellow, and astounded me (a stranger to his talents), as well as he did those who had been previously acquainted with them. He could do everything. He could paint and draw, play the piano, violin, cornet, flute, violoncello, and big drum; not to speak of the tambourine, the banjo, and the 'bones.' In dancing, according to my sister Aggy's account, as well as of that of other ladies of his acquaintance, he excelled. Further, he could box to perfection, and in half an hour with the gloves could lick the 'Little Wonder,' or the 'Young Big Un,' all to nothing, causing those worthies to lament his exclusion from the ring, assuring any one who would notice his proficiency to them that 'he was as good as nuts on the belt.' To boating also did Biggins take kindly; he would row any distance on the Thames, was the acknowledged stroke of the Troglodytes Club, and had once sculled a celebrated oar into a consumption and premature decline. He likewise fenced, and was a capital shot, always piercing the plaster cast with his rapier, and never missing the bull's-eye with a saloon pistol or rifle. With regard to his conversational powers he was unequalled, whether in what is commonly termed chaff, or the more polite repartee. He could talk as well and as pleasingly to a member of the Whitechapel aristocracy as he could do in a May-fair drawingroom. Finally, he knew and spoke fluently four different languages besides his own; in addition to which, one of our friends persists in Biggins's knowledge of Chinese, as he declares that he once heard him engaged in a vehement discussion with a native of the celestial empire in that language. With all these qualifications, Biggins is the jolliest, kindest, and most social fellow you could come across, and he is consequently liked by every one who has the pleasure of knowing him. No wonder, therefore, that he has a pretty extensive visiting circle, for everybody seems to know him—every one!

"During our fortnight's stay in town I will sincerely and solemnly declare that he achieved quite a revolution in me, and changed me from a misanthropical and miserable law student into a buoyant and gay fellow, animated by hopes which I

never possessed before.

"The time quickly passed, and one morning we started off on our journey into the charming county which possesses Ilfracombe and such like spots of beauty. It was a long way from Paddington, down nearly to the Land's End, but it passed pleasantly enough, as there were fortunately a couple of very nice young ladies in the carriage we occupied, along with their mother, to whom Biggins was well-known, and he was kind enough to introduce me: one of them has since taken me in hand, and perhaps by her lovely Jemima!—I may be tempted one of these days to eschew my present sohtary state of existence. On our arriving at the station where we were to get out, we found a dog-cart waiting for us, and in it we shortly reached our little village of Mowbray-cum-Taunton, which was well-known indeed to me, for there I had spent my earliest years, at least that I can remember.

"It was rather late when we arrived at my cousins' house, but they were all up, and lights were in the front of the house to greet us, as it were; I thought it uncommonly extravagant of the Miss T.'s—so opposed to their usual policy; but perhaps they remembered their once young days, and wished us to be happy. The dog-cart stopping at the door was the signal for it to fly open, and out jumped Agues and rushed at me, flinging her arms round my neck, welcoming me with blushes, smiles, and tears. loved me—dear little sister! but she also saw who was with me-so another greeting went on of, perhaps, a more demonstrative nature, for I heard a suppressed labial junction, and the muttered 'how shocking! and in the hall too!' from one of the charming cousins, who were near us.

"They, however, welcomed me kindly, and congratulated me on my sister's prospects, &c., which I took in good part enough, for I could make allowances for them as well as for myself. At a late hour Biggins and I went over to his aunt's house, which was nearly opposite, and next morning was celebrated the imposing ceremony, by the aid of which Miss Aggy was converted into Mrs. B., and my illustrious Biggins' bachelorhood expired.

"They were married, and marriages are such common-place things now-a-days that I need not describe the affair. Suffice it to say that it was done simply enough, without bridesmaids or any pomp or show. I gave the bride away—as I stood in loco parentis—and Biggins received her. There were no tears, which are usual in such cases, for we were all too light-hearted for any such lachrymal demonstration, and we left the church to adjourn to a breakfast which my tormentors gave in honour of the event. That was rather a shabby affair, and was soon over. After which my brother-in-law and his charming little wife departed on their honeymoon trip to the Isle of Wight, and I once more by train up to my chambers in London. I found it lonely at first, and missed my lately-acquired friend, but I soon cheered up when I thought of what was in prospect for me; so I ate no more mustins, nor dreamt any dreams save those of happy import.

"At last the happy pair came back, and, according to the preconcerted arrangement, I now live with them at Upper Tooting. My lonely life is consequently now among the things of the past; and as Biggins has taken a nearer and dearer spirit unto himself, I must no longer subscribe myself to you, as I did at the commencement of my narrative, under the heading of 'Biggins's Ghost.'"

On the conclusion of Tom Higgins's "strange story," we applauded him for the same, and also tendered him our thanks for the first step he had taken towards the enlivenment of the evening, as marked out by Marterel. We all, à propos of the story just related, remembered Biggins himself very well, and as far as I can judge he was all that our dreaming friend had described. It was he who had introduced his biographer lately into our circle, and it was but a short time since he had married and cast off the vie de Bohéme for good and all.

After a pipe all round and a short chat

upon things in general, and mesmerism in particular, which it would not interest the reader to detail, we composed ourselves for the next recitation—first pledging the healths of our late entertainer, and of the gentleman who was about to another tale unfold, in the flowing bowl.

Charley Marterel, our worthy host, had drawn the next "lowest card," so he was

immediately summoned on his legs to address the meeting. Of course he had never come across an adventure himself; one of his placid demeanour never could get hold of anything out of the common! but he detailed unto us a tale, which I shall give next month in his own characteristic words.

THE VILLAGE AT EVENING.

It rests within those evening rays,
Like peace in Heaven's smile;
Health glows upon the village ways,
And beauty free from guile.

Far from the scenes of struggling pride, Contentment is its own; Simplicity is there untried, And strife is there unknown.

The cottage by the sunny rill,
The fruit-trees bending o'er,
The shadows of the silent mill,
The grouping at the door;

Childhood's sweet laugh 'mong voices deep,
The birds' wild parting lay,
The homeward steps of those who keep
Blithe sounds upon their way;

The feeling of the labourer free,
The love of his small home,
Whence happy eyes look forth to see
The father smiling come.

The clouds are gathering into night,
The hum of life is o'er;
Glimmering is each cottage light,
Few steps pass by the door!

The day is told, the prayer is said,
Sleep is above them all;
May happiness in dreams be shed,
And joy wake morning's call!

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

WE all love to read of great virtue, great self-denial, great generosity, devoted love and friendship, patriotism and enthusiasm. And generally our admiration of such excellences is much more impassioned than that for great talents. heart tells that they are more deserving of love than mere intellectual attainments. Now, it is precisely for such moral excellences that the great men and women of ancient times are held up to admiration, and the philosophers of the ancient world are particularly careful to give the moral the precedence of the intellectual accomplishments. Indeed, with them the moral are intellectual excellences of the highest Virtue with them is intelligence; prudence, temperance, justice, modera. tion are the heights of wisdom. who could show these virtues in his life and conduct was a great man, however small the amount of his physical know-Physical knowledge occupies a small and an inferior place in ancient philosophy. Heart is everything; but it is the heart of young humanity not yet arrived at puberty and chivalry.

The great men of antiquity, therefore, were heroes, because their philosophy taught heroism. The man who could throw away wealth, as he would a burdensome load, was not very likely to be influenced by wealth in his public or private conduct. He would not cringe to wealth for the sake of a share; he would not teach a falsehood or conceal a truth for a fee, or a hope of a pecuniary reward; and as their philosophy was not physical philosophy, but moral and religious, it taught them to look beyond the confines of this mortal scene, and hope for the reward of their virtues in another To die struggling with evil was glorious—a fall even worthy of envy—the beginning of a new life of unalloyed happiness. This faith was the apex of philosophical instruction. It completed the character of the great man. But it was always strongest in the primitive and simple times. Luxury weakened itphysical science mystified and shrouded, and at last extinguished it. The times of heroism are the times of faith. It matters not about the character, so it is faith-strong, young, healthy, and vigorous faith. This makes the hero and the great man; and even now, whenever a

hero appears amid the clouds of society, he is still a man of this description, and seldom remarkable for physical science. Ancient philosophy was religion—modern philosophy is merely science.

Physical science lowers the tone of the moral attributes of man. We will not go so far as to say that it demoralizes man necessarily; for no truth whatever can with justice be reproached for this. But studied by itself alone, without relation to a higher sphere of thought, we have no hesitation in saying that it is by no means calculated to elevate the character of man.

Physical philosophers, therefore, do not ascend to the heroic sphere. They do not occupy the intellectual apex. They do not mount as high as Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, and Epictetus. Let them praise and exalt this natural science as they may, let them expend all their poetry and all their cloquence in eulogising it, still the human heart can never admit that the highest scientific attainments are equal to the highest moral attainments.

A physical philosopher may be a bad man; he may be a drunkard, a coarse and profane swearer, a liar, a swindler—but a moral philosopher cannot. The excellence of the one consists in knowing facts about stones, earth, plants, animals, chemical agency, and the laws of matter and motion, and vice can learn this quite as well as virtue. The excellence of the other consists in knowing how to govern the passions, in exemplifying the virtues and the graces, and exhibiting the fruits of wisdom. The latter will ever excel the former, as spirit excels the body, as mind excels matter.

But yet ancient philosophy was insufficient to make men good and wise? True. But the same may be said of modern philosophy. They require to be united. The ancient philosophy will live for ever—be corrected and purified, and married to the modern. It was a beautiful spirit wandering out in search of a fair body. That beautiful spirit of ancient philosophy was early adopted by the Christian Church. In fact, Christianity was sent to it. The one was prepared as a body for the other. The Jews had no philosophy—no national and traditional science of virtue. This science of virtue belonged to the Pagans,

and when it failed under Paganism for want of sufficient stimulus, they gladly took up a new doctrine, which seemed calculated to revive it and give it fresh vigour and youth. Accordingly, we find in the primitive ages of the Church a most wonderful stimulus given to the old affection for poverty. The early monks actually threw away their wealth. St. Anthony, the father of monachism, distributed all his amongst the poor, and kept not a farthing for himself. Thousands did the same. The old philosophy of poverty and purity revived under a new name, and a splendid mission it had, for it not only preserved the literature of the ancient world during the troubles of the middle ages, but it revived the arts, reclaimed the waste lands, and laid the foundation of the wealth and grandeur of the whole world. It was poverty that did it, and the love of poverty. That love of poverty is now gone. We are now in luxurious times—the end of an age. Luxury is always the end of an era. Simplicity begins, and complicity terminates.

Modern philosophy treats of anything but self-reform. It reforms anything but self. It gratifies self, and to gratify self it reforms others. It will reform the state, the army and navy, the excise and the customs—everything or anything but self. Now this is just what distinguishes it from the ancient philosophy, which was self-reform, and let almost everything else Were moral philosophy as enthusiastically studied as political philosophy, reform would be comparatively easy. But then it is too difficult. How easy it is to reform one's rich neighbour, if one had only muskets and bayonets to take his riches from him! but to reform one's self is very difficult indeed; and then so uninviting, so revolting!

We think we are wiser than the ancients, because we do not believe in the oracle of Apollo or in astrology, and because we can measure the size of the moon, and know the earth is round, and that the sun is not carried north in the summer by the south winds. We are too conceited; knowledge of facts is not wisdom, and can never bear its fruits.

Knowledge will never save the world. If ever it does, then the story of the tree of knowledge is indeed a fable.

Philosophy is progressing with timehas descended from heaven to earth. It began in the empyreal heights of science. It began amongst the stars in the mys. teries of astrology, or amongst the shrines in the mysteries of divination; from thence it has come down to matter and motion. denuded itself of its divinity, and clothed itself with humanity. It is clothing itself with a body, but divesting itself of a Its matter-of-fact dryness and want of imaginative interest at present make it somewhat distasteful to minds of poetic temperament. Even the vulgar, who prate about it, yawn over its endless nicknacks. Who that is possessed of high imaginative faculties can content himself with the mere material facts or uses of chemical science or physical discoveries? It is like binding a Shakespeare or a Milton apprentice to a lawyer.

Imaginative genius is as averse to modern philosophy as it was attached to the ancient. It will return to its first love when it is thoroughly satisfied that "he that increases mere knowledge in-

creaseth sorrow."

The ancients have a permanent hold of society. They deeply studied the heart and its capacities, as we study the head. Justice must yet be done to them. shall be ancients by-and-by, and our boasted philosophy will appear as inefficient for the great end of social amelioration as the wisdom of the olden times, which our children are taught to smile st, but which minds of the highest order still admire; because the more they study it, the more beautiful, sublime, and universal it appears. It had its vagaries and follies, which require to be corrected by the pedantic and mechanical precision of the moderns; but then it had its brilliant and soaring genius, its moral purity, its generous self-denial and devotedness, its heart, to distinguish it from the financialism, percentage, utilitarianism, and brain of modern science.

FOUND DEAD.

By the Author of "Who was to Blame?"

CHAPTER VIII.

of

It

75-

ies

ce

n,

ed•

elf

nd

of

or

I NEVER wish to boast of my own qualities. When Nature made me with faults and good qualities, and I became oldenough to know good from evil, I found that Providence often destines commonplace people, like me, to as much happiness and contentment as grander people; so when I found myself suddenly dismissed from Mrs. Tindall, without any reason being given, I satisfied myself that there was underhand work in it, or that I had been misunderstood, or that something or other was transpiring which it was not intended for me to know.

The only quality upon which I pride myself is upon being willing and goodnatured, in being active and cheerful, for I always regret when I see others suffer in mind or body, and if it is not in my power to relieve them I am grieved.

I do not wish to prate about my own goodness, but this I will say, that if Mrs. Tindall had continued to trust me, I would have rendered her any service in my power. The strange part of it was, that as soon as the particulars already narrated were made known, Mrs. Tindall drew back. I had intended to set out upon a voyage of discovery; but, like many a worthy pioneer before my time, I had been recalled, and so the affair was at an end—dismissed, too, without a word—stranger than ever.

Well, as I was not quite prepared to settle down, I began to look about me, and after a time I engaged myself in a noble residence called Surly Hall, in

Nothing particular in this, one would think—commonplace in the extreme, I thought—but when I entered that house intending to stay for a little time, till wedding-matters were arranged, I did not think that another communication would take place with parties interested in Mrs. Tindall's affairs.

This is how it came about. I had barely entered and settled myself in my new position, when a new steward was announced who was to have charge of the whole estate and direct everything; the owner of the estate being an invalid, was away in Italy. Now, of all men in the

world to become the new steward, perhaps I never should have dreamt of the person who was destined to fill that office. It was no other than the man I had before known as Ambrose.

Yes, Ambrose came there as steward, and with a total change in the whole man, so that, at first, I hardly recognised him. All the slang smartness of his tongue had evaporated. He had no ready replies, no pointed sneers—all was silky, placid, ponderous, and solemn as a Quaker. That was the new Ambrose.

Then his behaviour to me was wonderfully particular. He seemed so anxious about me—he watched me. He followed me with cat-like movements. He inquired about me, and took such an interest in my health. It was astonishing. Some of the girls thought it was some lovemaking nonsense he intended. I knew better than that.

The amusing part of it was that the housekeeper, Mrs. Prunella, took it into her head to be jealous of me. The new steward had fascinated her. In fact, his subdued ways were of just the kind to influence a woman at her age, who had never been married.

She tried hard to get me sent off, but I was determined to unravel the mystery of this Ambrose. What did he mean? why was he there? what was he aiming at? and whose special business was he attending to?

I had been speaking to one of the girls about Mrs. Prunella.

"She's mighty virtuous," I said; "but perhaps she wouldn't be so if she were a little younger. As long as she could attract the men by good looks, she might have some chance of captivating, but she will never do so by her wit; and she would make amends for the lack of attention to herself by making younger women miserable."

Mrs. Prunella came in as I spoke.

"Nonsense, Maggie," said Mrs. Prunella; "we have been, I think, particularly fortunate in getting hold of such a

valuable assistant as Mr. Ambrose, and if he thinks proper to show me a little attention, I don't see why you should all be jealous. He is quite right in censuring all these picnic parties, and balls, and junketings in the servants' hall. The house has not been so orderly for years, and it is a great credit to the new steward. I can see you are laughing, Maggie, and I am sorry to perceive so much levity. You had better take to heart good advice."

"So I will when I hear it, Mrs. Prunella; but when I see so much fuss about a man whom I have reason to believe is a bad character, I am quite

angry."

Mrs. Prunella left the room in a tiff,

when one of the maids chimed in-

"I think you are in the right, Maggie. To see Ambrose treated as he is, when he has not been in the house a fortnight, is absurd. I wonder if all the saints eat and drink as he does. He has a mind not to forget this world's good things, however anxious he may be about the next. I often fancy, when he condemns our conduct, it is only because he has some private spite against some of us. Does he know you, Maggie, I wonder?"

I thought it discreet not to say too much, for I could hardly tell who would be taken into Mr. Ambrose's confidence, and I had learned years before that a still tongue makes a wise head; I therefore merely answered that I could not be accountable for any fancies he might have, and would advise everybody to

mind their own concerns.

The girl had just left the room, and I was about to give some directions in the house, when Ambrose entered. I fancied I detected a look upon his face which was anything but saintly, but it immediately drooped into the usual sombre expression which he had assumed since he had been an inmate of Surly Hall. I tried hard to imagine what object there could be in this masquerade. At present, I could see none whatever; but since the day when I overheard his conversation with the dairymaid at Farmer Owen's, I could only imagine that there was some latent design which had not yet ripened.

He advanced toward me with a studied politeness which quite took me by surprise. I could hardly imagine it to be the same pedlar who had leaned against the wall and smoked his pipe with such a

comical air of indifference.

"I hope, Miss Reed, you attended

chapel this morning?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Ambrose, but I'm afraid it did very little good; my thoughts were elsewhere."

"Ah, my dear young lady! we should

think less of the world—we should, indeed."

"That is very good advice, Mr. Am.

SIC

le

ce

be

th

al

brose; I hope you follow it."

"Heaven grant," said he, raising his eyes to the ceiling, "that I may be able to cast off the bondage of Satan!"

I was wicked enough to wish that Satan had charge of him at that moment, but I concealed my annoyance.

"Do you find your headache a little better than last night, Miss Reed?"

"Really, Mr. Ambrose! the headache? Did I complain of the headache?"

"I fancied, my dear young lady, that you looked somewhat indisposed last night."

"I am obliged to you, I'm sure, for

your thoughtfulness."

"Don't name it! My interest, generally, is more for the soul than the body, but temporal objects have their influence in drawing off the mind from spiritual contemplation, and therefore I perceived with some anxiety that you were more reserved and less cheerful than usual."

"Indeed, Mr. Ambrose, if I had the headache last night, I can only say that

I am quite free from it to-day."

"That is well—that is well: if my prayers could avail to draw down a blessing upon any inmate of this house, how happy it would make me!"

I was quite in a passion to hear the

vile hypocrite, but said nothing.

"I have wished, Miss Reed, for an opportunity to be alone with you, for I have to ask you a question or two upon a matter of some importance."

"I am all attention, Mr. Ambrose."

"I will speak then, by the blessing of Heaven, without any reserve, and I hope you will believe that the purity of my motive——"

"Oh, of course," I interrupted.

Mr. Ambrose gave the faintest indication in the world that he had detected an undercurrent of satire in the tone, but proceeded—

"That the purity of my motive might obtain for me such information in a delicate matter as would otherwise perhaps

be denied me."

"I shall be happy to answer any questions, Mr. Ambrose, providing they are connected with my own affairs. I have

nothing to conceal."

"The matter is not entirely unconnected with you. I have been told that during your stay at Farmer Owen's with Mrs. Tindall, you, on more than one occasion, went, by her request, to considerable distances late at night with

letters?"

le

"May I ask, Mr. Ambrose, before you put another question to me, what concern you may have with my doings on behalf of Mrs. Tindall? When I know the motive, which you say yourself is so pure and disinterested, I shall be better able to give an answer."

"My motive, then, my dear young lady, is to ascertain beyond all question who was the person that was found dead, and respecting whom the carter, or farm labourer, or whatever he was, gave some

information at the inquest."

"As to the information Griffiths gave, I said I do not believe it was of the slightest value; he could certainly have done nothing more than give a few particulars about finding the body in the river."

"And then what took place?"

"Really, Mr. Ambrose, you know as

well as I do, I think."

"But the body of the unfortunate person? What do you think—did it come there by accident, or design?"

"Of that the jury judged, I presume,

and the medical man."

"But juries are very stupid sometimes, my dear young lady. Now, do you know I have my fears—I have, indeed."

"Why confide those fears to me?"
"Because of the interest you take in

Mrs. Tindall."

"But Mrs. Tindall sent me away abruptly, or at least, I was sent away, I suppose by her authority."

"Still, I fancy you are interested in

what concerns her."

"Really I am forced to admit there is some truth, Mr. Ambrose, in what you say; but if you imagine I have merely the vulgar wish of prying into her affairs, pray admit it at once."

"I accuse you of nothing, my dear girl; I would serve her if I had the

power."

I was annoyed, and my caution gave

way.

"Mr. Ambrose," I said, emphatically, "I don't believe you."

"Not believe me?"

"No, indeed I do not," I said, and ran away, half vexed that I had not kept

my own counsel. "There, foolish Maggie," I said to

myself when I got to my own room, "you have made an enemy of that man."
So it proved; but I have perfect faith

in honesty of purpose and purity of heart to overcome all the tricks of such fellows, so I made myself quite easy about it.

CHAPTER IX.

WE had a cricket-match in the park on the following day amongst a party of boys from a neighbouring school. I went out to see them, for I am always greatly interested in boys when I see them, unfeminine as it may sound. I always wish for a round jacket to be amongst them. It quite stirs one's blood to see a group of happy, laughing, merry boys, and I have heard old men say that the sight of a noisy party like this revived the remembrance of their youthful days, so that they could scarce imagine the years that had gone.

It was summer time, and the hay was lying about in heaps close at hand. It was quite wonderful in this world of misery and grief to see the enjoyment they got by tumbling over and half-stifling each other on the heaps. Then as to the cricket-match, they were so merry that neither party cared who lost or won.

I don't read poetry much, but I came across some delightful lines by Hood about schoolboys in "Eugene Aram's Dream." Poor fellow! he was a boy as long as he lived. I think when he had written an article he must have refreshed himself with a game at hop-scotch with the children, or kite-flying, or tops and marbles.

But this is apart from the incident I have to relate. After the boys had made themselves merry for a long time, they had some refreshments under the spreading trees; and first and foremost in helping and attending to them was Ambrose. He had an object, of course, which was presently seen.

One of the boys was cutting something with a peculiarly-shaped knife; a companion near him said suddenly—

"Now mind you don't break the handle of that knife, Harry, I am very particular about it."

"Why?" asked his companion.

"Because it belonged to poor Lyndon."
A keen look from Ambrose instantly attracted my attention.

"Probably a favourite schoolfellow?" he said to the lad.

"Yes, he was indeed, poor fellow!"
"Is he not with you still?"

"Indeed he is not; he was found

dead, and how it came to pass nobody ever knew. I don't think he had any friends or relations to look after him. I have been told that the money in payment of his education came secretly. I don't know, I'm sure, but he was a dear fellow, and we were very unhappy when we lost him."

"Yes, yes, we were indeed—poor Lyndon!" echoed at once from half-a-dozen

of the boys who were near.

Ambrose asked the lad no further question. He is a deep fellow. He knew that I had heard the single question he had put to the lad. He knew also, probably, that I had heard the name of Lyndon before.

If astonished at the hint of a further mystery connected with Mr. Lyndon, I was still more so when the next post brought me a letter from Mrs. Tindall.

It ran thus :-

"DEAR MAGGIE—I had intended to continue the confidence I placed in you, and to reveal more about my past life, but my heart failed me. I can write of things of which I dare not speak, yet even as I write the horror of my thoughts almost makes the pen drop from my hand.

"All that is painful and wretched in my position might have been avoided by a frank confession of the circumstances at an earlier period. And I might have lived, if not happy, at least without the fearful load which now presses upon me.

"Oh, Maggie, if I had the courage or cowardice—for I know not which to call it—I might have ended my sorrows ere this by self-destruction, for I have been almost driven to madness by my concealed

griefs.

"It has been said that our own happiness depends upon the sacrifices we make for the happiness of others, but how if the revelation should prove to have an effect different from what we have intended? How, if after sacrificing even our self-respect, we should find it to have been of no avail?

"This is my case, Maggie. When you were sent away it was not by my will or wish. Something in your manner had made you (God knows why) displeasing to Mr. Tindall, and I had no courage to oppose his wishes; yet I always feel that you are a friend, and as a friend, Maggie,

I now address you.

"I bear a secret which I must bear to my grave, if it be not found out. Then, in such a case, I know not what would befall me. Where could I conceal my. self? How could I exist in the presence of those who have known and loved me? Yet few things are ever long concealed.

"Sometimes I fancy I will take my departure to some distant spot, and live alone, and drink the bitter cup to the dregs. If I felt that the past could be swallowed in oblivion, then I might be happy, for whatever my failings have been, I cannot help believing that forgiveness awaits me in another world. Yes, Maggie, there is atonement for the worst of crimes. There seems to be a supernatural power that prevents me from moving, that fills me with horror, that congeals my thoughts and stays my tongue on the very point of a revelation. Alas! Maggie, the poor youth that was found dead—he was my son!"

Some few other common-place remarks were made in this incoherent letter, the contents of which had greatly alarmed me. I could make nothing of it. Yet a dark thought would continually cross my mind with reference to the poor fellow found dead. At one moment I fancied whether it could be possible that Mr. Lyndon had been privy to any foul treatment of the lad, and that of such treatment Mrs. Tindall had become aware, yet dared not tell her husband. Was it possible that she herself, driven to desperation with the thought that her secret must one day come to light, had lent herself to any criminal proceedings? This thought I scouted indignantly, but I still felt grievously puzzled by her strange letter, and wondered how far her weakness had led her.

The simple difficulty of her position appeared to be that, she had concealed the fact of her connexion with Mr. Lyndon from her husband until she became powerless either to keep it any longer or to reveal it. Naturally, in the earlier years of her marriage, she feared the unhappy future that might result from such a revelation; yet the burden had been more than she could bear, and from the vague tone of her letter, I almost feared that her reason would give way under the shock.

CHAPTER X.

I was walking in the park on the following day, thinking about the letter, trying to settle in my mind what my course ought to be, for I like to do right as far as lies in my power. I wandered into

the most secluded part of the park, in order not to be disturbed, but the more I

thought the more I was puzzled.

At first I walked fast, and my thoughts kept pace with my exertion. Then finding that I only got confused, I slackened my pace, and was calmer. How long I wandered thus I hardly knew, but I was standing still at last, holding the letter in my hand, when I was accosted in a tone that seemed very sharp, and almost impertinent.

At first, so absorbed was I in my own thoughts, I did not recognise the voice as calling for me; but I was soon undeceived, for it was repeated again in the same kind of tone, and I felt, as one does sometimes, quite antagonistic, without

knowing why.

ce e?

e-

ve

he

be

be

ve

ld.

he

ne

KS

be

ed

e,

 \mathbb{I}

d

"Hallo! young person, stop a moment,

I want to have a word with you."

Such was the salutation, and I did not like it. I am not much accustomed to stand on my dignity. In fact, there is little use in doing so when once you have gone down in the world, so I merely stopped and looked round for the speaker, being by no means in a pleasant mood.

If there is any one thing that especially annoys me, it is being called a "young person." Why not Mary, or Sarah, or any name at random? I should not quarrel with a good, honest name, I'm

sure.

I turned round quite sharply.

"What do you want with me?" I asked.

"When I am a little nearer, young woman, I will tell you."

I was not quite pleased to hear his very

positive tone.

"Recollect, sir, I am a stranger to you, or you are to me, at least; and this is a part of the park where we do not usually

meet strangers."

"Just the reason for my being here, I can assure you," said the stranger, with enough point in the tone to prove that he imagined he was not a welcome visitor. "Pray what are you, madam?"

The insolent tone in which this question was asked irritated me still more. I was leaving the park as rapidly as I could walk, when I felt a hand upon my shoul-

der, and grew hot in a moment.

"Good heaven! what do you mean by this treatment in a private park?" I said. "Name your business, if you have any, and let me go!"

I had scarcely seen him as yet, for I was so indignant that my sole aim was to

get away from him. As I turned and saw him, I was less alarmed. It was evident that his attentions, though singular, were not indecorous. He had a bold, free, and easy manner of address, and his profession I could not guess for a moment.

"Will this path lead to the house?"

he inquired.

I told him which direction to take.
"But I am not going there," he said.
"Why do you ask the way, then?"

"I want to speak to you without listeners, and the farther away from the

house the better."

"Make haste, then," I answered; "for I assure you I am in no mood to listen to you."

"Probably not, miss; only the law has no law, as you will find if you are not

careful."

"What has the law to do with me?" I asked.

"You have been acquainted with a Mrs. Tindall?"

"Yes."

"And you left her suddenly?"

" Vee

" For what cause?"

"That certainly cannot be your business."

"But it is."

"Prove that, and I will answer you."

"Read this paper, then."

He took from his pocket a legal kind of paper, which I glanced over, and to my horror saw that it was a warrant for the apprehension of Mrs. Tindall on a charge of murder.

"Now, tell me what you know of this, and that quickly," said the man, firmly. "I have come from London for that purpose, and I have not a moment to

lose!"

Bewildered—stunned for the moment, I was some time before I could frame an answer of any kind. What, however, recalled me at once from my confused state was the sight of a piece of paper lying at my feet. I remembered in a moment that this was Mrs. Tindall's letter which I had dropped as the man spoke to me. I leaned forward to pick it up, but probably something hasty in my manner aroused the stranger's suspicions, for before I could reach it his foot was firmly planted upon the unfortunate document, and I had lost it for certain.

Before speaking a word I tried to recall every one of its phrases, to try if by any chance there could be anything to

implicate the writer. But in the midst of my agitation came one direct, positive thought—Mrs. Tindall was not, could not be, guilty of this crime.

With a quiet smile as of one who knew his special business, the stranger now lifted his foot, and without even glancing at the letter, put it in his pocket-book.

"You have been on secret journeys for Mrs. Tindall, have you not?"

This it was probably useless to deny.

"And you did a very injudicious thing, young lady," continued my questioner, "but I suppose you were young and giddy. Now, have you such a person as a Mr. Ambrose about the place?"

"We have," I answered, "one of the most sneaking, deceitful villains in the world, who is called by that name; whether it is his own or not I cannot say."

"Well, you don't waste compliments upon him anyhow; but this being a serious piece of business, you will have to attend to give your evidence respecting Mrs. Tindall."

At first I was very much alarmed at this, but I soon remembered that there was really nothing that I knew likely to implicate her, and therefore I grew easier in my mind.

CHAPTER XI.

Poor Mrs. Tindall, I will save her if I can! was my first thought, and I immediately determined to go to the place where the body had been found and make further inquiries.

A friend of our family was organist at a little church not far from Quiverton, and I thought he might probably give me some information. I also determined to go to the school where young Lyndon had been educated.

The first step seemed to be to find out all particulars about the death of the youth who had been found dead. When I saw my friend the organist, he was by no means hopeful, and advised me to give it up. That I find is the usual way with people. A thing is not quite so easy as they expected. Well, give it up, they say. However, after many inquiries, I found out a school where there had been a youth of that name, for Mrs. Tindall had told me that her child had always been called Lyndon.

It was a strange, rambling old place, this school—an old, half-ruined Elizabethan mansion, a fantastic place, with innumerable birds'-nests stuck beneath its antique gables, with broad staircases, long corridors, and sombre rooms wainscoted with oak. The front of the house looked into a kind of courtyard, and one might have fancied oneself living in a dense town, for nothing could be seen of the country beyond.

I cannot imagine how it was, except that something in the expression of the features influenced me, but amongst the boys at play in the courtyard, I at once singled out one and spoke to him.

"My business is rather singular," I said to the lad, "and I must beg you to answer me a few questions upon which the happiness of another person is staked at the present moment. My first wish is to know if you have always lived here?"

"Well," said the lad, "I can't remember, for nobody ever troubled about me, but I am happy enough."

"But have you no recollection of any

"It is a very long time since anybody inquired for me," said the lad. "But once or twice there has been a lady, who came very quietly and was extremely melancholy. She was always very anxious

not to be known."
"Has any one else visited you?"

"A gentleman came once or twice, very much sunburnt, and left some money and presents with the master; but I fancy he did not care for me much, he did not interest himself in me at all."

"Then these have been your only visitors," I remarked.

"Yes—no—there is an odd sort of pedlar fellow, very quaint and saucy, who comes sometimes and asks me a great many questions."

"Has any pupil from this school been drowned?" I asked.

"Not from this school, but a boy from a neighbouring school lost his life in a most mysterious way. His name was similar to mine, but how he came by his death we never heard. There was an inquest, and the verdict was 'Found dead'—though some of our boys maintain that he was wilfully drowned."

"My dear boy," I said, "I have troubled you with these questions from no idle curiosity." I gave him then my address, and left the selections

"Now it is very evident," I thought to myself, "that I have the clue to the whole mystery. This is beyond all question Mrs. Tindall's son, alive and well; and that villain, Ambrose, knows it. He is acquainted with the details of Mrs. Tindall's past life, and the vagabond is only keeping back the truth to suit his own purposes and make money out of her fears. Whether the Lyndon who was actually drowned be any kin to the Lyndon I have known, remains to be seen."

But my next step must be to communicate with Mrs. Tindall. It was evident that the time had come when all disguise must be thrown off and her husband made acquainted with the bitter truth. Unhappy woman! how much better to have remained single or to have trusted him with the truth before. Yet, as a woman, I find it hard to blame her. How could she know but that he would at once claim to be relieved from his engagement to her, and now it might, after all these years, be more easy to forget and forgive than before!

This, some will say, is a doubtful theory of mine; but all sorts of strange things happen in this world. The poor woman had been more sinned against than sinning. I would save her if I could, and

I tried.

with

eath

ises,

uns-

ouse

and

gin

seen

cept

the

the

nce

" I

to

the

at

to

re-

out

ny

dy

ut

ho

ne-

us

of

n

Mr. Tindall was not a hard man—I was quite sure of that. It might be that a simple, earnest statement of all the details would move him. I very much feared, if the circumstance came before him in a legal shape, he might be too much shocked and disgusted to receive such news quietly.

This, then, was what I did. I went to Mrs. Tindall, and found her, poor soul! more agitated than ever. The wretches who knew her secret were still making use of their knowledge to extort money from her, which she gave, well knowing that at any moment the whole affair

might become known.

Mr. Tindall was away from home, which I was glad of. For when I told her the result of the inquiries that had been made, I thought the poor thing would have gone out of her mind.

She took me again into her confidence, and we talked long and earnestly as to the best course to be adopted. With all my persuasion I could not induce her to reveal the fact to Mr. Tindall. Indeed she seemed to have a dread of my being seen by him, and endeavoured to hurry me away.

Our debate, however, had been prolonged much more than we imagined, and looking up at the timepiece on the mantel-shelf she saw with alarm that it was the hour when Mr. Tindall had promised to return.

"Be quick, Maggie, for Heaven's sake! I would not have you seen here for the world."

"If you wish me to hurry away I will do so," I said; "but really, ma'am, I have a strong conviction that I could be of service to you."

"Not now, Maggie; some other time;

I am not equal to it now, really."

But the die was cast; Mr. Tindall was at the door.

"Let it be now, ma'am," I said, earnestly, "and leave the cause to me. God will bless my effort, of that I am convinced."

There was no answer to my earnest words, for the poor lady had fainted

awav.

I rang the bell, and the housekeeper, a worthy, steady person, took care of her. In the meantime I determined to speak to Mr. Tindall at once, and was shown into the drawing-room.

"Indeed! an unexpected visitor," said Mr. Tindall, somewhat stiffly; "may I ask upon what errand you come, Miss Reed?"

"Upon an errand of mercy, Mr. Tindall; and I believe I am not wrong in coming to you upon such an errand."

"Why to me especially," and he said so with a half smile, which I had always liked when I lived with him.

"It concerns you, sir, nearly."

"Indeed! Come, let us hear the

mystery."

The children were in the room, and I was glad, for he loved them dearly. If anything in the world could favour my cause at that moment it was their being present.

"I come to you on behalf of a poor boy who has no home, no friends, no one in the world to care for him and love him; whose future is a blank if nothing

be done to aid him."

"Well, Miss Reed, there are all sorts of orphan homes and so forth; you surely do not wish me to adopt a child in addition to my own?"

"I think, sir, if you knew the youth I plead for, you would try and help him

in some way."

"Really, Miss Reed, you seem quite earnest. I should like to see this paragon; could I make use of him in the business?"

"I think, sir, you could make use of him in any way, for a more intelligent lad I never saw." "Some friend of your family, I presume,

I was glad to hear him call me Maggie once more.

"I have never seen him but once," I

"That is seldom for such a positive

judgment as you pronounce." "Oh, sir! I felt for that poor child more than I can tell. So innocent-looking and handsome, so intelligent and quick, and to think that he was placed in a remote out-of-the-way school, and had never known a mother's love or a father's care; had never known a home. Fancy, dear sir, those sweet children you love so much being kept ignorant of all that should be dearest to them, and all this to have been caused by a simple misfortune."

Mr. Tindall fondled the children affectionately. As for me I could feel the tears rising in my eyes, for I was afraid I should fail after all.

"What is this misfortune, then, Mag-

gie ?"

"The misfortune of having a mother who, when quite a girl, had been shamefully misled and deceived in her affections."

"No uncommon case, alas!" said Mr. Tindall, with feeling. "Did you know the mother, Maggie?"

"I do know her, sir."

"You seem strangely agitated, Maggie; you are ill, or what can it be thus to move you!"

Before I could volunteer any further explanation, Mrs. Tindall, trembling in every limb, came hurriedly into the room, and falling at her husband's feet, implored him passionately to forgive heronly to forgive her.

"My dear, dear wife, what have I to forgive? Shall I say that I forgive you for making me happy these past few years?"

"But now if all this happiness is to be cast aside; if you thrust me from your door, an outcast !"

"What! What can this mean?" said

Mr. Tindall, in great agitation.

"Speak! speak, Maggie!" said the unhappy wife.

"It means, sir, that the youth of whom I spoke calls Mrs. Tindall mother, as well as these dear ones you love so well."

How I trembled for the effect of my words, and well I might, for there was for a moment an almost unearthly silence in the room, and Mr. Tindall looked ghastly pale. He was the first to speak, however.

"Let him come, Maggie," he said. "For the sake of my dear wife's happiness in the future, I can even forget that such a circumstance has ever taken place. It may be, too, that I may not have great reason to regret it, if the youth is at all worthy. What the neighbours will think of me I must of course be prepared for. In their sight I shall be nothing short of a good-natured fool."

"But in the sight of God, sir?"

"Well said, Maggie. That is worth

thinking of too."

I left them, only too happy to feel that I had rendered the poor lady some service. As to the poor fellow who was found dead, that was a mystery which never came to light. I very much fear there was foul play somewhere, for when the affair began to be investigated, Ambrose, Lyndon, and their boon companions contrived to get out of the way.

I frequently visit the Tindalls, where the youth I rescued is regularly domiciled, and is learning Mr. Tindall's profession with surprising quickness. Mrs. Tindall has since told her husband the story of her past life. I doubted once if she loved him. I shall never have that doubt again.

THE RIGHT THING IN THE RIGHT WAY.

When a young man and a young woman mences, and it depends altogether on the mutually fall in love, their natural wish, abilities and the wish to perform the ob if their passion be a proper one, is to live together as man and wife. Supposing that there are no obstacles in the way, and that their wishes are gratified, the hope and expectation of offspring is a natural sequence. With the gratification of this wish a new order of things com-

ligatory duties, by the principal persons, consequent on this increase, whether the children born of such marriage may be prosperous or otherwise, or whether society, in the abstract, may be elevated or depressed by the addition. We set out from the postulate, that when children

are born to a man, his first duty is to take care of them, morally as well as physically, and in order to do so, that the whole powers of his mind, and whatever ability God may have blessed him with, should be given to that purpose, and have that cardinal end and aim steadily in view. Neither do we end exactly here. If our notions of the father's part seem exacting, so far from relaxing the rule with the mother, our requirements would, if possible, be greater still, because the formative process of the mind of her child is always in the mother's keeping, and woe to her and to society if she does not attend to it, or allows it to escape from under her control! Through the goodness and will of God, a plastic mass has been committed to her charge, but whether for good or evil depends not on the creature, but on the modeller—not on the wax, but on the artist whose future impress it is to bear. It matters little that excuses are ready and apologies always at hand; that circumstances have led to want of cultivation and training; that the exigencies of position must be attended to; that the world, its cares, troubles, or amusements are obstacles to the fulfilment of duties, the imperative nature of which ought to be the first consideration with every human being who has a brain to think, a heart to feel, or a soul to be saved. The world may tolerate such excuses even while it loathes and suffers by them; and the victims of the vicious system are sure, at one period or other, to remember the injustice done them, and to visit on the originators the evils which they have caused. It may, no doubt, be said that even when exposed to neglect, and when surrounded by untoward influences, men (and women too) have soared beyond them, and have become respectable members of society, remarkable for their high sense of duty and irreproachable conduct. We are aware that the fact is so, but then it proves nothing. We do not speak of extremes, but of ordinary processes in general life. We do not mean our observations for those who systematically neglect every portion of their duty, but rather for those who fancy that they are very well performing all that is required of them. For instance, a drunkard or a vicious débauché is quite as likely to excite the disgust of those who immediately suffer by his propensities as any one else; his character reflects on them, his acts degrade them, and his expenditure crip-

o be

100r

Said

the

iom

11."

was

nce

ced

ak,

ud.

pi-

hat

eat all

nk

or.

ot

ch

ples them, so that, on all hands, they have ample reason to be displeased with the example before them, and, if they are wise, to avoid the same course. On the other hand, however, it is fearful to consider what may be the effect of such an example, coming with all the weight of parental authority on a youthful mind. Temperance at home begets temperance abroad; the son whose father can point to his own conduct, and give it as an authority, brings to his admonitions a double weight; his character acts as a makeweight to his inculcations, and he can always and at all times increase the value of his observations by a reference to his own life; while the unhappy man who is conscious of his own errors, and not courageous enough to correct them, must feel that he is doing a many-headed wrong to society, both in his own person, and still more and worse in the persons of his offspring, who may have imbibed his tastes, taken evil example by his laxity, and who at last consider themselves warranted in taunting him as the original author of the evils which he may deplore but cannot repress.

But there is a middle class of errants, and it is to these we address ourselves. Men in business or engaged in active professional life have (say) from four to six children. Then comes the question of questions, as regards this helpless and mobile aggregate. What is to be done with them? How are they to be reared? In the early stages of their career, they are consigned to the "nursery," which may become either a pandemonium or a paradise, according to its arrangements, and according to the character of the persons who are deputed to superintend them. But let us suppose that this first trial of parental patience and affection is got over, and that again the question recurs of "What is to be done" with these helpless and necessarily ignorant creatures committed to our care? Evidently the Christian's answer to such a question as this would be, as it ought to be, "God has committed to us a great charge, and has given us the means to honour him and benefit society by fulfilling our duties to the extent of our ability. We have hours unemployed in the forenoon or the afternoon; in the name of the God whom we profess to serve, let them be given, not to pleasure, indolence, or inattention, but to storing our own minds, which may hereafter be useful to them, and by our teachings render them fitted to become useful in their generation, and fitted by their lives tog face eternity." But, as a general rule, can anyone fairly say that these questions are asked or these preparations made? Should we hear so much of "public education" if they were? and should we so often witness the ill-effects resulting from children driven from their natural homes and hearts for the most impressionable years of their lives, and who, on returning from such unnatural aberrations, are looked upon as "monsters of ingratitude," should they feel towards their parents as strangers, and have no sort of sympathy with home influences, which it cannot possibly be expected they could enjoy, or even form an idea of the value We do not detract from the value of "public schools," or teachers, by the statements we have made. We are quite certain that, with very few exceptions, they are conducted on an excellent plan; all that we contend for is that they are made a pretext for indolence—a conduit for laxity of principle—and a perilous excuse to careless parents, who are willing to throw the care of their children on any one's shoulders rather than their own, and who expect that these pariahs from the parental roof should return to it imbued with all the instincts, associations, and fulness of feeling which might naturally be expected from them had they never left it to dwell among strangers, to adopt their notions, and, peradventure, to have learned many things from the companions to whom they were compulsorily attached, which may influence their after life in a disastrous rather than a beneficial way.

And if this perfect system of "home education," which it is the purpose of our paper to advocate, cannot always be carried out to the full, surely there is a middle course which few men cannot in a large measure adopt. Our great object would be to show the absolute necessity of keeping the children of a family at all times, so far as possible, under the parental influence and eye. It is not on one side but on all sides that such an arrangement must be both publicly and privately useful. The mind of a growing child is exceedingly plastic and inquisitive, and the parents who wish not to lower themselves in the estimation of their offspring will naturally have an inducement so to inform themselves as to meet the requirements of those who ask for information at their hands, and what is possibly of still greater consequence,

will have a direct inducement so to shape the general course of their lives and actions as to form a good example for those whose career is only beginning and whose minds are ready to imbibe any nourishment that is given them. Indeed, in looking through the world, it may, we think, be taken as a well ascertained fact. that those families who have not been separated—those who have been reared under the parental roof-tree, and whose qualities, tastes, and weaknesses have been looked to and cared for-those whose parents have been their friends and familiars, rather than their tyrants or taskmasters, have always been most remarkable for general progress, for stability of conduct, and for purity of life. In truth, it is but natural that such a wholesome consequence should spring from such a healthy cause, and no amount of sophistication can or ought to blind us to the fact. We know that amongst the arguments adduced against this "domestic system," its opponents allege that under "home-training" boys become "milksops" and girls "prudes." But a more accurate investigation would at once disprove so random an allegation; all experience tells us that the youth educated judiciously at home is much more likely to gain an early knowledge of society, and a proper tone, when he is called upon to enter it, than is he whose associates have been all of his own age, and who has never as yet had the great benefit of mixing with those of a riper one, and of hearing the domestic commentaries on the characters, acts, and talents of men whose positions are fixed and whose virtues or infirmities it may be useful for him to know; while, in the opposite and weaker sex, the constant superintendence of an anxious and wellinformed mother can only be underrated by those who have either neglected the duties of one, or who have had no personal experience as a standard to guide them. No doubt the accurate fulfilment of the obvious duties of which we speak involves some trouble and a large amount of time; but we set out as we began, by insisting that this trouble and this time should be cheerfully rendered, and that no amount of false colouring, of specious worldly philosophy, or of idle pleas of "necessity," can exonerate the husband or wife from an amount of responsibility which they knowingly adopt, and to which it is only common justice they should be bound.

J. R.

AN EASTERN JUGGLER.

WHILE travelling through India, between Surat and Nagpore, my body servant one day informed me that a great juggler and snake-charmer wished to have the honour of showing me something of his wonderful skill.

"What can he do?" I asked.

"Almost everything that is marvellous, I've been told," was the answer I received.

"Admit him."

hape

tor and

any leed,

, We fact,

been

ared

hose

lave

nose

and

10

re-

abi-

In

n a

ing

unt

ind

gst his

ege

bes."

1d

n; th

ch

se

n-

d

My servant withdrew, and returned with a small, withered, old man, about whom I saw nothing very remarkable, except his eyes, which were small, black, and piercing, and seemed to have lightning imprisoned in them. I do not know that the man could see in the dark, like a cat; but there was at times that pecuhar fiery appearance of the balls which is so often observed in night-prowling animals. He wore a white vest, Turkish trousers, a sort of crimson petticoat worked with strange devices, a turban of many colours, and red morocco shoes, pointed and turned up at the toes. His arms and neck were bare, and, with the exception of a couple of heavy gold rings in his ears, he displayed no extraneous ornaments. His age I judged to be rising of sixty, and his short moustache was almost white. He made a low salaam, and then appeared to wait to be addressed.

"Your name?" said I, in Hindoostanee.

"Paunjar, your excellency."

"I am told you wish to show me some wonders!"

"If your excellency wills." "Well, what can you do?"

He suddenly produced—from where I did not see and cannot tell—a large ball of twine, which he appeared to toss into my lap, keeping hold of one end, so that it unrolled the whole distance between him and me, at least ten feet, saying, as he did so-

"Will your excellency please examine

what you see?"

Now, I honestly aver that I saw that ball of twine when he threw it as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life—saw it come toward me, saw it unroll, and apparently drop into my lap, so that I brought my knees quickly together to catch it—and yet, when I put my hand down to take it and looked down for it, it was not there-nothing was thereand at the same instant I perceived the juggler balancing it on the end of his

"Pshaw!" said I; "you deceived me by making me believe you threw it to-

"Does your excellency think I have it?" he asked; and before I could answer, I saw, in place of the ball, a large, beautiful rose, which he was balancing by the stem, and yet he had not altered his position and scarcely stirred a finger.

I began to be astonished.

While yet I looked, I saw in his right hand a large cup, and in his left the rose. He stepped forward a few feet, laid the rose down on the ground, and placed the

cup over it.

Here, it will be observed, there was no machinery to assist him—no table, with its false top, concealed apartments, and confederate, perhaps, to effect the change, as we see similar tricks performed in a place fitted up by the magician for the purpose—but only my own quarters, in the full, bright light of day, with myself sharply watching him within five feet, and my attendants grouped around almost as near. Having covered the rose with the cup, as I would be willing to make oath—for 1 saw the rose distinctly, as the hollow vessel, held by the top, went slowly down over it—the conjurer resumed his former place, and

"Will your excellency be kind enough to lift the cup and see what is under it?"

Of course I would have wagered a heavy sum that the rose was still there for one thing, because, expecting some trick, I had kept my eye on it to the last moment, and was certain there was no possibility of its being removed after the hand had let go of the cup at the top. I complied with his request, stepped forward, and raised the cup; but instantly dropped it, and bounded back with a cry of terror—for there, instead of the red rose, was one of the little, green, deadly serpents of India, coiled up and ready for a spring, with its small, glittering eyes fixed intently on mine. Snakes of any kind are my horror; and this one not only horrified me, but all my attendants, who, with cries of alarm, enlarged the circle very rapidly, for they knew its bite to be fatal.

"No more such tricks as these, conjurer!" said I, sternly.

"It is perfectly harmless, your excellency," grinned the old man. walking up to it, lifting it up by the neck, putting its head into his mouth, and allowing it to run down his throat.

I shuddered, and half-believed the juggler possessed of a devil, if not a devil

himself.

He next produced a tube that looked like brass, about two feet long and half an inch in diameter, and next the ball of

twine again.

Where these things came from, or went to, I could not tell. They seemed to be in his hands when he wanted them; but I never observed his hands passing near his dress, either when they appeared or disappeared. When I looked for the cup that I had lifted from the snake, it was gone, and yet neither myself nor any of my attendants had seen this wonderful man pick it up! It was indeed jugglery, if not magic, of the most unquestionable kind!

Through the brass tube the conjurer now passed one end of the twine, which he put between his teeth. He then placed the tube between his lips, threw back his head, and held it perpendicularly, with the ball of twine on the upper end. Then suddenly this ball began to turn, and turn rapidly, and gradually grow smaller, till it entirely disappeared, as if the twine had been run off on a reel. What turned it, or where it went to, no one could see. The juggler then set the tube the other end up, and a new ball began to form on the top, but apparently ribbon, of half an inch in width and of different colours. These rolled up, as if on a bobbin, till it formed a wheel of two or three inches in diameter, when the performer seemed to toss ribbon and tube over his shoulder, and that was the last I saw of either.

He next reproduced what appeared to be the same cup I had lifted from the snake, showed something that looked like an egg, advanced the same as before, and placed the latter on the ground and the former over it, and again requested me to raise it, which I declined to do, fearing I should see another serpent, or something equally horrifying.

"Will anyone lift the cup?" he said,

turning to the others.

No one volunteered to do so, but all rather drew back.

At this he took up the cup himself and appeared to throw it into the air, and there sat in its place a beautiful dove,

which flew up and alighted on his shoulder. He took it in his hand, muttered over some unintelligible words, seemed to cram it into his mouth, and that was the last I saw of that also.

He performed some other tricks similar to these, and concluded with the mysterious bag. This bag-which somehow came into his hands, as did all the other things he used, in a manner unknown to myself-was from two to three feet long and about a foot wide. It looked as if it had been used to hold some kind of flour, and I certainly saw something like the dust of flour fly from it when he turned it inside out and beat it across his hands. He turned it back again, and tied up the mouth of it with a string, muttering a low incantation all the time. This done, he threw it on the ground, and stamped on it, treading it all out flat with his feet. He then stepped back a few paces and requested us all to fix our eyes on it. We did so; and after a lapse of perhaps thirty seconds, we saw it begin to swell up, like a bladder when being expanded with wind. It continued to swell till every part became distended, and it appeared as round and as solid as if filled with sand. Its solidity, however, was only apparent—for when the juggler went up and placed his foot on it, it yielded to the pressure, but immediately sprung back, or rounded out, as soon as that was removed. He then jumped on it with both feet, and flattened it all out as at first. He then went away again; and the bag, being left to itself as before, again began to rise or inflate, but this time as if some animal like a cat were inside of it. In fact I could see where there appeared to be legs; and then, to my utter amazement, I may almost say horror, it began to move toward me, as if impelled by the unknown something in it!

I do not think I am a coward—my worst enemy has never accused me of being one, at least—but I confess that on this occasion my nerves would not let me remain passive, and I retreated from the advancing mystery, and informed the magician that I had seen enough to satisfy me of his wonderful occult powers. At this he smiled grimly, walked up to the bag and trod it down again, picked it up and beat it with his right hand across his left, caused it to unaccountably disappear from my sight, and then made his concluding salaam.

How these wonders were performedby what art, power, or magic—I do not and never expect to know. I have conversed with many persons who have seen quite as strange and unnatural things, but never heard any one give any explanation that I considered at all satisfac-I simply relate what I saw, but scarcely expect any one to credit my statement, well knowing that I myself would not have received such marvels as facts on the testimony of the most reliable friend I have in the world.

"If your excellency wills, I shall now have the honour of showing you how I charm wild serpents," said the necro-

mancer.

his

nut-

rds.

and

mi-

the

me-

all

ner

to

de.

old

aw

om

eat

ck

th

all

he

all

ed

to

er

I had heard something of this singular power and was desirous of seeing it displayed. Accordingly myself and attendants all repaired to an open field, at no great distance, where, after some search, Paunjar discovered a hole, in which he said he doubted not there was a snake.

"But before I call him forth," he proceeded, "I must be assured that some one of sufficient courage will stand ready to cut him down when I give the signal -otherwise, should he prove to be a cobra capella, my life may be sacrificed."

"I will myself undertake that business," said I, drawing my sword.

The man hesitated, evidently fearing to insult me by a doubt, and yet not eager to risk his life on the strength of my nerves, after the display of timidity I had already made. I thought I read all this in the man's face, and I said, very positively—

"Never fear, good sir! I will cut down whatever you bring up this time, be it

snake or devil!"

"My life is at your excellency's mercy," bowed the man, with a show of humility. "Remember the signal. When I raise my hand above my head, may the blow be swift, sure, and deadly!"

He then gave his whole attention to

the business before him. Putting an instrument, not unlike a small flageoiet, to his lips, he began to play a shrill, monotonous, disagreeable sort of a tune, keeping his eyes riveted upon the hole in the ground; and soon after, to my utter astonishment, though I should have been prepared for anything, I saw the ugly head of the hooded snake, the dreaded cobra capella, the most poisonous of all deadly reptiles, come slowly forth, with its spectacled eyes* fixed steadily upon the strange musician, who began to retreat backwards slowly, a step at a time,

the snake following him.

When at length, in this manner, he had drawn the hideous creature some ten or lifteen feet from its hole, he suddenly squatted down and began to play more loudly and shrilly. At this the serpent raised itself on its tail, as when about to make its deadly spring, and actually commenced a dancing motion, in time with the music, which was continued for about a minute, when the charmer gave me the signal to strike. Guardedly and stealthily I advanced near enough for the blow, and then struck, cutting the reptile in two, and sending its head flying to some distance. I never took life with better satisfaction.

Whatever deception there might have been about the juggler's tricks, there was certainly none about the snake, for I have its skin still in my possession. I gave the man a couple of gold mohurs, and he went away perfectly satisfied, wishing my excellency any quantity of good luck. 1 was perfectly satisfied, too, and would not have missed seeing what I did that day for ten times the amount paid.

* A large ring around each eye, gives this fearful serpent the appearance of looking through a pair of spectacles; and it also has a hood for its misshapen head, not unlike a monk's cowl, from which it takes its name.

PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS.

OIL PAINTING.

straight line (which, indeed, not everyone can do)—and that you can, either from a fair knowledge of perspective, or a naturally correct eye, copy any object in the room, as the books on the table,

WE begin by supposing that you can the jar of flowers, or the coal-scuttle; draw-at least that you can make a for though a person may, without being able to draw from nature, produce a highly-finished copy of a picture, there would be more labour than pleasure in the task; while an original, if only a wheelbarrow and besom, grouped with taste, would give far more delight in the doing, and you would acquire an artistic freedom of hand by such studies.

In the next place, we suppose that you can see colours according to nature, for many persons see them too bright, or quite the reverse of what they are.

We will now proceed to describe the materials actually required in this art. If our pupil can command a room to herself as a studio, if ever so small, so much the better. This, however, is not at all needful—a moderate-sized table will be all the space she requires to engross.

An easel, palette, palette-knife, brushes, colours, a little oil and varnish, and some prepared millboard, are all that is necessary; and they are not very expensive.

As a large easel standing on the ground is only fit for a studio, we give a sketch of a "table-easel," which is both simple and portable, and may be made by any carpenter; it will fold up quite flat, and pack at the bottom of a box. It is 18 inches high, 15 wide at the base, 7 wide at the top, 20 long for the leg, 22 for the stand; this is provided with holes, and the leg has an iron point at the end, which fits into the holes, and regulates the inclination of the easel. grooved bar of wood, about 18 inches long, rests on two pegs, which are placed in the holes in front of the easel; this supports the picture.

The palette should be made of mahogany, of an oblong shape, and light in weight.

The palette-knife to mix the colours should be pliant and well-tempered.

Brushes should be carefully chosen, and as they will last a long time with care, it is better to go at once to the first shops; these are, Messrs. Barnard and Son, Oxford Street, and Rowney and Co., Rathbone Place.

The brushes we recommend are, two flat, hog's hair brushes in tin, Nos. 2 and 7; two flat sable brushes in tin, Nos. 4 and 8; three round sable brushes, Nos. 1, 4, and 6.

These seven tools will be amply sufficient to begin with, but some camel-hair ones, in quills, the same as those used in water-colour drawing, may be added; they are very cheap. A brush called a "badger softener" is of use in painting skies, but they are expensive, and may be dispensed with at first.

The colours are inclosed in air-tight metal tubes, and the capsule being unscrewed, you squeeze the colour up from

the bottom of the tubes. We give a list of the most useful colours, and from which almost any picture may be painted. Of these the first six are opaque, and the remainder transparent; we wish the pupil to bear this in mind.

1. Flake white; 2. Naples yellow; 3. Light red; 4. Indian red; 5. Vermilion; 6. Terra verte; 7. Burnt umber; 8. Raw sienna; 9. Burnt sienna; 10. Antwerp blue; 11. Ivory black.

There are also some extra colours, which are of higher price, and used in finishing; these are, French ultramarine, and madder lake. These are very beautiful, and are chiefly used in sky tints, and in delicate flesh tints.

The price of the tubes of paint is sixpence each, that of the extra colours one and sixpence each; but they last for a long time.

Of oils and varnish, you require some raw linseed oil, some light drying oil, a bottle of mastic varnish, a little spirits of turpentine, and a little olive or eating oil.

The prepared millboards for painting on are of all sizes, from 6 inches by 8, to 24 by 20, and the prices are from sixpence to three shillings each. Academy boards are similar, but thinner and cheaper, and may easily be cut to what size you like. Oil sketching-paper (which is only drawing-paper covered with two or three coats of paint) is cheaper still, and for first trials is very useful. It must be fastened with drawing-pins to a board when used, or if a very small sketch, it may merely rest on a board or a book. We prefer these boards to canvas, which is dear, and requires to be put on a stretching frame. With the addition of a small tin "dipper," or gallipot, and a few clean rags, our materials are complete; and we proceed to explain to our friends the manner of using them.

The palette must be prepared for use by rubbing into it as much raw linseed oil as it will absorb; repeat this for two or three days, and then rub it dry with a rag. It will now have a fine polished surface, and the colour will not sink into it.

Your subject must be sketched on the millboard before you begin your painting operations—a fine light pencil is best for small pictures, but chalk or charcoal is generally used for large subjects. A wet rag is better than India-rubber for correcting mistakes. Let your lines be

as few and light as possible, and make the drawing very carefully, that you may not be troubled with alterations when you

begin to paint.

ve a

rom

ited.

the

the

OW;

rmi-

per: 10.

uch

ng;

der

are

ate

IX-

ne

r a

me

of

ng

You now mix up in the dipper (which is a little tin cup, made to fix on the palette, though a pomade-pot with a cover does quite as well) the "Vehicle," which is a preparation of oil and varnish, used to temper the colours and make them work pleasantly. There are many kinds of "vehicles," and artists differ greatly in their choice. That known as "Megilp" is what we advise, and is made by mixing equal parts of the mastic varnish, and light drying oil; stir it for a few moments, and it will become a kind of jelly. Make no more than you require for your day's painting: half a teaspoonful of each is enough.

You now "set your palette," as it is termed, that is, you squeeze out of the tubes portions of colour about the size of a nut, and lay them along the upper edge of the palette, beginning from the thumb side in the following order—white, Naples yellow, raw sienna, burnt sienna, light red, Indian red, vermilion, terra verte, umber, blue, and black. You have thus ample space for mixing, with the knife, the various tints on the lower part of the palette. The lighter tints are generally placed on the right-hand side of the palette. White or black is usually combined with all colours, as they are required lighter or darker. To make any tint, take on the point of the knife a small portion of megilp, and the colours you want, mix them on the palette, scrape them up, and lay in gradations. The following is a set of flesh-tints for a head or figure :-

LIGHTS.—White and a little Naples yellow; white, Naples yellow, and vermilion; white, vermilion, or light red.

MIDDLE TINTS .- White, black, and vermilion; white, black, and Indian red; white terra verte, and a little vermilion.

SHADOW TINT.—Black, Indian red,

and a little umber.

The tint of pearly blue we see under the eye is produced by white, vermilion, and ultramarine. For the greenish shade on the forehead and complexions of sallow persons, the terra-verte tint is beautiful.

Having the palette now set, you are all ready to begin to paint. Place your picture at a convenient height, so that you may not stoop to it; the left hand holds the palette, and the "rest," or "mahl stick" on which you support the right hand, as shown in the engraving. The hands should be at some distance from the body, and the artist should sit rather erect; so there is no danger of injuring the



chest. It is better to copy at first from a painting, matching the tints as nearly as possible, by holding them close to the original, on the knife. It is, however, very good practice to copy from engravings, where the artist must use her own taste in the colouring.

We will imagine a sketch of a "little shrimper," and will now direct our pupil how to paint it throughout; it is an easy study, and will make a pleasing picture.

The sky round the head, cool grey cloud, composed of black, white, and vermilion; above the cloud a little blue sky of ultramarine and white, and a few streaks of white, Naples yellow, and vermilion at the horizon. The distant hill—shades of white, black, and vermilion; the nearer rocks—shades of white, black, and raw sienna; the ground or shore—raw umber, white, or raw sienna, white and black; the lightest part of the sea—black, white, and Naples yellow, melting off to black, and white, and a little blue; the pool of water in the foreground—black, white, burnt sienna, and a little grey in the lights (as the reflection of the sky); the basket and net-black, umber or sienna; the face, hands, and legs may be painted with the flesh tints, and a little Indian red and vermilion for the lips, and black and burnt sienna for the eyes; the cap—for the darks, Indian red, black; middle tintvermilion, Indian red; high light-vermilion and white. For the fold of white round the neck-white, subdued with umber; for the jacket—raw sienna, burnt sienna, and black in the shadow, and raw

sienna and white in the light; for the trowsers—tints of blue and black, and blue and white; for the boots—black and a little Indian red, with white touches of

light.

Paint in the sky first with a flat sable brush, not overloaded with colour, and rub it well in, so as to have no thick patches of colour on the board—soften with a hog's-hair tool. The distance must also be painted with little body of paint. With a small brush lay in the face, the eye and the dark parts first, with more colour in your brush than for the sky; then work downwards at the dress, &c., finishing as correctly as you can, laying on the lights with a flat sable, and with thicker colour than the shadows. The net must be painted with thin colour over the sky. This finishes the first painting, or "dead colouring," as it is called. When quite dry (which in summer time will be in a day or two, but in cold damp weather longer), wash it with cold water, and dry it with a soft cloth; this is to prevent the colours from running, and working as if they were greasy when you begin to paint again. Rub over the parts you intend to paint with a brush wet with a little linseed oil or megilp, so as to leave the *least possible* quantity on the painting. This makes the colours combine with the first painting, and also enables you to wipe them entirely off, if you cannot succeed to your mind, while the previous work remains as

Go over the painting with the same tints as in the dead colouring, correcting, improving, and softening, making the high lights rather lighter, laying them on with spirited touches, and with rather stiff colour.

For the third, or last painting, when perfectly dry, wash and oil as before, and touch up, where it is needed, with the delicate flesh tints, adding a little madder

lake on the cheeks.

The "glazing" is put on at this stage of the picture—that is, laying some transparent colour, mixed only with megilp, over any part, to enrich and give it depth; thus, some burnt sienna, glazed over the red cap, will have a very good effect. It must be put on sparingly, so as to see the former paintings through it, and even taken off entirely with a rag or the finger, in some places, as on the highest light. In the same manner may the jacket be glazed with burnt sienna, the trowsers with blue, and a little madder lake in the shadows, to enrich them.

We will now give a few general hints on working up a painting:—

Lay your colours on steadily and boldly, with as few strokes of the brush as you can help. Keep your tints pure and distinct, each in the place you mean it to be. Do not, by going over and over them with the brush more than you can avoid, muddle and mix the tints, for some tints destroy each other, and the transparency and beauty of the painting will be lost. In softening or uniting two tints, it is best either to use an intermediate shade, or else, with a clean brush and no colour, to melt them together. Much depends on the first painting. It should be lighter in colour than the picture is intended to be, as all colours sink, more or less, into the ground as they dry, and it can easily be glazed and toned down to the proper colour. The shadows should be put on in thin colour, the lights with a greater body of paint, with a sharp and firm touch. The brightest lights may be painted quite white, and glazed to the intended hue; but, though beautiful effects are produced by glazing, it is dangerous for the student to be too free in the use of it. Be as careful as you can in the earlier paintings, for it is impossible to glaze a bad picture into a good one.

"Scumbling" is the reverse of glazing, and is done by going over the painting when quite dry, with opaque tints of a lighter hue, generally with a mixture of white. It is of use in cooling down colours that are too bright, and in making objects appear more distant; smoke, mists, and the haziness of the far-off hills are thus produced. It should be laid on very thinly with a hog's-hair tool. Scumbling, however, must not go over shadows, as

that would spoil their depth.

In painting a head, begin with the eyes and nose, then the forehead, mouth, cheeks, and hair; then go to the background, commencing at the top of the picture, and working down to the head. Backgrounds are very various, but there is generally a little lightish tint near the face, which melts off into a deep shadow to the upper part of the picture. In black hair, or draperies, mix a little Indian red, to give a warmth and harmony. A brilliant effect is produced by some painters, who lay the first colouring of a head in grey tints only, composed of black, white, and Indian red, of different shades, using pure white for the high lights; and when dry, glaze it all over with madder lake and raw sienna; then put on the carnation tints, and point up the shadows with burnt sienna and black. This would answer best for a large head, and is only one of the vagaries in which artists indulge. Let a beginner get the picture as like the copy in colour as possible in the first painting,

though rather lighter in tone.

ints

dly,

you

dis-

be.

nth

idle

roy

and

In

est

or

to

on

in

be,

he

be

ur.

un

of

he

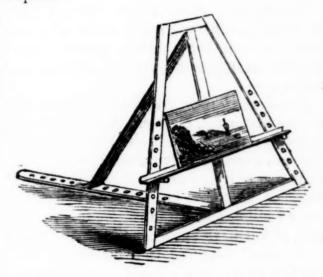
ite

ed

nt

re

During the progress of the work, frequently retire and look at it from a distance, to judge of the effect; to examine it also in a looking-glass is a good plan to detect any faults in the drawing. If you are copying from anything in nature, either landscape or figure, look at it occasionally with the eyes half-closed, or through a tube or roll of paper; the lights and shadows will by this means appear more distinct and defined, and the object more raised, and be more easily copied.



As LANDSCAPE PAINTING is one of the most favourite branches of the art, so it is one of the easiest; for while keeping the general outline of a view, we can allow ourselves much latitude in details; we may make our trees more full in leaf, our rocks more moss-grown, our rivers more clear, and either bathe our scene in the golden light of sunset, or make it solemn with "dark driving clouds," without in any way affecting the truthfulness of the scene. The love of landscape painting, too, is fostered by that taste for rural things, and the sweet home feeling which belongs in so peculiar a manner to the English. Indeed, what land can boast more leveliness than England, or present more varied aspects to the artist?

It is of course difficult to give precise directions on a subject which takes so wide a scope as landscape painting, and it would perhaps be better for the student to make the first essay from a finished painting, or a sketch coloured on the spot by a competent artist, than to commence

from Nature herself.

The hints which we will give shall apply to any style of landscape.

The sky is always put in first, beginning with the blue of the sky, and working downwards with the various tints, be they golden or grey, according to the aspect you have chosen. In a clear unclouded sky, the blue is deepest above our heads, and melts off to the horizon, till it becomes a tender grey. Ultramarine and white is the purest sky tint, and a little black and vermilion combined with it gives the most beautiful greys. Clouds are painted over the clear sky with deeper shades of grey, or with a little umber mixed with it; their bright edges are put on after the work is dry, and may be pure white or some flesh-coloured tint, according to the reflection of the sun. Lay the colour on sparingly with one of the larger brushes, in touches or parts, from left to right, beginning from the left-hand corner of the picture. The distances are put in with the grey sky tints, but a little darker The sky and distance should be softened with a large brush, and allowed to dry before proceeding to the other

parts.

Trees if thin of leaf, and showing much light through them, should be painted over the sky, otherwise they may be laid in at once in masses of light and shade, and the leaves made over them when dry, with little touches of the brush, and rather thicker colour. There are many different "touches" for foliage, and it requires a little practice to get the habit of doing it well; some with a fine brush with plenty of colour in it, make a kind of little loop, as if they were going to write the letters O or C; this leaves an oval full touch. Sometimes a brush is crushed flat upon the colour, and stabbed on the painting; this leaves a star-like touch. Or an old hog or flat sable brush, with the hairs worn, and of different lengths, is used for a jagged foliage. These various touches may be pointed up and corrected by a fine brush. The receding parts of the foliage and the leaves that come against the sky, are painted with thin transparent colour, with a small tool; the light touches with opaque tints. Foliage should not be made too glaring a green. A good set of tints is made of blue, raw sienna, and white, blue and burnt sienna; and for light touches, raw sienna and white, or Naples yellow alone; for the dark shadows no blue is needed; shades of black and raw and burnt sienna give a warm olive tone. The lights may

be glazed with sienna and a little blue to enrich them. You may produce the rough bark of near trees by painting the trunks rather dark, and putting over rugged, uneven touches of lightish grey, with a very full brush, and glazing it when dry with black and burnt sienna. For trees which are at some distance, and whose foliage appears of a greyish yellow cast, use Black Naples yellow, and white; for very distant trees, add the French blue and a little light red, to give the atmo-

spheric tint.

The foreground must be painted with stronger colours, larger brushes, and bolder touches. For stalks of grass and weeds, a fine pointed brush is used, and jerked upwards, which gives a spirited touch. For flat rocks or stones the lights are sometimes put on with the palette knife, the colour being taken on the knife, and laid upon the picture, in the manner (to use a homely simile) of spreading bread and butter; but as a nervous hand would most likely fail in this, the brush is the safest for a beginner. The foreground shadows should be glazed with rich tones of browns and olives. When the painting is finished to your mind, by touching upon it here and there (though you must be careful not to do too much, and spoil the spirit of it), you may scumble the distances; and the sky if too blue, with white alone, or any grey tint; this gives a misty softness to the whole, and brings it to a conclusion.

We have thus given a few general rules for landscape painting, which is all we can do, nature's tints being innumerable.

We must not forget to give some directions for *cleaning up*, on which all your comfort in painting depends, if not much of the beauty of the picture; and the young lady who is content to leave her painting things to put by "to-morrow," will not only make no figure as an artist, but will never excel as a housewife. Never leave your tools uncleaned till next day; the paint will dry on the palette, and the oil in the brushes, and soon spoil them. Take up, on the knife, all the bits of pure colour you have to spare, and lay them on a plate; pour over them as much cold water as will cover them, and they will keep several days soft and workable. Scrape off the palette all the waste colour and oil; wipe it with a rag; pour on it some linseed oil, in which clean all the colour out of the brushes; wiping them, now and then, with a rag; dip them in clean oil, which is to remain in them. Wipe the dirty oil off the pa-

lette; put a little fresh on it, and rub it clean and dry. Be careful to keep it, and also the brushes, from dust. If some days are likely to elapse between your paintings, clean the brushes with spirits of turpentine, and dip them into olive oil, they may then be left for a fortnight without getting stiff, or "tacky"—the turpen. tine must be all wiped from them, or it will eat away the hair. Wash the hog tools in soap and water-warm is bestdry them by rubbing lightly and quickly over a cloth. After using oils or varnish, wipe the mouth of the bottles, to prevent the corks sticking fast; wipe the tubes, too, after using, that they may screw properly. All this may be speedily done with plenty of rags (old stockings make the best) and a newspaper underneath, with a very slight soiling of the fingers.

Having now carried you through the practical part, we will speak of the subjects most suitable for a lady's pencil. The various branches of art are divided as

follows:-

The historical or grand style, which includes historical, classical, and Scriptural subjects; this is the highest branch, and few can hope to arrive at excellence in it, as it not only requires a thorough knowledge of anatomy, but a fertile and well-stored mind, and we must confess few, if any, ladies have succeeded in it.

Portrait painting is a delightful field for the pencil, and affords more pleasure

than almost any other branch.

Strive to make the likeness interesting, not only as a portrait, but as a picture. Avery slight thing will do this; for instance, a lady insists on being painted in her most fashionable evening dress, the figure, though now worthy of a place in Le Follet, will in a few years appear ridiculous; but fling a shawl, hood-like, over the head, and you have a pretty and piquant picture, though the rich folds of the drapery may hide some of the achievements of the dressmaker.

Landscape, which includes Marine subjects, is a most popular style, and on a small scale one of the most suitable for

ladies.

Flower Painting in oil we do not admire, for though some of the Dutch masters have bequeathed us many most highly-finished pieces, the water colours of the present day give a far more brilliant effect.

Genre Painting is a term taken from the French, and is defined as "pictures of life and manners." This is, we think, the most delightful of all styles, both to the artist

and the beholder. "Pure nature, true humanity, national character, as revealed by domestic manners, all the passing events of life, &c., form the circle of true Genre Painting." A child caressing her kitten, a market woman offering her fruit, some episode of life, gay or sad, are fitting subjects for this style. Fruit or game pieces, and still life, may also be classed under this head.

ab it

, and

some

your

units

e oil.

vith-

pen-

or it

hog

st—

ckly

ush,

rent

bes,

one ake ath, the

Cts Che as

in-

ral

ind

it,

W-

ell-

, if

eld

ire

ıg,

re.

u-

er

ts

Thus we have explained the chief branches of art.

Take our advice, fair reader, keep your eyes open; there are pictures all round us, if we could only see them. The most

trifling incident, chosen and treated with taste, makes a picture. Do not say, then, you can find nothing to paint; if you live in the country every village has its well, and every well has its group of gossiping crones, or sunburnt damsels; if in a town, the street, however new and genteel, will have its patient organ-boy and tame mice, or anxious maiden waiting for the postman's rap, and many other little scenes which have a story to tell. Accustom yourself to sketch in pencil anything of this sort which strikes you, from life, if possible, or recollection.

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET.

"THERE certainly is no other alternative, Miss; you see yourself how black the flesh is becoming, and how badly the bones are thrown out, and swollen. I think that I rank among the best physicians here, and I have done all that skill can do to prevent this evil, which, from the first, I have feared."

"You do not mean the cruel thing, doctor? I, so young, to suffer amputation of my foot and become a cripple for life!"

"You have heard what I say, and you know what I mean."

"Yes, I understand you, but it shall not be done! If there isn't medical skill enough to save my foot I will die with it on; I choose to do so."

Dr. Steele raised his brows in a significant manner, and a half-smile passed over his face.

"I have heard people talk before," he said.

"Doubtless you have," she answered; "but you never heard me talk before in this manner, you will allow."

"Very true, Miss, very true; and as you are so very sure of what you will and what you won't do—as I have done all I can—I presume you intend to dispense with my services."

"Yes, sir, I do. Your bill?"

He told her his price, and received his

"Oh, Mrs. Osgood, this is awful!"
Rosy Burton sobbed out as soon as the door shut after Dr. Steele. "I can never bring my mind to harbour the idea.

Is there no chance to avert it? Do tell me; is there none?"

"My poor dear," said her kind adopted sister, "there is one more faint chance; that is, you can try one other physician."

"Who? where?" asked the beautiful cripple, with nervous eagerness.

"Let me think—what is his name? Guil—Guilford—I believe, is a very celebrated surgeon and physician, although a knave of bad reputation, otherwise. He resides about twenty miles from here on the Boylston road. Perhaps you—"

"I will try him. When can I have your carriage?"

"Any time—to-day or to-morrow."
"Then I will go this afternoon."

Their conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of several lady callers.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Osgood, and Lutia, and Miss Burton, how are you?" were the several salutations of the ladies. They ran in, they said, to see if it were really true what they had heard Dr. Steele tell a brother M.D., that Miss Burton had got to lose her foot—suffer amputation.

"Not at present," said Rosy, emphatically.

"Why, what will you do? You don't dispute his medical skill, do you?"

"Yes, somewhat; at least, he never will take my foot off."

"Well, what do you think of doing?"
"I am inclined to try Guilford's skill;
Mrs. Osgood says he is celebrated."

"Oh," ejaculated they all in a breath,

(

"notorious, you mean! Mrs. Osgood, you do not, certainly, mean for your sister to place herself in the hands of that man? She will lose her reputation,

surely."

"Come, now, Rosy, which do you prize most," fidgeted Lutia, Mrs. Osgood's sister, "your foot or your reputation?" and she laughed one of her little

ripe, musical laughs.

"Why," said Rosy, sarcastically, "if my reputation is such a slippery affair as to warrant my losing it in so simple a manner, why—I prefer my foot, I think, as it would be likely to stand my friend through many ills."

"But, my dear, do you know common report—" Rosy saucily broke in and

finished the sentence.

"Know common report, Mrs. Wiers? Certainly, and its reputation is full as bad for lying as Guilford's can be for other transgressions."

Lutia laughed again, and hitched her

witchy little body nearer Rosy.

"But I wouldn't place myself in his bands for all the feet in the world. They say no female is safe in his hands. I really would not go, Miss Burton."

"I really shall go; and if no female is safe in his hands, I am not afraid."

"But the world, my dear—do you not value the opinions of your friends?"

"Of my friends—yes, and I am in no fear of losing their good opinion. As for the gainsaying multitude, I have ever found those who dared to do their duty the purest in heart and purpose, while those who cringed and bowed possessed no individuality, and were in the end no more highly esteemed for their servility of manner."

"True," spoke Mrs. Elwood, while the ladies felt that there was an argument put forth that they could not gainsay nor dispute. "But, Rosy, my dear, James is in waiting with the carriage; let me assist you to make ready for your ride."

In a few minutes Miss Burton, with her crutches, and the aid of her adopted sisters, made her way to the carriage, and with a groan of pain sank back upon the cushions.

"Bless you, sister Rosy, I wish that

I could go with you."

"There is no need, dear," answered the fair sufferer. "I will let you know at the earliest moment what the doctor thinks of the case."

"Do; we shall await with anxiety the

result of your journey. Drive carefully and slowly, James. No matter if your arrival is late. I have dispatched word to the physician notifying him of your coming."

Rosy threw them a kiss, and the carriage moved slowly away, every motion, however, sending a thrill through the

tender, sensitive limb.

We will stop to say but one or two words concerning the occupant of the carriage. She was of English descent proud and self-willed, but of warm affec. tions, and as beautiful as heart could wish. Just at the age when life has rosv tints and love is real and bright, yet when the impulses struggle fiercely with reason which would restrain them. She was adopted into the family of John Marks, and was treated with the same affectionate consideration that fell to the lot of Mrs. Osgood and Lutia, her foster sisters. They were wild—she and the unmarried sister, Lutia—full of health and boisterous spirits, and during one of their crazy freaks, out on the old farm in the suburbs, they had started on a breakneck race, much to the delight of good brother Marks, who laughingly watched the frolic, and Rosy making a strategetic leap to cradle her sister's outstretched arms, her foot struck on a round rock, which, rolling, threw her forcibly from a slight elevation on to a ledge below. Here she lay in convulsions of laughter, although she was aware of bruising herself severely, until her sister had scrambled down beside her, when, attempting to arise, with a cry of pain she fell back. Still they thought it nothing but a bad sprain. After a while she succeeded in getting to the house, where they narrated their accident in great glee; but on removing the boot and stocking they found the ankle swelling badly, and becoming every moment more painful. This occurred four weeks before she is introduced to the reader. Mrs. Marks had tried all the usual remedies, but the sprain defied her skill, and so Rosy was sent to the city, to Mrs. Osgood's, where the best medical skill was brought into requisition with the results that we have seen. To say, however, that Rosy felt very pleasantly in her mind while riding towards Dr. Guilford's mansion, would be to misrepresent her feelings. Nothing but the present great occasion would have tempted her to come voluntarily in contact with a man of his evident character. The jolting of the carriage

caused her great pain, and a feeling of faintness oppressed her so that she had to quite lie down upon the soft seat. She was nearly unconscious when it came evening. The moon lit up the lonely road, but she was in no state to appreciate its beauty and its charm. The last few miles of their journey passed unheeded by her. The stopping of the carriage aroused her. They were standing in a broad avenue of trees, which, interlacing their branches overhead, cut the moonlight into checks and dots, and reflected it thus upon the white sand below. The driver alighted and pulled the bell of the mansion, that, in the moonlight, loomed like some olden castle with turret and pillars tall. A moment later the door was flung open quickly, and slippered feet ran down the stone steps, and opening the carriage door, Dr. Guilford lifted Rosy out in his arms and bore her into the house as gently as he would have done a sleeping infant. She was too exhausted to speak or offer resistance. After depositing her on the sofa, he opened a door leading into the hall, and called with emphatic quickness,—

"Amanda, some wine!" A woman of singular but startling beauty almost immediately entered with a goblet full of Madeira, and approaching them, for Guilford was bending over Rosy, and removing her hat and shawl, she fixed her large, brilliant eyes upon them with such a look that Miss Burton

felt a shudder creep over her.

"Some liniment, my girl," he ordered again, in a very distinct, decided manner —a manner that Rosy rebelled against as

tyrannical.

fully

Your

WOIT

your

car.

tion.

the

two

the

cent.

ffec-

ould

rosy

yet

with

She

ohn

ame

the

ster

the

alth

e of

n in

ak-

00d

hed

etic

hed

ck,

n a

OW. ter,

er-

m-

ing

ek.

ad m

ted

re-

nd

ing

00-

ed

all

ed

he

est

Γo

ng ld

"You are pretty well exhausted, my dear, are you not?" he asked in low, sweet tones, so different from his voice when addressing Amanda, that his patient involuntarily raised her eyes to his face; but she quickly veiled them again from the look of ardent admiration that was fixed upon her.

"Is your ankle very painful, dear?" again asked those sweet, earnest tones.

"Very," she answered, faintly. "Well, we will bathe it to-night to take the swelling out, and let it go until morning, as I wish to have daylight to make the examination."

"As you please." "Amanda!"

"Well, sir?" said she, on entering.

"Tell Minerva to bring in some pillows. We will extend this sofa into a bed, and make you comfortable here to-night. I did not get word of your coming in season to have your room in order. It will be prepared in the morning."

"Any way," she answered, half unconsciously, for the soothing effects of the wine and the liniment, after her long, painful and exhausting ride, left her in

sleeping unconsciousness.

She was aroused in the morning by a soft, cool hand upon her brow. She opened her eyes with a start, and on attempting to arise nearly threw her arms around Guilford's neck, he had bent so low to ask how she felt, and how she had rested.

"I presume that you have been rather warm; any one is who lies down with their clothes about them in warm weather. Your room is arranged upstairs. And how is this ankle?" he went on, chatting quickly and pleasantly, not allowing her time to think of her embarrassing and

painful situation.

"Carry the bandages upstairs, Minerva! Ah! never mind, dear, I would rather that you made no attempts to walk;" (Rosy resolutely strove to rise, but the attempt was like putting raw flesh into the fire.) " Now, it will not do. You are small and light; just allow me to take you in my arms. There!" as he deposited her in her chamber, on a couch soft as down, "we made the passage safely and easily, I hope."

She bowed and smiled. She was faint with dread of what was to come. He unwound the bandages, and placed his soft, warm fingers here and there, asking questions all the time to take up her

"Sensitive, very, isn't it? How long since the sprain? Four weeks? That's too long waiting. Bad sprain; and Dr. Steele advised amputation? He did not recommend me to you, I'll warrant! Ah! that hurts, does it?" He had slightly pressed the foot, and Rosy had given a quick, low cry. "So, this is bad indeed. Bah! what ignorance. A A sprain! sprain: the bone is badly fractured, and misplaced. Now, Rosy, dear, summon your woman's courage for a few moments. It is bad, dear, but hold as still as possible. Ah! this is cruel !--sh! that strain is agonizing! There now, dear, it moves -it straightens! Hold! I have it now! Quick! some spirits! Poor girl!" This was said as Rosy with a quick wild cry raised her arms convulsively, and fell back in a deathly faint. "Let her be. Make no.

6 - 2

efforts to recall her until this is well over."

He worked with quick and dexterous fingers, and when Miss Burton returned to consciousness the worst was over.

"How do you feel now?" he asked in

sympathizing tones.

"Oh, infinitely better," was her re-

lieved reply.

"I thought so," he gladly said; "it was cruel suffering, but it had to be done. It was a painful task."

"And you think that you can save my

foot?"

"Oh, yes, yes. It will be weak a long time; perhaps the joint may always be a little distorted; but the foot can be saved."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! Bless

Heaven for the assurance."

"I must leave you now; but be not alarmed at any noises that you may hear, for my house is full of all sorts of patients. No one will disturb you. If you wish for anything just touch this bell-cord, and one of my girls will attend you."

He stooped and placed his hand upon her brow for no earthly reason; but a thrill ran along every fibre of her being. She was sensible of a strange, subtle influence. She was glad to be left alone, that she might collect and analyze her feelings. Everything seemed to tend to convince her of the truth of the accusations that she had heard concerning him. Probably he had a housekeeper, but what object could there be in his having those two beautiful young women in attendance as his body-guard? And his manners—so earnest, tender and loving! he was just the man to impress at first sight, a young, susceptible nature. A tide of new, strange feelings surged through her soul. Let time develope the doctor's sentiments.

Two or three days passed away without any especial incidents. In that time Rosy had written home to apprise them of her fair prospect of recovery from her

She was in a happy, delicious state of repose when she was awakened by Guilford's voice, harsh, stern and commanding.

"I tell you I will not have this! Stop

such wild, senseless raving !"

"Oh, you have ceased to love me! Wretched, wretched, ruined girl that I am!" The voice pleading so mournfully was that of her attendant, Amanda. She heard him reply fiercely, his voice hissing between his shut teeth,—

"-sh! Be still! If she should hear you, I would -" The rest was lost Still the plaintive voice talked on with quick and heavy sobs. Then came the sound of a door flung madly back, and the quick strides of a man in angry haste; the opening and shutting of another door, and with a shudder she realized that the girl had been forcibly conveyed to her room. Then came the sound of steps on the stairs—the steps that she had learned to listen for and love too well. She turned her face to the wall, and feigned to be asleep. He entered the room, came to her couch and bent over her, waited a moment, and then stole out

That night Minerva, a sparkling brunette with marked and rather singular features, was her attendant. After she had been made comfortable, and was left alone for the night, she in vain strove to sleep. For hours she lay awake turning her head nervously, only to see on every side the bright seducing beauty of Guilford's face. At last she slept, only to be awakened near midnight, by the stealthy sound of footsteps near her bed.

"Who is here?" she cried with

terror.

"Hush! don't let him hear me; he would kill me. I came to warn you. Do not love him! do not love! See here! see me! a wreck! and he—is he not beautiful? Does not his hand awake the sweet, low under-tones of the soul? He is interested in you. Everything must be pleasant for his 'beautiful Rose,' as he has called you—called you to me, who claim him as mine—mine! do you hear, girl? mine! traitor that he is—traitor! Beware of him! Shun his advances!"

Amanda vanished as she came, while a cold clammy sweat oozed out from Rosy's stricken brain, it seemed to her, and trickled down her cheeks and neck. Various emotions mingled in conflict within her soul. She now more fully realized that, in the brief period that she had known him, Guilford had absorbed every affection of her ardent nature. With that soft and winning address of his he had blended the most affectionate attentions. Those melting eyes of his held her as with a magnet's power.

The next morning, with one of his brightest smiles, he entered her room and inquired after her health. After this he sat down beside her, and taking her

hand in both his, remarked-

"Ah! you are a little feverish! How is this? Are you homesick, dear?"

"Yes," she answered, with difficulty restraining the tears; "when shall I be

able to go?" "Not for some weeks yet, my Rosy."

She turned her head restlessly, feeling that she could not stay there long; she should go mad and die. The racket and noise of the other patients did not distress her; it was only the wild unrest of her soul. He noticed her movement, and said-

"You do not rest easily. Let me re-

arrange your pillow."

l hear

lost.

With

e the

, and

naste;

door,

at the

o her

ps on

arned

She

igned

oom,

her,

out

bru-

gular

r she

left

ve to

ning

very

duil.

o be

uthy

with

he

 D_0

ere!

not

the

He

t be

he

who

ear,

or!

his

le a

sy's

and

eck.

lict

ally

she

bed

ire.

ot

ate

his

his

om

his

ier

"I am very well off--" she began, but he already had her in his arms, and was turning a cool pillow for her head.

"Oh, Rosy," said he, clasping her to his bosom, "never be homesick! Stay here with me, Rosy! Love, love me!"

She turned away from him with a sharp,

angry manner, saying-

"Don't, don't, I pray, talk thus. certainly did not expect this of you."

"No, no, dear, we did not expect this, either of us. When I received Mrs. Osgood's note, saying that her sister Rosy was coming to me, I did not think that I should never let her go again."

"But I shall go; I shall go away

again."

"Not if I can help it, Rosy. I believe that if you knew your own heart you would love me."

"Do you deserve it?"

"Me? why not? Ah, ha! I have it. Their accursed slander has even reached your ears;" and an angry scowl distigured his face. He laid her back upon the pillow, and strode from the room.

Oh, she was so sorry that she had spoken thus. How grieved he looked. How her heart ached, and how she wept by herself while thinking of the warning of her midnight visitor. That there was a mysterious connexion between Guilford and these two girls she could not doubt; and then that strange manner of his! How often he had held her hands in his until the pulses leaped with magnetic life, and those magnificent eyes of hishow he had held her with his glance until, faint and powerless, she dropped the lids unable to withstand their mute attraction. What should she do! what should she do!

"How swiftly the shadows have fallen this evening, Rosy; but not so swiftly as they will fall when you leave me. During

our brief acquaintance, beautiful girl, I have learned to madly love you. Can you not trust me?"

"Do not tempt me to answer; do not ask me!" and she put her hands before

"And you leave me to-morrow, and perhaps we shall never meet again.

Oh, yes, we shall meet somewhere;"

she spoke earnestly.

"I wish, dear, that your pure mind had never been poisoned thus towards me."

She thought to herself—

"Alas! that I should have proof of his

treachery!"

Sad and with aching hearts they parted on the morrow, for Miss Burton's lameness was so much better that she was allowed to return home—to return home to spend many a sad hour thinking of him who in spite of all, in spite of herself, held her heart's best affections.

Months had passed since Rosy had left Dr. Guilford, and, almost entirely recovered from her lameness, she was journeying to Albany. It was a very dreary, stormy night, and weary of watching the nodding passengers, she, too, fell asleep.

A strange, oppressive dream came over her. She was traversing an arched bridge, hurrying from a brutal mob, with all her treasures in her arms. She tried to run, but the planks were loose and shippery, and the wretched creatures crowded around her. Just as she gave up all for lost, Guilford appeared on the other side, hurrying, running to her. In her terror she cried aloud, "Guilford!" Still the dream went on. Her cry aroused some of the sleepy passengers who fell to nodding again; but as she felt the crazed and

noisy rabble closing around her, she called again, "Guilford!"

With the first speaking of the name a man sitting in the back of the car sprang to his feet; but at the second call of the terrified sleeper he came forward to her seat, and, removing her value, sat in with her. The movement aroused her, and her fears were not much allayed on perceiving her seat occupied by another than herself. The jolting car-lights were dim, and rendered objects not clearly visible. The intruder put one of his warm, white hands on hers, and asked—

"Is it possible? Is this Rosy Burton?"

"Dr. Guilford!" was her confused exclamation, thinking of her dream, and having a vague idea that she had spoken

A strange wavering smile shot over his fine face.

"So you called me, dear, in your terror? I augur favourably from that. But what frightened you so, Rosy?"

She narrated her dream.

"And so I was a better, surer refuge for you, dear, than the noisy masses?" She pressed his hand involuntarily.

If anything will make even a slight acquaintance with a person seem precious, it is to be mixed up with a motley company of strangers, with no one to speak to or to feel an interest in your welfare. Therefore it will readily be conceived that Miss Burton felt her heart beat a rapid welcome to this unforgotten lover of hers. He talked on as if he had forgotten everything unpleasant that might have passed between them. When a pause occurred, Rosy kindly inquired after her old attendants, for whose care she had felt a lively gratitude.

"I am happy to inform you, dear, that they are wholly recovered, and returned

to their friends some time ago."

"Recovered?" said she, with a vague knowledge stealing along her mind; "have they been ill?"

"Is it possible, dear, that you did not know the facts of the case? Then as we ride along let me tell you."

"He had glanced into her face, and he must have interpreted the look, for he put his arm along the back of the seat and let his hand rest upon her shoulder.

"I always had some notions of my own about the management of some cases and some people, and my not conforming with the established rules of medical practitioners, made me many enemies. For instance, I think the milder forms of insanity should be dealt with gently and quietly. I think this confining patients promiscuously beneath the same roof is a great mistake. The noise and uproar of the more furious ones distracts the gentler cases. Those two girls, Amanda Clarers and Minerva Morton, were simply derauged. In Amanda's case, a treacherous and idolized lover's villany had preyed upon her mind until her health was so nearly ruined that, in turn, the

only she was very annoying in her delusion, fancying any and every man was her faithless betrayer. Tonics for the body, and a removal from familiar scenes, to. gether with a light kind of steady employ. ment, such as attending upon other patients, restored a healthy tone to both mind and body. Too severe study with the other ambitious girl had unsettled her mind. Judicious treatment and strict prohibition of mental excitement saved

He talked on just as if he didn't know that every word he said sent new and

electrical life through her veins.

"I allowed their attendance upon you, but I assure you not without trusty servants to keep strict surveillance over them, so in case of any outbreak my little Rosy would be safe. I am a devoted disciple of Mesmer, and I used sometimes to love to see my little frightened girl's eyes dilate, darken and close nearly, under the powerful spell of vital electricity. I suspect I frightened her somewhat, and that, added to the evil reports of malicious slanderers, left me no hope of success in her affections. It was a bitter potion —a cruel blow—to be repulsed where my heart's first, best affections were placed. Still she does not quite hate me, or this little hand would not remain passive so long in mine. What! tears, Rosy, and yet a smile? What may I not hope?"

She only pressed his hand with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks telling

more than words.

The cars had been slackening pace, and now ran into the station at Albany. From thence Miss Burton went directly to her friend's, where she was early joined by her lover. Rest assured the evening passed quickly and pleasantly; and also rest assured the self-willed fellow effected his purpose of shortening her visit. A few lines written to her sister will explain matters.

"SISTER L.—Be ready to receive us the last of next week. You will be surprised at the us, but Dr. Guilford, of Boylston, insists on accompanying me. He has presented me with some splendid materials, and insists that I shall wear them home on Thanksgiving Day. Among them is a long white veil and white weakness of the body unsettled the mind. Gloves, with the other paraphernalia be-Her insanity was mild nearly all the time, longing to a bride. Rosy."

A MODERN GHOST.

On the 20th November, 1856, four gentlemen were passengers in a first-class carriage by the train leaving Eustonsquare for L- at five o'clock. Under ordinary circumstances each would have coiled himself in his wrapper and read, or dozed, in his respective corner. But it happened that among the travellers was Mr. Smith Jones, one of the most eminent, if not the most eminent of the Q.C.'s of the day. Skilful jurist as he was, he owed a great part of his reputation and success to his wonderful powers of conversation, and of making himself agreeable in any company with which he might be thrown. On this occasion he was not long silent. Before Harrow was passed, the occupants of the carriage, their reserve dispelled, and their tongues loosened by his jovial manners, were chatting away as eagerly and unrestrainedly as if they had known each other all their

elu-

her dy,

to.

oy-

pa-

oth

ith

her

ict

red

WO

nd

u,

er-

ed

's

n-

ıd

1-

d

Legal men, especially barristers, are generally admitted to talk "shop" less than members of any other profession. Mr. Jones was no exception to this rule; yet it speaks well for his general fund of information and power of imparting it agreeably, that he could engage a party of strangers in conversation for nearly six hours. They had the carriage all to themselves, and stopped at few stations. Still of every place they passed he had something to say: some little anecdote, some historical allusion was always ready. The conversation was very comprehensive. At length, near the conclusion of the journey, one of the party brought up the subject of spirit-rapping, and, almost necessarily, of ghosts. One ghost story was followed by another, and the possibility of such phantoms appearing was eagerly discussed. Mr. Jones denied their existence "in toto." One of his companions took up the other side.

"As a proof," he said, "of their occasional appearance, I am now bound for a house in this neighbourhood, where a ghost has been seen by some of the members of the household whom I have known for years, and of whose veracity I have not the smallest suspicion:" and seeing his companions look incredulous, he added, "Some of you, gentlemen, may know this part of the country, and, if so, may have heard of the place. It is Elton Hall."

"What! Charley Ingram's?" said Mr. Jones.

"The same."

"I don't know the place, but I'm going there to-morrow. I shall hope to have a peep at the ghost."

"You would think it no joke, sir, if

you really saw one."

"There I agree with you," said one of the others who had denied an existence to ghosts. "I am certain that if I saw anything pretending to be ghostly or supernatural, unbeliever as I am, I should feel, to say the least, very uncomfortable."

"Nothing supernatural could alarm me," replied Mr. Jones, "since nothing is supernatural; but, whatever fate may have in store for me to-morrow, for to-night at least I am safe, as I am going to sleep at the Trafalgar, and an hotel is the last place where one would expect to find a ghost."

night."

After shaking hands with his new acquaintance, Mr. Jones collected his luggage, and drove off to the hotel. Arrived there, he found it quite full. The Assizes were to begin next day. He had, however, written to order a room, and declared his intention to remain. An altercation ensued. The waiter declared he could not take him in, and the master was in bed. A bribe availed when hard words were useless. The hotel-keeper was roused, and came grumbling down stairs. He found himself in a dilemma. He had received the letter, and had promised to keep a room for Mr. Jones. The latter had been expected some hours earlier. The room had been filled. Every room in the house had its occupant. The master himself was sleeping in a generally disused garret. How find room for another visitor! And yet to refuse, in defiance of a written promise, the celebrated Q.C., the leader of the circuit, a man whose custom had brought many "big wigs" to the house, and might bring many more, was not a method likely to raise the reputation of the Trafalgar. Mine host was puzzled. He tried to make excuses and apologies. "The place was never known so crowded. He had been obliged to send away several parties." But excuses and apologies were made in vain. The unfortunate landlord was in dispair. At length an idea struck him. The coffee-room was already occupied by two gentlemen; beds had been hurriedly sent in; but if Mr. Jones would not mind waiting in the hall, he would see what could be done. He went away, and after a few minutes' absence, returned with the intelligence, that if Mr. Jones would not object to sleeping at the top of the house, there was a room at his disposal. All rooms were the same to Mr. Jones, so he followed the landlord up the stairs, the waiter preceding them with the luggage. Higher and higher they ascended: narrower and narrower became the stairs, till, at the last flight, they were little less steep than a ladder.

The room into which Mr. Jones was ushered, though low-pitched, was larger and more comfortable than could have been expected from its situation. large double bed stood in one corner. A bright fire blazed at the opposite end. On a table in the middle burnt two wax candles in silver candlesticks, and there were two or three easy chairs about the room. The only other noticeable article of furniture was a large cupboard or press standing against the wall, and projecting about three feet from it. Mr. Jones was greatly surprised at finding himself in such comfortable quarters, and, being of a forgiving nature, determined to let the landlord off the wigging he had intended giving him the next morning.

"What would Mr. Jones please to

"Nothing but tea, and bring it as quick as you can," replied that personage, to the great delight of the sleepy waiter, who hastened downstairs, followed by the landlord, who had just

wished his guest good night.

As soon as the tea came, Mr. Jones, who had in the meantime donned dressing-gown and slippers, took some voluminous papers from his portmanteau, and sitting down to the table applied himself diligently to their perusal, pausing at intervals to refresh himself with copious draughts of tea. He twice emptied the teapot before he had concluded his labours and laid aside the manuscripts. But although the town clocks had long since tolled "one," he did not go to bed, but paced up and down the room, sadly, no doubt, to the annoyance of the occupants of the room below. Mr. Smith Jones was puzzled by the brief he had been studying, and "walking the quarter deck" was his usual method of invoking His march was as usual acwisdom.

companied by a soliloquy.

"Yes; it is very unlucky that in this case, the hardest I have undertaken for years, I should have had so little time for consideration. If I could only have seen Rodgers in town these difficulties would have been got over. What business has an attorney like that to be out of the way when he's wanted. Perhaps he may lose the case to his client by his folly. But that's not my fault. I will do all I can, and I think perhaps by laying great stress on the want of positive evidence I may get the man off. I can't think he's really guilty. What motive could he have had for the crime? A clerk in easy circumstances; 800l. a year, and with 500l. at his banker's at the time of his committing the alleged forgery of 20l.; not extravagant either, and always considered a steady young man. But there are some points about the case I don't see clearly yet. Perhaps I should have done better to have studied the brief in the train this evening; but then legal documents are conspicuous, and if the prosecutor's counsel (I believe they employ Hillyard) had happened to be in the same carriage he would have augured ill of our cause from seeing me get it up at the last moment, and we shall want-

Here Mr. Jones's meditations were interrupted by a loud crack. He looked quickly round, and, not seeing anything, was about to resume his walk, when he noticed that the cupboard door had opened towards him. He pushed it to with a kick, and then proceeded—

"We shall certainly want every advantage we can get, and our adversaries are determined to do their best. almost fancy they have some motive in injuring the young man, and yet if we set up such a plea we could not support it.

A delay-

Another loud crack, and again the cup-

board door flew open.

"The deuce take this door," said Mr. Jones, shutting it violently. "In these country places locks and hinges are always going wrong. Yes, a delay is what we want, and what I fear we shall not be able to get. If we had only some of these spirit rappers that fellow talked about in the train."

Mr. Jones turned Crack! crack! sharply round towards the cupboard. He was in a different part of the room

from where he had been when the door flew open before. He advanced towards the cupboard, his hand was raised to shut the door, when it gradually opened, wider, wider, wider, and, as it did so, Mr. Jones did not close it, and put an immediate stop to its vagaries. No; he seemed rooted to the spot. His head tingled; a cold sweat stood on his forehead; every drop of blood in his body seemed to fly to his heart; and, worse than all, a sensation of fear he had never before experienced caused him to stare, openmouthed, and with an expression half idiotic, half indicative of terror, at that awful opening. Well might he gaze in horror at the ghastly visitor who seemed to have risen from the grave at his command. A tall and lanky figure, enveloped in a white robe, and supporting a fleshless head, whose chattering teeth he could even then hear, extended its right arm and long bony fingers towards him, and pointed them at him in derision. Where was now that bold spirit that had prompted Mr. Jones to assert that nothing supernatural could alarm him, for that nothing was supernatural? Fled! vanished! as will always vanish such idle boastings, when those who utter them are brought face to face with the objects they so lightly profess not to dread. He tried to speak, but his tongue refused to utter. He tried to scream, but the sounds stuck in his throat. Nearer and nearer came that hideous hand. More and more sardonic and exulting was the grin of that mocking skull. The wretched man felt, though he could hardly distinguish its approach. Still he cannot move. His mental and bodily powers seem paralysed. He is only conscious of the proximity of something horrible, from which there is no escape. An inch more and the hand will touch his face. That inch diminishes. The bony fingers are on his neck! and then, as if roused to desperation by that unearthly touch, he utters a frightful scream and drops senseless to the ground, as, with a sudden inclination, the dread spectre bends forward and clutches its victim in its hideous embrace.

irter

king

this.

for

for

een

uld

has

vay

ose

3ut

an,

nay

lly

ad

his

he

nt

dy

its

et.

to

n-

ıd

The Trafalgar is a very large hotel. It can accommodate fifty people, but in the then crowded state of the house, at least half as many again were sleeping in it. But not one of these persons—not the gentlemen for whom beds had been set up in the coffee-room—not the waiters whose "shake-down" had been prepared

in the kitchen, were proof against the awful, ghastly, blood-curdling scream forced from Mr. Jones's lips at the moment when the paroxysm of his agony and despair was at its height. Every one heard it, and every one—even including the gouty old judge on the first floor rushed from their rooms to ascertain its cause. Such a sound was not the offspring of an idle terror. "Murder" was the word most frequently uttered by the guests, as, in various states, more or less scanty, of undress, they rushed up and down stairs and along the dark corridors, ignorant, most of them, of the geography of the house, and, all of them, whence the shriek came.

That sound had not been repeated, and the silence succeeding it was more suggestive of violence, of murder, of death, in some horrible form, than another scream would have been; for its repetition would have proved that he whouttered it yet lived, that assistance might yet come in time. But it is now with beating hearts, and inward thrills of dread of what they might discover, that the bravest look nervously into the different rooms as they pass, and it is noticeable that no one remains in a passage alone. The judge, hobbling along a corridor, sees a light disappearing round a corner, and calls on the bearer to stop and let him see his way. Nothing but the fact that the candle-bearer is the judge's confidential servant induces him to accede to the old gentleman's request, and, had not people been too much excited to notice it, they might have observed that the legal luminary, before whom, later in the day, felons were to tremble, clung to his servant closer than could have been expected from one of generally such a distant and haughty bearing to his inferiors.

It is well-known that if a person is woke out of a sound sleep by an unusual or alarming noise, he has always the vaguest idea as to whence it comes. Such was the case in this instance. The four persons who slept on the upper floor rushed immediately downstairs on hearing the scream, unconscious of the appalling drama that had been enacted at their very doors. It was not until a more organized search was made that the upper regions were explored, and several minutes elapsed before a nervous and excited crowd trooped up the ladder-like stairs we have before mentioned. With that strange infatuation which seems at such times to deprive people of their common sense, they examined the four small bedrooms on the upper landing before knocking at the closed door of Mr. Jones-which, after all, was nearer the stairs. When they did knock, no answer came to the summons. The door was belted; there happened to be no key, and through the keyhole one man, a little braver than his comrades, ventured to peep, and was rewarded for his courage by perceiving the bright fire and blazing candles. The position of the door, in a recess, prevented his seeing more. Reassured by his description, the rest of the party were praiseworthy in their vigorous efforts to arouse the inmate by repeated and violent knocks at the door. At last the same high-spirited individual who had ventured to peep in gave the door a vicious kick. The bolt gave way and the door flew open. Curiosity now asserted itself over fear, and the whole party rushed into the room. But they were brought to a sudden check. What had they expected to see? None of them could have said exactly; but murder was the thought uppermost in their minds, and perhaps the sight of a man lying with his throat cut, a thin stream of blood meandering over the floor, and the murderer dragged from his concealment under the bed or amongst the curtains, would have realized their expectations tolerably well. Indeed, I fear that curiosity and a vague sense of importance at assisting, however obscurely, at such a denouement, would have been the prevailing feelings in their minds just then. But from this hardheartedness they were spared by the nature of the scene before them-though assuredly nothing so pleasant as a sense of importance was amongst those who crowded the chamber.

Before them, on the floor, lay the stunned and senseless figure of Mr. Jones, from whose face every vestige of colour had fled. A sheet and a mass of broken bones almost concealed him, and a skull, which had fallen from the skeleton on to the table, seemed to sit there and mock the havock it had created. skeleton, did we say ?-yes, and no more. Yet this object, the type of what we shall all be ere a century has passed, inanimate, wonderful, and to be regarded reverentially by all who view it aright as a symbol of God's power and man's decay, had caused almost the death of one person there and even scared for some moments ten or a dozen others from approaching it.

That intrepid looker-on, whose bravery we have before had occasion to notice favourably, was the first who roused himself sufficiently to assist in raising the fallen man from amidst the débris of bones which covered him. The others then took heart of grace and helped him, and before they left the room one of them actually had the hardihood to take up the skull and examine it. In the meantime Mr. Jones had been carried to his bed. A doctor was sent for, who immediately ordered the room to be cleared, and then told the landlord, who, in virtue of his position remained there, that Mr. Jones had evidently received a dreadful shock to the nervous system. Mr. Jones's friends (did the landlord know them?) had better be communicated with, and he would sit up with his patient all night. The host only knew Mr. Jones as an excellent customer, but he had the good sense to apply to the judge, who had just turned into bed again, but who willingly roused himself to give the desired information about Mr. Jones's address, and a telegram being forthwith despatched thither, the first train from London brought down several members of his family. Weeks passed before he could be moved from the hotel, months before he was sufficiently recovered to resume his profession. He never alluded to the occurrence of that night, but men noticed that he grew pale and tried to turn the conversation when any stranger in his company brought up the subject of ghosts and apparitions. His nerves, too, and professional acumen were not what they had been, and he was often obliged to refuse the briefs that poured in upon him. This was of the less consequence, inasmuch as he had already accumulated an ample fortune. He died in about two years' time of a heart complaint, brought on by the fright he had experienced that November evening in

the Trafalgar Hotel, at L---. Is it necessary to add an explanation of this mystery, if mystery it can be called? If so, the explanation is quickly given. On Mr. Jones's arrival at the Trafalgar, the landlord, at his wits' end, bethought him of a young medical student who lodged in the large bedroom at the top of the house, and who had hired it for a permanency during the winter months. He was easily persuaded to give up his room for one night, and left the hotel to seek a lodging at the house of a friend, who, he knew, would take him in. Before going he turned, as he thought,

securely, the key of the cupboard or press which contained his great treasure -a skeleton-skilfully put together with wires, the construction of which had been the employment of his leisure hours for some time. The cupboard, when not locked, shut with a hasp, rather out of order, and being somewhat too small for the skeleton, the door, pressing on the wires, caused the arm to force it open, and, eventually, to protrude itself as we have described, till the skeleton, losing its balance, fell forward on the unfortunate Mr. Jones, and the skull detaching itself, remained on the table. The dismay of the student on learning the destruction of his cherished masterpiece was only surpassed by his horror at the effects it had produced, and of which he considered himself secondarily the cause. He afterwards rose to eminence in his pro-

100

m-

the

of

ers

m,

em

he

me

ed.

ely

en

118

to

ds

er

ilt

st

at

ed ed

fession, but never again did he venture to put a skeleton together.

The young man, indicted for forgery, was eventually acquitted. The dreadful accident which had happened to his counsel, and which made a profound sensation in the place, induced the judges to postpone the trial till the next assizes. In the interim fresh evidence was discovered, and the barrister who conducted the case for the defendant when it came on a second time, had no difficulty in obtaining a verdict of "Not Guilty" for his client.

So some good came out of a great evil. But the young man never thought of the catastrophe which had saved his name and prospects from being everlastingly blighted, without feeling that his acquittal had been purchased at the highest of all prices—the death, for so it proved, of a fellow creature.

R. A. B.

TREASURE TROVE.

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

"I would give a good deal to know the end of this history! How tiresome it is to have only odd volumes!" So saying, Robert Macgregor, a boy about ten years old, shut the book he had been reading just as the church-clock struck seven. "Dear me, I had no idea it was so late," added he. "Grandmamma will have been up long," and, leaving his bed-chamber, he entered the adjoining room, which had to serve both for sleeping apartment and sitting-room. Though wearing a look of much neatness, everything about it, with the exception of a handsome cabinet, the relic of better days, bespoke great indigence. Near the window sat an elderly dignified-looking woman busy embroidering a lady's collar. She looked up when Robert entered, and greeted him with a smile.

"Oh, here you come, my boy! I was very careful not to make much noise in getting up for fear of awakening you too soon."

"Oh, I have been up long, grandmamma," said Robert, affectionately
kissing her; "for I went to bed in good
time last night: when I got home from
doing your errands you were out, and I
was so tired and sleepy that I thought I
would not wait up to wish you goodnight."

"You did quite right, my boy; and when I got back and saw your cap lying on the table and your bed-room door shut, I knew where you were."

"This morning, grandmamma, I rose as soon as it was light; but, opening a volume of Hume at the history of Charles II., I grew so absorbed I could not lay down the book till I got to the end. Ah, what troubles Charles had! king though he was. When I think of him, I take courage."

"But," rejoined Mrs. Forbes, Robert's grandmother, "he regained his kingdom, while we shall not recover our fortune."
"Who knows!" cried Robert, cheerily.

"Ah, youth is always sanguine," murmured his grandmother, again sighing. "But only guess, grandmamma, what I made yesterday. I had quite a wind-

fall."
"I am afraid I can't guess, my dear boy; so I think you had better enlighten

"Well, as I was coming from school, yesterday evening, I saw Dr. Pattison getting out of his gig, in Castle-street. For some reason or other his man-servant was not with him as usual; and there seemed no one at hand to hold his horse, so I offered my services; and when he came out from his visit he gave me a

shilling, saying, 'Here, my boy, is something to buy yourself marbles.' There's the money, grandmamma, and I want you to lay it out in a pound of butter, for it troubles me to see you eat dry bread at your breakfast, you who have not been used to do so."

"My dear boy, I really don't mind such a slight privation, and we have much more pressing needs; for instance, you will soon want a new pair of shoes."

"You might say do want," rejoined Robert, "for these are out at the toes and the soles are nearly gone."

"Dear me! I had hoped they were not quite so bad. Why, it must hurt

your feet to walk in them."

"Not much, grandmamma. I did not mean to complain. I can wait a little for a new pair. But now I have done my breakfast, so I must be off to school," and collecting his books, the little fellow hurried away.

Mrs. Forbes was the widow of an Edinburgh advocate, who had an excellent practice, but was unhappily a man of such extravagant habits that when he died rather suddenly, it was found he had left

no provision for his widow.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes had never had more than one child, a daughter; and she, being gifted with great beauty, had married very early in life a Mr. Macgregor, a large Leith shipowner. When this gentleman was apprised of the reduced circumstances of his mother-in-law, he made her a large yearly allowance, and continued this to her even after the death of his wife, who was taken from him soon after the birth of their first child, Robert, the hero of this tale. This child seemed destined to inherit an ample and well-acquired fortune, when a series of unlucky accidents brought his father to the verge of ruin.

Mr. Macgregor's last hope lay in the return of a richly freighted vessel from America; and when news came that this ship had foundered in a heavy gale off the coast of Spain, so great was the shock that it brought on a fit of apoplexy, which carried him off in a few hours. When his affairs were wound up, and all creditors satisfied, nothing remained for the poor orphan.

Mr. Macgregor had no near relatives, who might have taken an interest in Robert. This being the case Mrs. Forbes did not hesitate to come forward and adopt the child. Though at a loss to know how she should support herself, she

yet hastened to Leith to fetch her grand. son. As she had almost entirely withdrawn from the world after her husband's death, she was now able, without much comment and inquiry, to take up her quarters in an obscure part of the Old After discharging her cook, Town. with the intention of keeping only one servant, she sold all her furniture, which was far too handsome for her present circumstances; and with what she had saved, and the money realized by this. hoped, through strict economy, to be able to support herself and Robert for a time. She still possessed some trinkets, but these she did not wish to dispose of till harder pressed, and so laid them by for a rainy day. Mrs. Forbes embroidered very beautifully, and hoped by this means to add something to their slender funds; but though she practised the most rigid economy, she found the little she possessed rapidly diminishing, and discovered that the same embroidery for which she had paid so much in the days of her prosperity, brought in very little to the worker of it. So little, that though she laboured with the greatest assiduity, the produce of her needle did not suffice to feed their modest household. When Robert attained his seventh year she was obliged to sell most of her trinkets, in order to enable her to give him the benefit of some schooling; but at the time my story opens the winter was coming on, and their affairs wore such a gloomy aspect, that Mrs. Forbes had been compelled to give notice of her intention to withdraw her grandson at the end of the present quarter from the excellent school to which he now went as day-scholar. This was a great trouble to her, for she was well aware of the advantage of a good education; and the boy took much interest in his studies, and was making rapid progress.

About half-past twelve, as Mrs. Forbes sat busily engaged on her work, Robert burst into the room quite panting.

"Grandmamma! grandmamma!" cried he, throwing himself on to a chair, "I have run so fast that I am all out of breath."

"What is the matter? What has happened?" cried poor Mrs. Forbes, trembling.

"There's nothing the matter! quite the contrary. Only think, I have found a pocket-book."

"A pocket-book?"

"Yes; and it contains a number of bank-notes;" and, taking it from his pocket, Robert put it into her hand.

"Oh, dear," cried Mrs. Forbes, "they are fifty-pound notes, and ten of them."

"Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed Robert, clapping his hands for joy. "Providence sends us this fortune."

"To restore it to its owner, Robert,"

gravely rejoined Mrs. Forbes.

These words calmed the poor boy's

transport.

grand.

With-

band's

much

ip her

he Old

COOK,

ly one

Which

resent

ie had

this,

to be

for a

nkets.

ose of

em by

idered

means

unds;

rigid

pos-

vered

h she

pros-

orker

oured

oduce

their

t at-

liged

er to

it of

story

their

that

give

her her

esent

hich

as a

well

uca-

n his

ess.

rbes

bert

ried

"I

ot

ap-

nte

und

his

"Yes, that's true! You are quite right," he said, sadly. "The pocket-book does not belong to us; somebody, no doubt, has lost it."

"And such a loss might ruin a whole

family," added Mrs. Forbes.

"Yes; to lose five hundred pounds at once. What a misfortune!"

"And especially if the owner has chil-

dren, Robert."

"But we don't know whose pocketbook it is; so how shall we do about returning it?"

"We can advertise."

"Oh yes; I had not thought of that; and we shall be paid for the expense out

of the pocket-book."

"To be sure; but first let us see if the pocket-book will not afford us some information. Ah, just as I thought; a letter, and some visiting cards. Mr. Menzies, 9, Moray Place."

"I will go there immediately, grand-

mamma."

"It will be better for you not to carry the pocket-book with you. Ask to see Mr. Menzies, give him my address, and say that here he may learn something of great importance to him."

"But why should I not give him the pocket-book at once, without making him take the trouble to come here? He

will be so glad to get it directly.

"Because, my boy, I wish to be quite convinced, before we give up such a considerable sum, that we restore it to the person to whom it belongs. And though it seems clear, from what we see here, that Mr. Menzies is the owner; still it is more prudent for me first to put some questions to him. He may not, too, be in when you go; and it would not be well to entrust such a thing to a servant. The proper way is for me to give the pocket-book into the owner's own hands."

"Oh, to be sure! you are right, grandmamma. We must first be told, by the person who claims it, all that is in the pocket-book. At school, when we find a knife, or anything else, it matters not what, we are not so silly as to cry, 'Whose is this clasp-knife? whose this pen-knife?' We only ask, 'Who has lost anything?'"

"Exactly! and now do not lose a

minute, my boy, but be off."

"I shall soon be back, grandmamma," said Robert, snatching up his cap, and

hurrying out.

Robert was a handsome boy, and strikingly like his mother; so that Mrs. Forbes, who had been wrapped up in her daughter, idolized her grandson; and, in her love for him, found a great alleviation to her sorrows; while he, who had been with his grandmother ever since he was two years old, was no less fondly attached to this kind relative, and repaid her care of him with a tenderness and forethought for beyond his years.

forethought far beyond his years.

Mrs. Forbes had been obliged to give up keeping a servant, and this threw a good deal more work on her hands; but before Robert had reached his tenth year, the wish to save his grandmother as much trouble as he could, had made him a most handy, independent little fellow. On coming out of school, he never stopped to play with his comrades, but hastened home to see if he could go errands for his grandmother, or in any other way assist her. His childish talk and cheerful spirits were also of great service to poor Mrs. Forbes, in often diverting her thoughts from the painful subjects on which they were too apt to dwell.

In locking up the pocket-book in her cabinet, which she did as soon as Robert was gone, Mrs. Forbes could not help thinking, that, perhaps, the person who had lost it was very rich; and that five hundred pounds, more or less, might be of little moment to him. Whereas to her, in her destitute condition, such a sum was a fortune; but, said she, sitting down to her work, better is it to live in poverty with a clear conscience, than gain this world's goods at the expense

of honesty.

At this moment the bell rang—a very rare occurrence with them. Without thinking it could be Mr. Menzies already come, she hastened to the door, and turned pale at the sight of Mr. Maclaren, her landlord.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Forbes, but I have a good many payments to make to-day, and have therefore come to ask you to settle our little account."

"Our little account," stammered the poor lady, looking very troubled and confused. "I think I now owe you,

"For two quarters, ma'am; I suffered the first to run on, because you asked me; now, I trust you are ready to discharge both."

"I grieve to say, Mr. Maclaren, that I am not yet in a position to pay you."

"And I, Mrs. Forbes, am not in a position to wait longer. I have spent a good deal on this flat, and I have heavy taxes to pay. How do you suppose I am to satisfy my creditors, if my lodgers do not pay me?"

"I trust, Mr. Maclaren, that waiting a little for such a trifling sum will not put you to much inconvenience."

"There is no such thing as a trifling sum," roughly rejoined Mr. Maclaren. "What are all large sums, but a collection of small ones?"

"If you wont wait, what shall I do?" said poor Mrs. Forbes, wringing her hands.

"This is a pretty look-out for my four pounds! Really, ma'am, I think those who can't pay my rent should move into cheaper quarters."

"I have sought for such in vain; and, you know, I went to the top of the house, when I saw my resources were becoming exhausted."

"How come your means to be exhausted? That's what I don't understand; for I have been told you were once well off."

"It is true that I was comfortably off some time ago, because my daughter's husband, who was wealthy, assisted me; but through reverses of fortune, for which he was in no way to blame, he became ruined. My son-in-law's good name alone was saved. At his death his child was left destitute. Could I let my grand-child go to the workhouse? To maintain him I sold all that I had; my furniture first, with the exception of that cabinet, on which I set an especial value, as having been a gift to me from my daughter."

"It's a pretty piece of furniture," broke in Mr. Maclaren.

"I sold, one after another, all my trinkets; and thanks to these, and the labour of my hands, my grandson has been kept from starvation; and amply has he repaid me for all the sacrifices I have made for him."

"But has the boy no relations on his father's side?"

" My son-in-law had no very near ones;

he himself was an only child, and I think there was no intercourse kept up between him and more distant members of the family; so that I do not know where to turn to on the boy's behalf."

"Well, ma'am, the long and the short of it seems, that you have no money; and, as I am not rich enough to lodge you gratis, the only accommodation I can offer you is, that in a week you pay me my four pounds, or I take this cabinet in discharge of the debt, and you must go elsewhere. This is all I have to say; so I wish you good morning."

The moment he was gone, Mrs. Forbes threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears. It wanted but this to fill up the measure of her distress. How, in a week's time, could she raise four pounds? And if compelled to give up a piece of furniture so dear to her, she was not out of her difficulties. It seemed Mr. Maelaren would not let them stay on; and where else could they go? Leaving aside the expense of moving, what references had she to give, or security to offer, that would make any one willing to receive

her into a respectable house.

Distracted by these sad thoughts, she happened to turn her eyes to the cabinet; and suddenly, a ray of hope dawned upon This piece of furniture, which now held such a treasure, might it not also contain the saving of them. If the gentleman to whom the pocket-book belonged was good and generous, it seemed impossible that he should not recompense the poor boy who restored him his property; and if this recompense were only a sovereign, still, by offering it to her landlord as an instalment of her debt, she might, perhaps, obtain time for the payment of the rest. This consoling reflection so far cheered her that she was able to regain her outward composure by the time Robert returned.

"Well," asked she, "what news do you bring?"

"Mr. Menzies was not in; but the pocket-book is his, and I am sure he will soon be here. Oh, grandmamma, he lives in such a handsome house! There were such fine statues and pictures in the hall; and the door was opened by such a grand footman!"

"Never mind that now, Robert," broke

in Mrs. Forbes.

"No, I must tell you about that afterwards. I said to the man that I was very sorry his master was out, because I wanted particularly to see him. And on

this, the servant exclaimed, 'Perhaps you have come about the pocket-book he has lost.' It is clear enough that it is his, is it not, grandmamma?"

"Yes; and then?"

I think

etween

of the

here to

e short

y; and

ge you I can

pay me

inet in

ust go

ay; 30

Forbes

st into

up the

In a

unds?

ot out

Mac-

; and

aside

rences

r, that

eceive

s, she

omet:

upon

now

t also

gen

k be-

emed

ecom-

m his

eonly

o her

t, she

pay-

effec-

able

y the

s do

the

Will

lives

were

nall;

rand

roke

fter-

Was

se I

on

"And then I left your address with the footman; who said that he would give it his master directly he came in; and that, probably, Mr. Menzies would soon be here."

"The sooner the better, my dear boy; for I am impatient to see what you will get. It is usual for the finder of anything valuable to receive a recompense."

"A recompense, grandmamma! and why? for not having kept another's property!"

"For having taken the trouble to find

the person to whom it belongs."

"Much trouble, indeed! to walk from here to Moray-place. Oh, no; I will not take anything for such a trifling service."

"But, Robert, you would not say so, if you only knew—"

"What, grandmamma?"

"That while you have been gone, Mr. Maclaren came to ask for his rent; and, as I cannot pay him, he is going to turn us out of doors."

"Oh, grandmamma, you don't say so!"

"It is only too true, my poor boy. We owe Mr. Maclaren four pounds; so, if Mr. Menzies offers you a sovereign, you must take it."

"I will, I will! but it is very bad of Mr. Maclaren."

"It is a debt, Robert; so he has a right to demand it. We must not be unjust to him; he may be pressed for money."

"Yes, grandmamma; but still I think he should not be so hard on us. He might have given us a little more time. Oh, dear! I never thought of the rent."

"In future," said Mrs. Forbes, "let our first care be to try and lay by the rent; but we will hope for the best now. Hark! there's a ring!" she added, in an agitated voice.

"It must be he! it must be he! Never fear, grandmamma; I will take the re-

ward

Robert hastened to the door, and there stood a portly gentleman of about sixty, somewhat out of breath with the exertion of mounting to the topmost flat.

"Is Mrs. Forbes in?" he inquired.
"I am Mrs. Forbes," replied that poor lady, coming forward to receive the stranger, with an air of good breeding that strongly contrasted with the miserable dwelling she inhabited.

"I have just learnt, Mrs. Forbes, that while I was out, you sent a little boy to me, who left your address with my servant."

"You are Mr. Menzies, I believe."

"I am; and, after what my servant tells me, I hope to hear from you some tidings of a pocket-book which I dropped this morning. It should contain ten fiftypound notes, some visiting cards, and a letter from New York, in which I am advised——"

"I have not read the letter," broke in Mrs. Forbes. "The address was sufficient to inform us of your residence, and my little grandson at once hastened to your house."

"Is this the boy who found my pocketbook?" asked Mr. Menzies, looking at Robert with some interest.

"Yes," replied Robert; "in St. Andrew-

square.

"Ah! I had just come out of the bank, and I think I must have whisked out the pocket-book with my handker-chief. It was some time before I discovered my loss. If you want further proof that I am the owner, the bank can furnish you with such."

"Oh, no, sir! The information you give leaves no doubt;" and, so saying, Mrs. Forbes rose and taking the pocket-book from the cabinet, put it into his hands, adding, "I think, Mr. Menzies, you will find your property all right."

Mr. Menzies only cast a rapid glance at the contents of the book, and, taking

Mrs. Forbes's hand, said-

"Madam, my obligation to you is very great. Allow me to show my gratitude by presenting your grandson with a small portion of what he restores me. Here, my boy!"

"A fifty-pound note!" cried Mrs. Forbes. "Oh, it is too much! far too

much!"

"No, no! I insist."

"Oh, dear grandmamma!" exclaimed Robert, his face beaming with joy, "here's far more than we want to pay Mr. Maclaren."

"And who is this Mr. Maclaren, my

boy?

"He is our landlord," rejoined Mrs. Forbes; "and we owe him four pounds. I think it is useless to try and conceal from you that we are poor, for your first glance round this room must have made you aware of the fact."

"I am sorry, very sorry for this!" said Mr. Menzies. "Pray speak to me

without reserve. I do not say this from impertinent curiosity; but I am a bachelor, and rich, and may be able to assist you. The moment you spoke I saw that you had not always been in the position you now are."

"No; my son-in-law, Robert's father, was a man in affluent circumstances; but a series of disasters deprived him of his fortune, and he died quite ruined, leaving his only child destitute and an orphan."

"So much so that I have been compelled to give notice that he will quit the school to which he now goes when the

"Mrs. Forbes," rejoined Mr. Menzies, looking compassionately at Robert, whose engaging manners and appearance had very favourably impressed him, "it would be a thousand pities this boy should not continue to go to school; for you must be well aware his whole future depends on the education you give him."

"I am fully sensible of the importance of a good education, and would strain every nerve to procure Robert this advantage; but I fear it is out of my power."

"Nothing easier, my good lady. I will send him to the High School; and, if he is diligent and gets forward, he shall afterwards go to the College. There, that's settled! Say no more—say no more!" added Mr. Menzies, interrupting the grateful thanks of Mrs. Forbes and her grandson.

"By-the-bye, my little friend, I have only heard your christian name. I think (turning to Mrs. Forbes) you said you were his maternal grandmother?"

"Robert Macgregor, sir."
"Robert Macgregor! Robert Macgregor! Bless me! surely it must be his son. Tell me," he continued, in an agitated voice, "was his father's name Robert, and was he a shipowner at Leith?"

"Yes; his father was Robert Macgregor, a large shipowner at Leith. Did you know him?"

"Know him! Why, he was my school-fellow. My oldest, dearest friend! My benefactor!"

"Can it be?" said Mrs. Forbes, in joyful surprise.

"Yes; to him I owe everything. I was born to no fortune. It was Robert

Macgregor who lent me four hundred pounds to trade to New York; and this was the making of me. He and I often wrote to each other, and Macgregor's letters always spoke of his great prosperity. Judge, then, of my dismay, when, landing in Scotland eight years ago, anticipating a joyful meeting with my friend, I was informed at once of his ruin and death. All the steps I took to find the child which he had left were unavailing, though I put an advertisement in the papers."

"Oh, Mr. Menzies! it is long since! have looked into a newspaper."

"I am so thankful," continued their friend, "that chance, or rather, I should say, a good Providence, has at length brought about what I greatly desired. When I heard of my friend's ruin and sudden death, it was my intention to adopt his child, and thus repay to the son what the father had done for me. Be easy, therefore, Mrs. Forbes. Robert is rich, very rich. The half of my property is his, in the first place; and if he only proves himself a son worthy of so excellent a father, he shall be my sole heir."

"May God bless you!" said Mrs. Forbes, now shedding tears of joy. "I cannot express how much I feel you goodness."

"Oh, dear grandmamma! our sorrows are now all over. How happy we shall be!" cried Robert, flinging his arms round her neck.

"And now," continued their benefactor, "you must not stay a day longer in this villanous hole. I will write and settle with the landlord. Your moving won't be a long affair. My people shall fetch your things. The carriage is waiting. You must come at once, and live with me, and in a happier future forget, I trust, the sorrows of the past."

Robert Macgregor did not disappoint the most sanguine expectations of his benefactor; but testified, by every means in his power, his grafeful appreciation of the generous interest taken in his welfare: and it was not long before Mr. Menzies loved his adopted son as dearly as if he had been his own child.

Both at school and college the youth's career was a brilliant one: and he continued to be, in joy as in sorrow, the solace and the pride of his aged grandmother, who lived to see many an anniversary of the *Treasure Trove*.

THE MYSTERIES OF HAWLEY.

CHAPTER VII.

HELEN'S BIRTHDAY.

"Le plaisir d'amour," says La Rochefoucauld, "est d'aimer." So far as the
maxim holds good, our hero had certainly
no reason to complain. He was as
deeply in love as a young man well
could be. But this pleasure of loving,
delightful enough when all flows smoothly,
and no tinge of jealousy occurs to ruffle
its joys, takes a very different aspect
when the loved one affords no encouragement, and there happens to be a Sir Mordaunt Philpot to figure on the stage.

For there was a Sir Mordaunt, who caused Warren much discomfort. Not that he had ever seen him or even knew much about him; but he had heard his name a good deal, and some few remarks he had overheard made him feel extremely

uneasy.

hundred this was en wrote

s letters osperity. , landing

icipating

was in-

eath. All

d which

gh I put

since I

ed their

ould say.

brought

n I heard

death, it

hild, and

ther had

re, Mrs.

h. The

the first

imself a

ther, he

d Mrs.

oy. "I

el your

SOTTOWS

we shall

s arms

benefac-

onger in

ite and

moving

le shall

is wait-

and live

forget,

appoint

of his

means ation of

is wel-

re Mr.

dearly

youth's

ne con-

grand-

n anni-

Christmas had long passed away, and another spring-time had arrived, when Warren, who had begun his new life as a clerk, received an invitation to a party to be held at the Batherleys. It was then that he met with Sir Mordaunt for the first time.

The party was given in honour of Helen's birthday. She had reached eighteen years, though her heart with worldly leaven was older. Selfishness and ambition, it was to be feared, had long found a dwelling there. But no one saw her heart. They looked at her beauteous face, the bright light which danced in her eye; they listened to her conversation, her low ringing and sometimes mocking laugh; and they were charmed. Beauteous as a fairy, she was fascinating as the sea-maiden whose beguiling strain steals over the blue waters made golden by the sunset.

But to return to the party. It was large and gay, but not to Warren a pleasant one. An incident occurred at its close which affected him deeply.

Mrs. Batherley, in the getting together of her most eligible guests, had summoned up an amount of energy which

was unusual to her.

There were plenty of professional men with their wives, you may be sure. There were rich merchants and brokers, well known in the city, with their wives; and great fat vulgar creatures some of these latter were. But there was one guest who was, in the estimation of Mrs. Batherley, worth all the rest put together.

This young man was handsome and wealthy, albeit he was a little of the fop and a great deal of the fool. He had been plucked at Oxford for his want of learning, and had once, I believe, come near to be rusticated for his want of observing the University laws. But hath not Fielding said "that gold in this world, like charity in the next, covers a multitude of sins?" I am sure that a little will. Why, how many a royal prince and duke, ay, and a king, too, for that matter, have we had, for whom, because he was such, we have made ourselves hoarse with shouting, but whose vices, had he been a simple Mister, like you and I, would have rendered him worthy only of the pillory and the whipping-post! How many mothers who have boasted of their virtue, have thought a sot and a fool with a title a fit being to mate with their daughters—mothers who would have been shocked at the very idea of half such a sot, or half such a fool, without one!

Warren that evening had his worst fears with regard to Sir Mordaunt too fully confirmed. The latter seemed as much enchained by Helen's charms as Sir Philip was at her side he was. nearly the whole evening; always dancing with her; always talking nonsense to her. How could he help it? was it not natural? Who could withstand the magic of that glance, as that siren leaning so confidingly on his arm, looked up sometimes in his face with those large eves of hers in which innocence and simplicity appeared to dwell? She smiled when he smiled, and seemed to listen with such profound attention to his vapid talk, and laughed at his foolish puns as though they sparkled with the wit of

Voltaire.

Poor Warren could scarcely secure her hand for a single set of quadrilles, and even when he at length enjoyed this coveted bliss, the young lady's head was continually turning in the direction of Sir Mordaunt. "What do you think of Sir Mordaunt Philpot, Mr. Warren?—a charming young man, isn't he?" said the

10

girl, with an arch smile, which she sought to conceal under a look of demureness.

Warren made a wry face, as though he was sucking a very tart acid drop. "I can't say I think much of him, Miss Batherley," he said, with a half savage glance at the baronet, who was just then pretending to listen to his chattering partner, while he gazed in the glass at his own dollish face.

A low silvery laugh burst from the

lips of Helen.

"You think him a fool, Mr. Warren! Well, so do I; but he is very rich, and

besides, he is a baronet."

Then it came their turn to dance again, so they had no time to say any more. The music ceased. There was a lot of bowing and rustling of dresses, and soon Helen was talking and laughing with

Sir Mordaunt again.

Once only after that did any communication take place between Warren and Helen, and then it was but a glance. He was standing with his back leaning against the door-post, and looking moodily at her. She was laughing and chatting gaily with the foolish baronet, at the opposite extremity of the room. Their eyes met, and hers fell for a moment before his earnest gaze. The next, she raised them full to his; glanced at Sir Mordaunt, whose head was turned, and with a half smile, half pout, seemed to be seech the young man's pity for being

"What a spirit of evil there is in the soul of a woman!" groaned Warren in thought; "she so fair and yet so-so devilishly false, even to him! And yet

how beautiful she is!"

Though all this gave Frank an indefinable sensation of uneasiness, there was a good deal of bye-talk on the part of some of the guests which caused him

considerable annoyance.

"What an excellently-matched pair!" said one lady into the ear of Mrs. Batherley, who was witnessing the proceedings of the evening with grim complacency. She meant that Sir Mordaunt and Helen Batherley were excellently matched, of These two had just dashed course. down the room in a waltz, the furiousness of which would have been rather dangerous for the baronet's head; that is, if he had had anything in it.

"Such an air distingué!" said a stout merchant's wife, who pronounced it "hair distinkey," though she had been to Calais for at least a week, as she herself

asserted. Some of her friends believed she had only seen Calais-from the clim

Ramsgate.

"He never means anything to the girl, you may depend upon that!" whispered another merchant's wife, who had the honour of a slight acquaintance with Sir Mordaunt and a marriageable daugh. ter, to her particular friend in public and enemy in private—a stockbroker's wile, who was so unlucky as to have too marriageable daughters.

"Lord bless you, dear, not he!" re turned the stockbroker's lady, in a tone of the sincerest affection; as if she hadn't just before been saying that her dear friend had on the very self-same dress (though the trimming was different) that she had been wearing at parties for good-

ness knows how long.

But there—despite these deprecators remarks-was Sir Mordaunt Philpot, dancing, talking compliments to the laughing girl : and dancing with her, nay, making love to her, for anything Warren

knew to the contrary.

And so that silly youth, who felt himself more violently smitten than ever, withdrew himself into the solitude of a little room downstairs, where he could think of Helen in quietness; speak her name lowly; and, there being a pen and ink at hand, cover a sheet of foolscap with the fascinating words-Helen Batherley.

He had been going on at this insane rate for some time; he had, in fact, written the words "Helen Batherley" twenty times, and had completed the "H" of the twenty-first, when he was startled by a hand being laid lightly on

his shoulder.

He felt his face grow crimson as he endeavoured to snatch up the paper. He started up, and Jane Batherley was by his side, looking kindly but almost mourn fully in his face.

"Young man," she said, almost so lemnly, "there is an old story! Read it,

and take care."

Before he could reply, she had left

the room.

He looked in the direction she had pointed. A foolish moth was fluttering about the lamp. Another moment, ere he could rush forward to save it from its fate it had passed within the fatal circle. It made one struggling effort to free it self; but its downy wings had touched the flame, and singed, were rendered useless. The moth, poor fond and foolish thing! fell down upon its own sought pyre, and met its fate.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR MORDAUNT PHILPOT.

It is all very well to show a lover a moth and a candle, and to tell him to read the very obvious story; to draw his moral from it, and profit by it. The simplicity of the thing is charming. You may also place a banquet before a starving man, and you may tell him not to eat. But then there is the trifling drawback that it isn't in human nature for your advice to be followed nor your commands to be obeyed. The lover may understand the moral as well as Frank Warren did, or as the hungry man the injunction not to eat. But the moth will burn himself in the flame; the lover will remain a fool till he is sorry for it; and the hungry man will fall upon the feast, if he kills himself the next hour with a surfeit. It is nature.

It may easily be imagined that the little scene which closes the last chapter disturbed Warren amazingly for a short time, but that it was for a very short time indeed. He felt so uncomfortable about it, in fact, that when he reached home that night, or that morning rather, it was long ere he was able to get to sleep, and when he at length did get to sleep, his dreams were by no means pleasant.

He dreamt that he was a moth, and that he was being burned in a candle; but inasmuch as people in dreams, though they are being killed, never die, or being dead, think just the same as if they were living, at that instant when it might be expected he would be burned to death, he somehow changed into Helen Batherley; and she became a moth. Then the moth grew into a huge toad; the toad became a monstrous serpent, the splen-dour of whose skin dazzled his sight. Its brilliant eyes were fixed on him and fascinated him. He couldn't move. hissed at him, and he could feel its sickly breath in his face. And then the missing grew into a sweet, low, mocking laugh, and Helen Batherley, smiling and beautiful as ever, stood before him.

Sometimes in his dreams his uncle Martin would be mixed up, and he thought his uncle wasn't his uncle at all, but a demon with a cloven foot. So that, on the whole, he was very glad when he awoke, and found he was but dreaming after all.

He felt in very low spirits in the earlier part of the morning, but after he had passed an hour or two at the Little Western they brightened up wonderfully, and he soon forgot his dream and the moral of the allegory, and was more desperately in love with Helen and jealous of Sir Mordaunt than ever.

He went very often to the Batherleys, to see Charles, as he said: to see Helen, as he should have said. Sometimes he met the baronet there, but he was better pleased when he did not; for as the saying goes, he liked his room much better than his company.

For the next two or three months Sir Mordaunt was continually in the mouth of Mrs. Batherley, who, perhaps, in her motherly solicitude, painted the baronet's attentions to her daughter in brighter colours than the truth would warrant.

One evening, it was in the month of May, Frank met this precious baronet at his friend's house. Sir Mordaunt Philpot was not there when he arrived, but came round at the latter part of the evening while he was there.

Mr. Batherley was reading the "Lancet," his wife a novel of the "Silvester Startickler" genus; Miss Jane was busy at her knitting, and Helen at the piano, sometimes playing, sometimes singing, as the whim took her.

"How do you like that song, Mr. Warren?" she demanded presently, after performing a vapid piece that had little music in the air, and less meaning in the words.

Warren liked it vastly, because she had sung it, and called it "a sweetly pretty thing," and asked the name of it. It was the "Rosebud's Whisper," and Helen informed him that it was a great favourite of Sir Mordaunt's. Which intimation caused Frank to alter his mind as to its merits instanter, and agree with Charles, who said "the words were — trash," using an adjective which was passable to his sister, but which he would have softened in speaking to his sweetheart.

"I should think that would not injure it in Sir Mordaunt's estimation," said Frank, insinuatingly. "The baronet's head is not a profoundly critical one."

Helen glanced up brightly, and uttered her low, flute-like laugh, as she ran her fingers lightly over the keys.

"You are too severe upon him, Mr. Warren; I am sure he has pretty mustaches, which curl charmingly!"

"He is devilishly soft, however," said

7-9

believed the cliffs g to that t!" whiswho had ance with le daughublic and

have two
he!" ren a tone
he hadn't

ent) that for good. Philpot, to the her, nay,

me dress

elt himan ever, ude of a e could eak her pen and foolscap elen Ba-

insane
in fact,
herley"
ed the
he was
htly on

er. He was by mournost solead it,

ne had tering nt, ere om its circle.

uched dered oolish Charles, who was somehow not an admirer of the favourite.

Helen would not, however, allow her brother to say anything to the baronet's prejudice, though she had laughed when Warren did so.

"I'm sure, sir, you needn't say anything about people being soft, while you associate with such young men as that Tom Capello, as you vulgarly call him; that hospital friend of yours, who could sit for two hours in a room with ladies, and only open his lips twice—once to join with you in some low remark about Skittles, and the other time to burst into an insane guffaw, when you, sir, thought proper to point at and make game of mamma's head-dress."

"What is that, my dear, about Charles?" demanded Mrs. Batherley, sharply, and looking up from her book

with a flushed face.

This produced an explosion over the head of poor Charles, who endeavoured in vain to mitigate the storm.

Mr. Batherley bade his wife not "to make a fool of herself," which only made things worse and threw the lady into hysterics.

In her hysterical laughter she called upon "her daughter Helen, her only child! Ha! ha! ha!" And finding her spouse didn't take any notice of her, but went on reading, she gradually began to recover, but immediately relapsed again, when she perceived that gentleman's spectacles peering at her curiously over the top of the newspaper.

The sound of a carriage driving up to the door and the ringing of the bell which was dedicated exclusively to visitors, however, effected the speedy cure of the lady's affliction, and caused Helen to dry her sympathetic tears in as short a period, and to express her wonder as to

whom the visitor could be.

"It is Sir Mordaunt Philpot: I heard his voice!" exclaimed Helen, who had gone to the door to listen. Mrs. Batherley smoothed down her dress, pulled the waist into its proper position, and looked benignant in two seconds; while Helen rushed to the looking glass, arranged a certain curl (which, when it wasn't fresh from the papers, had a tendency to get despondingly lank), and resuming her seat, endeavoured to look as innocent and unconscious as possible.

Sir Mordaunt Philpot entered the room. Surprise and delight beamed on

every female countenance; that of Miss Jane testifying the least.

Sir Mordaunt had only called just to see how his "dear madam" and her charming daughter were. How kind it was of Sir Mordaunt, to be sure! The weather was very mild, wasn't it? Yes, but seasonable, &c.

And so the vapid small talk went round. Even Helen seemed oppressed by it, and sought refuge in the "Rose.

bud's Whisper."

I don't know that Sir Mordaunt did or said anything that evening to exalt Mrs. Batherley's maternal aspirations; indeed, I am sure that beyond a few far-fetched compliments (which he uttered merely because he remembered them, like a jackdaw), he did not. But mothers who have pretty daughters do make fools of themselves sometimes, and fancy that every young man who looks and laughs must be in love.

Mrs. Batherley devoutly believed this of Sir Mordaunt; and Warren, and I daresay Helen herself, believed it also. For some time past Sir Mordaunt had been everything to Mrs. Batherley, and when, one evening in the winter, Sir Mordaunt had formed one of a party to go to the theatre to see the "Rivals" of Sheridan, she was positively enraptured.

But this evening Mrs. Batherley resolved to give her scornfully "pshawing!" husband a talking to, and make him bring Sir Mordaunt to the point. The interesting conversation in which she mooted this matter Warren did not overhear, inasmuch as it was what has been called, since Douglas Jerrold wrote, a "curtain lecture."

"Well, my dear, what is it now?" said her spouse, grumpily, for he wanted to get to sleep, but being kept awake by the reiterated nudges and shakings by the shoulder of his lady.

"I wonder, my dear, that Sir Mordaunt don't speak out and say what he means with regard to our Helen—"

"Pshaw! He means nothing at all, my dear, that's what he means. You're always poking the girl under his nose, and of course he'll talk to her. You don't suppose he, with a title and fortune, would marry our child without either, do you? And you don't surely suppose that his cunning old fox of a mother would let him, even if he would? There, good night, my dear!"

And Mr. Batherley composed himself once more for sleep, hoping he had now

put a clincher to his wife's tongue. Never was he more mistaken.

"I'm sure, my dear, that Lady Philpot is a very agreeable person, and always treats us with kindness and affability," replied Mrs. B., slightly nettled at her husband's scepticism.

"Yes, my dear; but you don't suppose she would be quite so affable if she thought you were angling for her

son."

of Miss

just to

ind her

kind it

! The

? Yes,

k went

pressed "Rose.

it did or

alt Mrs.

indeed.

fetched

rely be.

a jack.

ho have

them-

every

nust be

ed this

and I

t also.

d been

when, rdaunt

to the

eridan,

ey re-

ving!"

bring

erest-

nooted

ar, in-

called,

urtain

ow ?"

anted

ke by

gs by

daunt

leans

t all,

ou're

nose,

You

une,

r, do

that

ould

3000

now

"Well, I'm sure, John—" and then the lady went on until the poor man could bear it no longer; and when at length she began a new argument with—" And when you know, John, how Sir Mordaunt—"

"Confound Sir Mordaunt!" he interrupted, making the tassel of his nightcap dance with rage; "I tell you, woman,

I want to go to sleep!"

It was about a couple of months after the above conversation that Frank, in the course of one of his visits, found to his great surprise and no small pleasure, that Sir Mordaunt was in Mrs. Batherley's "black books," as the phrase runs.

The reason of this was soon made

manifest.

"Oh, Mr. Warren, what do you think?" said Helen, smiling. "Sir Mordaunt Philpot is going to marry!"

"To marry?" Warren's heart nearly

leapt into his mouth.

"Yes, his cousin, Lady Balderdash. You never met Lady Balderdash, did you, Mr. Warren?"

"Bless you, my dear," interposed Mrs. Batherley, with indignant assurance, "that is his mother's doings, you may depend upon it! I always said that Lady Philpot was an artful creature, who had an eye to the main chance."

Helen herself did not appear to care much, at least Warren could detect no display of feeling in her; and if ever she let fall a word betokening regret, which she did in confidence to her mother, it was at the loss of such a good chance.

But to Warren she was just the same as ever—gay, lively, and humorous, as often at the baronet's expense as not.

"And yet this girl, I feel assured, would have married him! She hears of his marriage with another without showing even a woman's natural jealousy. She cannot have loved him; she is a mystery to me! Has she a heart open to the sympathies and the softer feelings which make man's better nature, or are these things to her but empty names? Yet I.

love her, and I know I shall for ever.

Oh, Helen—Helen Batherley!"

Such were the occasional reflections of Warren, and from them it may be perceived that he did not always feel quite at his ease as to the future of his love; but he generally strove, when these thoughts were upon him, to shake them off. At any rate, he was still willingly in the chains of Helen, though he had never ventured upon any avowal of his affection to her.

Warren was now, however, upon the eve of some discoveries with regard to the mystery which hung over his fortunes. Those matters which related to his uncle Martin would often and often obtrude themselves upon him, though nothing further was ever spoken of them between himself and Mr. Batherley. Both felt it a matter which was difficult and delicate to touch upon, and both avoided it with a tacit understanding.

CHAPTER IX.

A TRIP TO HAWLEY.

In common with other authors who are perhaps less capable—I say it in all modesty—of judging of this matter than myself, I am strongly disposed to regard the inclination of city clerks for the country as a periodical disease, which attacks them chiefly about the "dog-days," a period well known as dangerous to dogs, who are liable to hydrophobia.

Now, as hydrophobia is greatly excited by the sight of water, so is the disease I am speaking of as attacking city clerks, augmented by the sight of green things, such as waving trees or verdant grass, on which account it may appropriately be termed "Vertobia."

As a lovely summer had reached its height, Frank Warren was attacked with such a violent form of this distemper that he felt it was all over with him, and it was with difficulty he restrained himself from throwing his work aside and rushing

off into the country forthwith.

The premonitory symptoms had occurred when the trees opposite the Little Western's windows were bursting into foliage, and the little sparrows began to chirp in their branches. And so the "vertobia" had increased, being continually excited by the rustling trees, until at length, unable longer to control

himself, Warren made personal applica. tion to the chairman for a holiday.

"I'll take a run down to the old place," he soliloquized; and he came to this determination: "Why should I not? my uncle has done me injury,--but pshaw! how often have I resolved that I will not think of such things! I will think only of his kindness; and should I not be an ingrate, were I to keep aloof from him entirely, refusing even his hospitality as a guest? Of course, that I choose to earn my own livelihood instead of being a burden upon his charity, is all very proper, and no one can censure me for that. Yes, I'll go down to the Hall and see him; I know he—that is, I think he will be pleased to see me; and I do trust to Heaven that there has been nothing wrong."

It was by such forced reasoning as this that Frank sought to stifle his misgivings, and which led him at length to prefer his request to Cramwell Poppleton,

"Eh, you want a holiday to go and see your uncle, eh, Mr. Warren?" said Mr. Poppleton, facetiously; and then he made a joke about the young man being "home sick," and finally granted the applicant a week's leave of absence.

"Hurrah! for green fields and the country, then!" cried Frank, as closing his ledger with a bang, and throwing his pen to the farther extremity of the room, he shook hands with his fellow-clerks, and hastened with a light heart from the offices of the Little Western.

As he was on his way towards his lodgings at Islington, with a fleeter step and more joyous spirits than he had experienced for many a day, he felt a sharp slap on his shoulder, and turning, he stood face to face with his friend Charles Batherley.

"Holloa, Frank! you seem merry this afternoon. What have you in the wind now, my joyous friend? By Jove, I don't think you'd be in such enviable spirits if you had heard such a devilish lecture on Materia Medica as I had to attend

this morning."

Frank laughed both at his friend's sally and himself, for he caught himself whistling "My boyhood's home" in quite a loud key. He told Charles of his intention of spending a week amongst the buttercups and daisies, and dilated quite poetically on how beautiful everything must look in such glorious weather.

"You're a lucky fellow then, Frank;

by Jove, I wish I were going with you." said Charles, who liked anything better than work or study; and he looked quite ruefully at the speaker's animated face.

"Why don't you, then? Come with me to the Hall. Surely"-added Frank, almost mournfully-" surely I may ven. ture to give my friend an invitation to

the home of my ancestors!"

Batherley, delighted beyond measure at the prospect of being free from his studies for a week at the least, eagerly accepted the proposal; and it being settled that they would start by the morrow's early coach, the two returned to the Bull Inn, Aldgate, in order to

secure their places.

The day was lovely when our friends started on their little trip. The coach. man was facetious, and told many pleasant stories of his experience, which made them enjoy the ride still more. When they got out into the open country, with the sun smiling warmly upon them, and lighting up the blue heaven and the occasional floating cloud with a tint of dazzling silver, their hearts expanded within them with very gladness. When they heard the song of the lark soaring high above them, and the gay twitter of the less ambitious birds around, they felt the influence of the universal joy.

At length, after a three hours' journey, objects which were familiar to Frank hove

in sight.

"There is the Old White Horse! Dear old fellow, how pleased I am to see him again!" he exclaimed, as he distinguished his ancient acquaintance in the distance, and he could almost fancy that playfully rampant animal was giving an extra rear in honour of his return.

"By Jove! I should think this village must be a rare old place!" cried young Batherley, looking curiously at the old inn and the church, whose square tower had grown completely enshrouded in moss and ivy, and at a red brick building in the direction of Hawley Hall, which now became visible over the tops of the

"Old!" repeated the coachman, scornfully whisking the ear of his off-hand horse with his whip. "Why, bless you, sir, I've been back'ards and for'ards along this here road for nigh upon this thirty year, and the place looks exactually the same now as it did ven I fust see it! Old! I should think it were—rayther!"

The honest coachman's notions of antiquity were, you perceive, not very extended. But there have been greater assumptions in philosophy, and based upon less solid premises, than to conclude because a place has appeared the same for thirty years, it must have done so for three hundred; and if he drew this deduction merely as a corollary, I don't see that he was wider of the mark in his theory than others who have under-

stood such things better.

1 70U."

better

d quite

face.

e with

Frank,

ly ven-

tion to

easure

om his

agerly

being

y the

urned

er to

riends

eoach-

plea-

made

When

With

, and

occa-

daz-

ithin

they

high

the

t the

rney,

hove

Dear

shed

nce,

ully

rear

VII-

ried

ded

ild-

the

"Yes," assented Warren, with a slight touch of natural pride, "Hawley has the reputation of being an ancient place. It is said that there was a battle fought in the neighbourhood between some of the kings of the Saxon Heptarchy. And yon old tower, a glimpse of which we had over the trees, is a part of Hawley Hall, and has a legend attached to it, which I will relate to you another time. It is called 'Hubert's Tower,' and has been in existence these two hundred years, and it is said that the earlier members of our family, who were Royalists, found it of some service to them in the Parliamentary Wars. I can assure you," continued Frank, laughing, "that Hawley Hall has its legends as well as every other old mansion, and that the supernatural figures in them to no small degree; and I fancy that—so far as regards the credit which may be attached to them—there are not a few very industrious and God-fearing villagers who would rather receive a ducking on a rainy night than ask for shelter at such a time beneath its roof."

"Upon my word, friend Warren, I am obliged to you for bringing me to a haunted house!" returned Charles, laughing merrily. "I think, my boy, if I had known all the terrors of the place you were bringing me to, I should have been more content to remain in the very un-

haunted Clapham."

"Oh, set your mind at ease on that score. I think the old place is haunted by nothing but those memories which cleave to all things ancient, and whose origin we do not understand, or, rather, that we are not well acquainted with. These worthy but superstitious people, could they but make up their minds to face the supposed danger courageously, would, as they came to familiarize themselves with those objects which, at present above their comprehension, produce their fears, come to look upon them with no more dread, though perhaps not so much affection, as they do the almost equally ancient White Horse yonder. There are many things in this world of ours similar to the instance in question. We all of us fear death, for example. But I think when Death comes and makes our acquaintance, we find him a far less terrible fellow than when we knew him not, and only expected his advent at some distant day."

"Bravo, Frank!" exclaimed Batherley, slapping the speaker on the back. "I didn't know you were half so metaphysical; but let me remind you, my friend," he added, with mock gravity, "that I came away with you to ruralize, in order that I might escape lectures—not to hear

them."

Our travellers were now arrived, and alighted at the White Horse, where some of the regular frequenters were doing their drops already. Amongst these he recognised old Tyler, and the recollection of his remarks, which he had so unexpectedly overheard on the night this story opens, came upon him afresh. As Warren was well known to them all, hearty though respectful were the greetings they bestowed upon him.

After he had shaken hands with one or two of the farmers, and inquired kindly after their families, and, of course, partaken of some refreshment at that celebrated inn—in which latter performance Charles Batherley won upon the admiration of all by his exploit of quaffing a quart of ale at one draught—the two set forward at a quick pace in the direction

of Hawley Hall.

CHAPTER X.

A STRANGER AT THE HALL—HUBERT'S TOWER AGAIN.

"LET me see. What were we talking about just now?" said Charles, as our two friends struck into the outskirts of Hawley Park.

your character, I think, and explaining your distaste for lectures in general," replied Frank, with a quiet smile.

"Oh, ah! The supernatural; I remember now," returned the other, with a wry face. "And I tell you what, old fellow, we'll change that subject, if you please. It isn't quite pleasant to fill one's head with. I am not superstitious, but I dream confoundedly, and if I'm going to sleep in this old hall of yours, and you get perpetually talking about death, and ghosts, and Heaven knows what, you'll make me as nervous as a

cat, and I shall get fancying your excellent uncle—for whom, as he was my father's college companion, I have a very proper respect—to be some knight in armour, who having been guilty of sacrilege, or something of that sort, five centuries ago, has been condemned, by the powers which regulate such matters, to walk the earth in spirit at the dismal hour of midnight. Bah! I shan't have a wink of sleep to-night, unless meanwhile we talk of things somewhat less horrific. How much further have we to walk to this abode of the dismals, pray?"

"Only a couple of hundred yards: we are in the park already, and we shall be there now in less than no time," returned Frank. For gaiety of heart makes young people, when they talk fun, generally talk nonsense also. I have often thought that your polished wit is not quite the ready offspring of good-humour. The cleverer it is, the harder it is to come at, and the more labour it takes your brain to weld it into neatness and presentability.

"By-the-bye!" exclaimed Batherley, coming to a sudden halt, as if he had just remembered something, "your uncle does not even know that you are coming, not to mention the additional visitor you have brought, does he?"

"What of that? Hawley Hall is large enough, surely, to hold two young men without being over-crowded; besides, so far as I am concerned, my uncle, in the last formal letter he wrote, gave me a general invitation to my father's own home."

"Well, I shall leave you to make apologies, that is all."

"I'll settle all that, you may depend," replied Warren, scarcely able to repress a feeling of bitterness as he added, "I daresay the surprise of seeing his nephew unexpectedly will give my uncle additional pleasure."

They were now in the midst of Hawley Park, in a spot where the trees grew thickly together, and they could sometimes see the red-brick walls and the gable-ends of the Hall through the entangled foliage. Warren, of course, knew every atom of the ground well, and so had no difficulty to pick out the way.

Suddenly they heard a crackling of branches just a head of them, and a man's figure burst upon them. It was only old Robert the butler, however, and Frank hailed his old acquaintance cheerily.

"You see, Robert, we meant to give you a bit of a surprise," he said, gally, "and I'll be hanged if I don't think we have done it. Why, man, you look frightened."

For Robert, whose eyes had at first sparkled with delight at seeing his young master, did look, as the latter had said, really frightened, and glanced uneasily about him.

"Why, Master Frank, is that you, sir? Take us by surprise—he, he, he! It's just like one of your old tricks, Master Frank, when you were a boy—he, he! But I think I'll just run back and tell your uncle that you have come—he, he, he!"

While Robert had been speaking, his eye was shifting about and avoiding the glance of the young man in what appeared to the latter a most extraordinary manner. His laugh, or rather giggle, too, was evidently forced, and as he spoke the last words he was about to return in the direction he had come with remarkable alacrity.

"No, no, stop!" cried the young man, detaining him. "Why, you silly fellow, don't you see that you are not the only one we meant to surprise? What would be the use, then, of your telling my uncle what, with your leave, I will announce myself?"

And so saying, Warren and his companion resumed their way without further parley, nor did they observe they had taken scarcely a dozen strides when Robert, wheeling about, bent his course in a circuitous direction towards the same point as themselves, and at a speed which, for an old man of his years, was

"That's a queer customer, that old butler of yours," observed the medical student, thoughtfully. "He seemed precious uncomfortable about something. How he seemed to shake about! He'd make a capital subject for dissection; his limbs would almost come to pieces of themselves. By Jove, there's something about that old fellow I don't quite like."

"Old servants do get odd ways," returned Frank, carelessly. "But Robert is as true as steel, and I do really believe that both he and his wife are very fond of me. It would be strange if they were not, for they have been in the family since they were children, and have nursed me when I was one."

They now emerged from the park, and the fine old building, venerable with time, stood boldly fronting them. As they did so, they perceived two persons proceeding hastily towards Hubert's Tower. In another instant they disappeared together behind an angle of the building. During the momentary view, Warren recognised his uncle Martin in one of them. The other was a stranger.

"There is my uncle, but who the other is I know not," he said. "It is a new thing for my uncle to have strangers for

his visitors.'

to give

d, gaily,

ou look

at first

s young

ad said

measily

ou, sir?

! It's

Master

ne, he!

nd tell

he, he,

ing, his

ng the

nat ap-

rdinary

le, too,

ke the

in the

ırkable

man,

fellow,

e only

would

uncle

ounce

com-

arther

y had

when

ourse

s the

speed

, was

t old

dical

emed

hing.

He'd

; his

es of

hing

ke."

re-

bert

ieve

fond

vere

nily

rsed

and

me,

"This is the beginning of the mysteries belonging to this mysterious place, I suppose," rejoined his friend, smiling. "For my part, I shouldn't be at all surprised if this unknown individual has something supernatural about him, and that he turns out to be an enchanter and flies away, by-and-by, on the back of a dragon."

"He didn't bear the semblance of anything demoniac, however. From what I could make out, he looked as quiet and respectable a person as one might desire to meet. Certainly I smelt no brimstone. But as my uncle is with him, suppose we follow and make his acquaint-

ance."

Accordingly, the two young men, indulging in this badinage, turned in the direction indicated, but ere they reached the angle round which the others had gone, Martin Warren, returning from the same direction, came full upon them. This time, however, he was alone.

"Why, nephew Frank, this is an agreeable surprise!" exclaimed Martin. "Well, really, nephew, I am very pleased

to see you!"

Warren could not but feel an inward conviction, however, that though his uncle expressed himself thus, he did not seem either so surprised or delighted as he said

He introduced Charles, and informed his uncle that he had ventured to invite him to spend a week with him at the Hall; and Martin, shaking the young man by the hand in a way which for him was cordial, replied that he was pleased to make the acquaintance of his old college friend's son.

By this time the three had together entered the house, and were seated comfortably in Martin's cool and shady

breakfast-parlour.

"We are not your only guests to-day, sir?" said Frank, and then stated how he had seen his relative with his companion, as before described.

Martin threw himself back in his chair

and laughed.

"Ha! ha! nephew Frank, you must have sadly forgotten your old friends not to remember Farmer Morrell, whose orchards you were once near being whipped for plundering. Mr. Morrell just came round to talk about the renewal of his lease, which I think I shall let him have. We were having a little walk to talk matters over. You astonish me, really!"

It was now our hero's turn to be astonished in real earnest. He knew Farmer Morrell well enough; he had good reason to, in fact; for that worthy man used to make much fuss with him when he was a boy, and much of his time was spent in the pleasures of Mr. Morrell's farm-yard. And Warren, though he made no remark, felt sure that the person he had seen with his uncle was no more Mr.

Morrell than he was the Emperor of China; at least that if he were, there was no trusting to the evidence of his senses. There could scarcely be any mistaking that slim bent form for the stout one of

Mr. Morrell.

This of course added new fuel to his former suspicions, and caused him a vague sentiment of uneasiness. But whatever his thoughts, he did not even allow Charles to be a partaker of them; he kept them locked up in his own breast.

In the course of that evening he hinted to their host that Charles would like to look over the picture gallery and dining hall, which were situated in that part of the Hall which was now disused. Martin replied briefly that he should see it before he returned home.

After our friends had sufficiently rested themselves, and the refreshing meal of tea had washed out the unpleasantness of their journey, the evening being fine,

they resolved to take a stroll.

Picking out the most romantic walks he was acquainted with, as agreeing best with his own love-sick state, Warren led his companion for a walk of some miles through shady lanes, in which the hedgerows and overhanging trees were full of life. The effect of this was that he soon became quite sentimental, and almost made up his mind that he would confide to his friend the state of his heart.

But the same cause had produced a like effect on young Batherley, who was himself remarkably maudlin all at once. And presently he began to inform his

sympathizing companion that he was in love. The description of the young lady he drew I do not attempt to transcribe. It was too much couleur de rose to be interesting to anyone but immself and his confidant. The latter, who knew her by sight, even thought it exaggerated—though of course he didn't say so.

These raptures brought them back once more to the Hall, furnishing the remainder of the walk with conversation which made the time speed more pleasantly, perhaps, than had Warren occupied it, as he intended, with recounting to his friend the legend of Hubert de Warren.

Grey dusk had set in, and the hedges and trees were shadowy and indistinct to the gaze. Frank was tired, and felt glad that they had now nearly reached their destination.

"Holloa! By Jove, Warren, there is a light ahead! I hope you are not leading me into one of those things which I believe you country people call will-o'the-wisps."

"A light!" repeated Frank, starting. "Yes, that is from the Tower; and my uncle must be amongst his books again."

A few minutes more brought them to the gate. They entered the house, and, to Frank's no little surprise, they found Martin reading in his easy-chair in the same room where they had left him.

No sooner did he perceive him thus, than with some excitement he stated what he had seen.

"Ha!" said Martin, starting up,
"I am glad, nephew, that you have reminded me of this. I have been in my library this evening to get a book, and meaning to return, I left the light burning. How could I forget?" Saying which he hastened from the room, and returning in about ten minutes' time, he added that "it was all right now."

"This story," murmured Warren, when he got alone, "is not true. I feel, I know it is not true; it does not bear truth's impress! And now do I well believe that what I saw before in Hubert's Tower was not imagination, as I thought it, but a verity. That other story, too, is false. Why I should attach importance to it, except that I believe my uncle has sought to mislead me with a downright lie, I know not. I will clear up all doubt of that, however. To-morrow I will call on Farmer Morrell, and find out if he has been here. As for that light in the window and the shadow which I saw, it points to the conclusion that there

is not only some one in the old chamber at the present time, but that there was on the evening when I first suspected it. I wish I could get into the picture gallery, that I might explore this mystery at once; but pshaw! every place is locked, and so it is out of the question."

On the following morning, Frank, accompanied with his friend, who little imagined the importance the former attached to the errand, took a walk over to the farm occupied by Mr. Morrell.

Before, however, they were within half a mile of the farm, they nearly ran over a thick-set old gentleman, who, leaning on a tremendous bludgeon of a walking-stick, came hobbling down the road. In this person Warren at once remembered the sturdy Saxon lineaments of Mr. Morrell himself.

Farmer Morrell appeared to be profoundly contemplating the pattern of his gaiters, and did not even so much as observe his favourite standing before him, until the latter saluted him with such a hearty slap on the back as caused the old gentleman to stagger, to burst into a violent fit of coughing, and nearly to capsize, stick and all.

"Ho, ho! Mr. Morrell; don't you remember an old face, then?" cried he, as he gave this very forcible reminder.

Mr. Morrell's perceptive faculties were not, as a phrenologist would say, very "active." He was a long time in discovering a thing, and generally much longer in judging what it was, what it meant, and, in short, what were its general relations. His first glance, upon recovering his equilibrium, was a vacant, half-startled stare, which soon merged into one of curious interest mingled with doubt; and finally, as a glimpse of the truth dawned upon his understanding, was succeeded by a broad grin of pleasure and satisfaction, which only found vent in a guttural—

"Master Frank! as I'm a livin' sinner!"

A torrent of questions, and a hearty grasp of the hand, announced that Farmer Morrell had at length mastered the nature of his position, and, firmly balancing himself on his stick, he appeared to be waiting the responses.

"Why, if you ask so many questions at once," returned Warren, laughing, "as I can't possibly answer them all together, I think I shall not make the attempt, but ask you one or two in return.

To begin, then, what the deuce is the matter with you, that you come hobbling along with that huge tree in your hands?"

The farmer shook his head, and looked mournfully at his stick, his toes, and finally at his gaiters, of which he was as proud as Mr. Pickwick was of his.

"You see, Master Warren," said he, "that I've been laid up this here fortnight with a darned bilious attack, which has wore me down to skin and bone a'most, and this be the fust day I've been able to get about, loike."

"Ah! this is the first day, is it?" in-

terrupted Frank, quickly.

"Yes, this be the fust day," repeated Mr. Morrell, as if correcting the young man's grammar; "and so I thought I'd just come and have a look at the crops; but you and this here gen'leman 'll come to the farm and see the old 'oman, wont you?"

To this the young men agreed, and tasted "the old 'oman's" gooseberry wine, which was as celebrated as that of good Mrs. Primrose; and in this case, as well as hers, "no one" certainly "found

fault with it."

CHAPTER XI.

THE ABSENT PORTRAIT.

"This, then, is a proof, if proof other than the testimony of my own senses were needed, that Farmer Morrell was certainly not the man whom my uncle said was he. Good Heaven! strange indeed are the workings of Providence! I am no fatalist; but does it not seem like destiny that I should be whirled from mystery to mystery, have them thrust upon me, as it were, when I would

willingly seek them not?"

Such were Warren's reflections on the second evening of his visit to Hawley Hall, as he contemplated the events of the day. Feeling persuaded that other circumstances, which were yet more to perplex him, were to occur ere his stay at the Hall came to a close, and worrying himself with speculations as to the form they would take, Warren passed the remainder of his holiday, if such it could be called, in a state of feverish anxiety, which it was only by a powerful effort of the will that he was able to disguise from his friend.

Charles, who was free from this excitement, enjoyed the numerous rural walks and picturesque scenes with all a Cockney's de-

light; his companion affecting a sympathy which he did not wholly feel. It was only when Charles Batherley talked about "Mary," who was the young lady of his affections, that Frank's heart truly beat with reciprocity, though even then he felt a painful dread, for Mary was very poor, very childlike, and rather consumptive, and therefore not exactly suited for a young medical student, without a penny in his pocket to commence life with. Indeed, this attachment had excited the utmost disgust of the young man's mother, who thought "he might do better," and the well-intended deprecations of his father, who thought he couldn't do worse.

Warren, as we have said, thought also of being equally confidential as to his love affairs; but during the whole of their stay he never found courage to get be-

youd a few hesitating hints.

At last, the day before that on which they were to return home arrived. It was late in the afternoon, and the two young men, wearied with their morning's walk, had thrown themselves down on the fragrant lawn which stretched out in front of the building, of which the windows were now a-blaze with the golden rays of the sun.

"Come, Frank, tell us the story of old Hubert," said Batherley, stretching himself lazily. "If it is anything dreadful, I would sooner hear it in the day-time; besides, we have only one more night, and I don't know that I should mind a little bit of a ghost in the form of a dream, you know, provided he didn't come it too

trong."

Warren smiled, almost sadly, as he

"I was in hopes you would be able to look at the inside of the place, and the picture gallery. My uncle promised, but I don't know whether it will suit him to keep his word. I have spoken to him of

it two or three times."

"Yes, I ought to get a little horrified that way before the clincher is put to my nervous system by the tradition. I don't know what it may look like inside, but, by Jove! it seems gloomy and forbidding enough outside. I shouldn't like to be shut up in it all night, I know that. I say, old boy, I could almost fancy a murder or some other deed of horror being committed there."

Frank involuntarily shuddered, but he

replied carelessly-

"A deed of horror was committed

there. Hubert De Warren's death was a deed of horror, for he died by his own hand."

"Oh dear, a love affair, was it? That must be interesting. Out with it, then, old fellow, I am all attention."

Frank coughed, raised himself to a sitting posture, and then began—

"Of course you know how the Civil War broke out in England — how the despotism of the first Charles was met by the patriotism of those men whose memory will be cherished by Englishmen for ever. At that time, in yonder tower, dwelt Hubert De Warren, the founder of our family; his portrait hangs up in the gallery at this day. Hubert did not espouse the popular cause; he was a staunch Royalist.

"Next to his king, Hubert once loved his sister Margaret better than all the world besides. Poor Margaret, then so beautiful, and pure, and lovely. Hers was indeed an unhappy fate! Never did—"

It seemed as though Warren was not to recount that story, for at this instant he was interrupted by an exclamation from his auditor—

"Holloa, old boy! hold hard a minute about the fair Margaret; here comes your uncle," cried he, taking his cigar from his lips.

Truly enough, Martin's tall form and dusky-complexioned face appeared, almost as the young man spoke, before them.

"Come, my friends," said he, with a condescending and almost affable smile, "you wished to look over the family pictures; if we drive it off much later it will be too dark, and, as I suppose I cannot persuade you to remain with me longer than to-morrow, we had better go and take our survey at once."

"With all my heart," exclaimed Charles, starting up eagerly. "I shall be able to appreciate poor Mr. Hubert's mysterious fate, that I hear so much about, after I have had a look at his phiz. For you must know, sir," he added, addressing Martin, "that Frank had just begun to tell me that interesting narrative when you came upon us."

"Ah, indeed!" replied Martin, still smiling. "Yes, poor Hubert had certainly an unlucky finish to his career; it is to be hoped that no other of the Warrens will ever come to such an end, ch, nephew?"

"It is to be hoped, indeed, sir!" replied Frank, solemnly.

"I say, if you come talking like that, I can't stand it!" interposed Charles, with comic seriousness, and coming to a dead stop. "Nothing but fate, and end, and goodness knows what all; my curiosity will not be delayed, and I shall certainly want to know what his fate and end was."

"Oh, if that is all you are anxious about, your curiosity is soon gratified. Our ancestor threw himself from the top of the building which bears his name into the moat beneath, and perished, of course."

"Well, if that's it," said Charles, shrugging his shoulders and resuming his walk, "I must say, with all respect for your ancestors, that Mr. Hubert was a fool."

Our hero laughed, despite himself, at this sally; even the somewhat stern brow of Martin relaxed. There was not much in the words, truly, but the manner was irresistible.

They had now re-entered the house, and Martin having provided himself with a bunch of keys, which clanked at every step they took, he conducted them through many passages and corridors until they came to a large oaken door. Here, after trying one or two of the keys, the door swung slowly open, creaking dismally on its hinges.

"Poor thing!" said Charles, compassionately, "its voice is sadly out of tune; a little more practice, I think, would do it good."

"Yes," replied their host, "it is indeed but little used. When I visit my library, I generally enter by the little door at the foot of the tower. Since my poor brother's death," he added in a lower tone, "this part of the old mansion has been but little frequented. But here we are in the portrait gallery; your curiosity can now be gratified to the utmost."

"Ay," thought Warren, "but mine—unless, indeed, my anxious doubts deserve a higher name—cannot. Whatever could interest me I feel assured is now removed, or we should not be here."

In the main he was right, but not

The portrait gallery was a long and narrow room, lit up by three lofty windows of coloured glass, through which the mellowed sunlight now fell in softened streams. The portraits of the male progenitors of the Warrens hung on one side, the females on the other; pieces of antique tapestry, with weapons of

offence and defence, were arranged

As may be supposed, the portraits of Hubert De Warren, and his sister Margaret, which faced it, were those which chiefly attracted the attention of Charles Batherley, who, sauntering along with his hands in his pockets and his cigar still in his mouth, contemplated them with considerable interest.

"By Jove!" said he, regarding the noble but determined countenance of the cavalier, "but that fellow looks a great deal more as if he would throw his enemies off the tower than himself."

"That, I suppose, is my grandfather?" said Frank, pointing to a little aldermanic gentleman in a wig, who decorated the further extremity of the line.

His uncle nodded, and replied that it

was so.

"That is my poor old father's, indeed!" he said, evincing more emotion than was to be expected from a man of his disposition.

"And where, then, is my father's?" demanded his nephew, quickly; "I suppose that he had one, though I do not recollect ever seeing it. It is some years since I was here, it is true."

He watched his uncle closely as he spoke. The latter bit his lip, and Warren

thought he seemed embarrassed.

"Yes, nephew, you are right," said he, in his usual way; "your father had his portrait taken a few years before his death. It used to hang up here, and how it is you do not remember it, I know not. The other day, the cord on which it hung gave way, and the frame was shattered; a new one is now being made."

He gave this minute explanation with a great rapidity of speech, and then has-

tened to change the subject.

When they had finished their survey and been on to the battlements of Hubert's Tower, which commanded a view of the country for several miles, the three returned the same way that they came, Charles expressing himself delighted with everything he had seen.

"Here is another strange and unaccountable thing!" Warren mused, as he
accompanied them in silence. "That
the explanation which my uncle gave
about the picture is true, I do not believe; though why it should be false, I
cannot think. It is a strange thing also
that I never thought of it before. I
never remember to have seen it hanging
up, though I have a vague recollection

that, as a child, old Robert showed me a picture, which he told me was my father. However, it is foolish speculating; I must wait patiently for the next mystery to turn up. I suppose I shall reach the end at last."

Nothing further happened between the scene above described and the time when Warren and his friend took their departure from Hawley Hall, which they

did on the following day.

Martin accompanied his guests as far as the park gates, and in reply to the profuse thanks of Charles Batherley for the pleasure he had experienced during his visit, he gave him a cordial invitation to come and see him again, whenever he felt so disposed.

"As for you, nephew," he continued, with a kind smile, "you know I am always pleased to see you; and when you come, mind you bring your friend with

you."

Warren made a suitable answer.

"Only," added the speaker, "another time write me word when you are

coming."

Our friends then hastened to the White Horse, Charles chatting on the pleasures of their trip, Warren contemplating with other feelings its incidents.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE COACH-TOP.

PLEASURE-TAKERS on their return journey naturally do not feel so light-hearted as when they are outward-bound; though probably sated with the delights of their excursion, and filled with weariness and lassitude, they are now as anxious to reach their homes again as they were formerly to get away from them.

Therefore, our friends, seated aloft on the coach, would have found their journey to the metropolis somewhat tedious, had it not been that "Mary" was a subject which never flagged in interest for conversation, and that Warren then at length was bold enough to introduce a new subject of discussion in the matter of Helen, which was equally interesting to him.

Batherleytold Frank, or rather I should say repeated to him, all the little interesting and perhaps romantic schemes which he had formed for the regulation of his future domestic life; how he meant to link himself with Mary in the holy bonds of matrimony, as soon as ever he

had passed his examinations and obtained a practice, or rather a place to practise in,—because patients, you know, must be the work of time. And how he was fully determined on this course; if with the consent of his father and mother, well and good; if not, without it; but marry Mary, of course he would, at all events. And then having expressed himself thus decidedly, he asked our hero's advice, not meaning to take it, you may be sure, if it didn't agree with his resolution.

For he explained most energetically, and quite to his friend's satisfaction, that Mary being such a darling girl, with so many virtues, albeit her health was rather delicate, she would make him the best wife in the world. Besides, if young couples waited till they were rich before they were married, at a fair computation there would not be more than some ten thousand joined in matrimony in the whole British Isles. Hymen could no longer be regarded as a household god that English men and women might worship, and marriage, indeed, might as well be banished from the institutions of the land; and a pretty state of society that would produce! Wasn't it well known that two heads were better than one, and that two could do together what one could not do alone? Therefore, was it not a fair conclusion that a young man and a wife could battle with the world and live in it comfortably, when each one singly must necessarily starve and perish?

Sympathy and his own sentiments caused Frank to admit this syllogism, though he could not but doubt the logic

was not exactly sound.

"And—and," said Charles, in conclusion, "we do love each other so much,

you know!"

This argument was conclusive, and Warren, almost with tears in his eyes, grasped his friend's hand with enthusiasm, congratulated him on his determination,

and wished him joy.

It was at this gratifying climax that Warren, after making one or two embarrassed attempts to speak (and which, not being successful, diverged into a cough or a blow of the nose), informed his friend that he, too, was suffering from a complaint similar to his own; that, in fact, he was desperately in love, and with no less an object than his sister, Miss Helen Batherley.

Poor Frank blushed up to the eyes as he

made the confession. and felt so ashamed of himself, that he almost wished he had concealed his secret for ever within his own breast. He certainly had a vague consciousness that he deserved Charles should hurl him from the coach-top.

"But I know she'll never think anything of me; why should she? I am not good enough for such a glorious creature as she is," said Frank, looking

the picture of misery.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow; you are good enough for any girl in the land, let alone Nelly," interposed Charles, soothingly, he having a very high opinion of his friend, and, as is not uncommon with young men, no very exalted one of his sister.

"I would to Heaven I were rich, that I could show her how I love her; and if I could make myself worthy of her—oh, what would I not do!" the despondent lover continued, though not a little gratified at the other's observation. "And yet, my dear Charles, I would strive—I would strive from my soul to make her

happy; I would indeed!"

"I know you would, my dear fellow, and any girl ought to think herself lucky to possess such a love as yours—that is what I say. I can tell you this—there is no one that I would sooner see Nelly have than you; there isn't, by Jove!—that is, my dear Warren, if I thought she would make you a good wife. But I fear, though it tears my heart to say so, that Helen is not the woman to make you happy. I fear she will make no man happy."

Warren felt an unpleasant twitch in his conscience at this remark. He had an inward conviction that there was some truth in it; but of course he could not admit it, even to himself, so he burst into some rapturous nonsense, that Charles didn't understand Helen's heart; at which Charles gave his cigar a sceptical twist in his mouth, as though to imply that if a brother did not know the heart of his sister, he certainly ought to do so.

"I hope from my soul I may be wrong!" he said, more earnestly than was his wont. "At any rate, she is my sister, and I have her happiness to think of; and I do believe, my dear Frank, that I could not wish her better than that she might have such a noble fellow as yourself for her husband, and I trust, after all, that she may make you a good wife."

"Thanks-thanks, my dear friend, for

that!" cried our love-sick hero, pressing his comforter's hand, and looking almost ready to cry, as, to speak the truth, he

A pretty scene was all this to be enacted on the top of a coach, truly! I don't know what the guard nor the wiry old gentleman who sat opposite them, chewing the handle of his walkingstick, could have thought of them. Their gestures must assuredly have afforded

ample scope for speculation.

After this burst of gratitude had subsided, the two remained for some time in silence. Warren's face wore the expression of one who is considering an abstruse problem; and as the coach sped on, he looked vacantly at the passing landscape before him, as though he were ignorant of everything but the problem in question, the solution of which apparently grew more difficult the more he endeavoured to master it.

"She'll never think anything of me, so it is no use talking," presently burst in

dolorous accents from his lips.

"My dear fellow, why should you think so? Have you ever asked her?" said Charles, who seemed to think, not unreasonably, that this was one of the first principles which should be attended to.

Frank shook his head, and doubtfully replied, "that he had certainly not done

that."

"Then why the deuce don't you? You don't suppose she'll make love to you, do you? Come, be a man, and tell her your mind like one. Bless you," added Charles, patronizingly, "I felt nervous about it, as you do, but it is astonishing how natural it all comes when you begin."

Warren replied in a very weak voice that he thought he would, and was so extremely pale in the face that the little wiry gentleman thought he was ill, and

kindly offered to exchange seats.

But at this point of their consultation a new difficulty presented itself to our hero's mind. His income, he feared, was not enough to support a wife, and relapsing into despondency, he stated his fears.

He only had a hundred a-year.

"Hum! that is awkward, certainly," said Charles, scratching his nose. "But your uncle, perhaps, will help you? Not that I mean to say a hundred a-year is not sufficient for a frugal couple to marry with," he added, hastily, probably thinking he would marry on much less; "but

I doubt that Helen wouldn't think of it. It is my opinion young people ought not to worry themselves about such things, but place their trust in Providence."

"I'm glad," said Warren, by-and-by, "that that Sir Mordaunt Philpot is going

to be married."

"Yes, it is a good job that old sandybeard is out of the way," assented Charles, who generally spoke of the baronet by that uncomplimentary title.

He subsequently coughed and "hemmed" a good deal during the rest of their journey. He wished his friend all happiness, and that he might marry Helen, if that would bring it him; but he had some dread misgivings that his cause in that quarter was not a very hopeful one.

By this time they had arrived at the Bull Inn, and it having been arranged that Batherley should pass the night with his friend at Islington, they bent their course in that northerly direction.

As they approached Mr. Evans's house, they became aware that something unusual was going on. The brilliant illumination of the parlour-window spoke of the consuming of extra candles; and the shadow of some individual's head (which kept bobbing about) on the windowblind, announced the fact that Mr. Evans had company. The sounds, dulled of course by the distance, of a masculine voice singing a song popular at that period, and of which the burden was death and destruction to all Frenchmen and prosperity to our British Jack Tars, were plainly audible. The song and the chorus were just completed, and the burst of applause swelled cheerily on the still night air as Warren and his guest arrived at the garden-gate.

"Your landlady has company this evening," said Charles, as this gush of en-

thusiasm fell upon his ear.

"Never mind; we wont disturb them; we can have a quiet cigar by ourselves in my own room; but, hilloa! what's the matter?"

Something very like a medical student's imprecation had fallen from the lips of Mr. Batherley, who was loitering behind.

"All right," said he; "it's only these confounded steps; I nearly tumbled down

'em, that's all."

"Oh, those steps!" repeated Frank, with unmitigated disgust, as he contemplated the number of escapes he had had with them. "I am not vindictive, but I should just like to compel the man who

made them to ascend to happiness up steps of the same kind."

A fresh gush of melody from within at

this moment burst forth.

"It is a thousand pities to disturb that gentleman's harmonious performance, but really I think we should appreciate its beauties more fully, were we seated comfortably in-doors, than in the manner which I believe the French call à la belle étoile."

Saying which, Warren pulled the door-

bell violently.

"As we are rather tired, perhaps it will be so, at least in some respects. But, by Jove! considering his strength of lungs, I can't agree with you entirely as to that, my friend," rejoined Charles, sarcastically. "There is an old saying, that 'distance lends charms;' I forget who said it; but I'll be hanged if I don't think we should hear him best in the road, or on the other side of the way, for instance; or better still, if he would retire thither, and chanter à la belle étoile, as you call it."

Mrs. Evans, opening the door at this

moment, put an end to all criticism on the vocal performance of her guest.

"Lawk! Mr. Warring, is that you, sir? Well, now, I am glad you have come home to-night, and so will Mr. Evans be; and dear me, here's Mr. Branderley!" Whereupon Mrs. Evans said she hoped Mr. Branderley (who was not quite unknown to her, as he had been to the house on two or three occasions) was quite well.

"Thank you, Mrs. Evans, thank you; I trust you find yourself perfectly salubrious," returned the gentleman ad-

dressed, politely.

This being a word which Mrs. Evans did not exactly understand, she could only reply by an admiring curtsey.

Warren expressed a hope that his coming would not interfere with her

friends.

"Not at all, Mr. Warring; don't mention it, sir. It is only just a friend or two dropped in to spend the evening, you know, sir. And if, gentlemen, you wouldn't feel offended, I'm sure both me and Mr. Ivans would be very glad if—if you'd be pleased to join us."

MAY.

Sweet virgin month of heavenly hope,
What glory shrouds thy head!
A halo soft of shadowy light,
By smiles and sunbeams fed.

Low, genial breezes round thy cheek
In gentle murmurs play,
While songsters tune their sweetest notes

On every budding spray.

What beauties deck the vernal meads, What glories crowd the sky, Serene and clear as crystal rills, In ripplets gliding by.

The earth at every step grows bright,
And flowers obey thy tread;
Sight, joy, and life, in smiles spring forth,
As from the buried dead.

Thou lovely, fair, and beauteous sprite,
Though shortened be thy stay,
We'll nurse thee as a breath of heaven,
A gleam of endless day.

And when thy tranquil reign is o'er,
And other months shall come,
Our thoughts shall cling to lovely May,
And memory be thy home.

25 MA 65

METALLIC TO THE



PEN MAKER

QUEEN.

JOSEPH GILLOTT

Respectfully invites the attention of the Public to the following Numbers of his

PATENT METALLIC PENS.

Which, for QUALITY OF MATERIAL, BASY ACTION, and GREAT DURABILITY, will ensure universal preferences

FOR LADIES' USE.

For fine, neat writing, especially on thick and highly-finished papers, Nos. 1, 173, 303, 604. In EXTRA-FINE POINTS.

FOR GENERAL USE.

Nos. 2, 164, 166, 168, 604. In FINE POINTS.

FOR BOLD FREE WRITING.

Nos. 3, 164, 166, 168, 604. In MEDIUM POINTS.

FOR GENTLEMEN'S USE.

FOR LARGE, FREE, BOLD WRITING.

The Black Swan Quill, Large Barrel Pen, No. 808. The Patent Magnum Bonum, No. 263. In MEDIUM and BROAD POINTS.

FOR GENERAL WRITING.

No. 263. In Extra-PINE and FINE POINTS. No. 262. In FINE POINTS. Small Barrel.

No. 810. New Bank Pen. No. 840. The Autograph Pen.

FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES.

The celebrated Three-hole Correspondence Pen, No. 382. Four-hole , No. 202.

The Public Pen, No. 292. with Bead, No. 404.

Small Barrel Pens, fine and free, Nos. 392, 405, 603.

TO BE HAD OF EVERY RESPECTABLE STATIONER IN THE WORLD.

WHOLESALE AND FOR EXPORTATION.
At the Manufactory, Victoria Works, Graham Street, and at 96, New Street, Birmingham;

91, John Street, New York; And of WILLIAM DAVIS, at the London Depot, 37, Gracechurch Street, E.C.

DEADLY FEVER IN RUSSIA. THE

THE BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH,

Euston Road, London,

RECOMMEND

MORRISON'S PILLS

AS A

SAFE AND CERTAIN REMEDY

FOR THIS OR ANY OTHER FEVER.

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

March 31st, 1865.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT.

Starch Purveyors to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

GLENFIELD STARCH.

Exclusively used in Her Majesty's Laundry,

AND AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL FOR ITS SUPERIORITY.

Sold by all Grocers, Chandlers, &c. &c.





FURNISHING of BEDROOMS.

0+E38:833+0

advantageous to their customers to see a much larger selection of Bedroom Furniture than is usually displayed, and that to judge properly of the style and effect of the different descriptions of furniture it is necessary that each description should be placed in a separate room. They have therefore erected large and

be placed in a separate room. They have therefore erected large and additional Show-Rooms, by which they will be enabled not only to extend their Show of Iron and Brass Bedsteads, and Bedroom Furniture, beyond what they believe has ever been attempted, but also to provide several small rooms for the purpose of keeping complete suites of Bedroom Furniture in the different styles.

Japanned Deal goods may be seen in complete suites of five or six different colours, some of them light and chaste, and others of a plainer description. Suites of Stained Deal Gothic Furniture, Polished Deal, Oak, and Walnut, are also set apart in separate rooms, so that customers are able to see the effect as it would appear in their own room. A suite of very superior Gothic Oak Furniture will generally be kept in stock, and from time to time new and select Furniture in various woods will be added.

Bed Furnitures are fitted to the Bedsteads in large numbers, so that a complete assortment may be seen, and the effect of any particular pattern ascertained as it would appear on the Bedstead.

A very large stock of Bedding (Heal & Son's original trade) is placed on the Bedsteads.

The stock of Mahogany goods for the better Bedrooms, and Japanned goods for plain and Servants' use, is very greatly increased. The entire stock is arranged in eight rooms, six galleries (each 120 feet long), and two large ground-floors, and forms as complete an assortment of Bedroom Furniture as they think can possibly be desired.

Every attention is paid to the Manufacture of the Cabinet work, and large Workshops have been erected on the premises for this purpose, that the manufacture may be under their own immediate care.

Their Bedding trade receives constant and personal attention, every article being made on the premises.

Heal & Son particularly call attention to their New Patent Spring Mattress, the Sommier Elastique Portatif. It is portable, durable, and elastic, and lower in price than the old Spring Mattress.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, AND BEDROOM FURNITURE SENT FREE BY POST.

HEAL AND SON,

196, 197, 198, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.